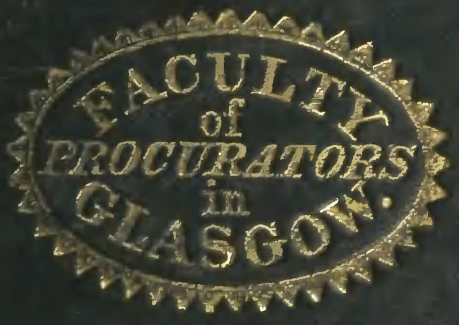
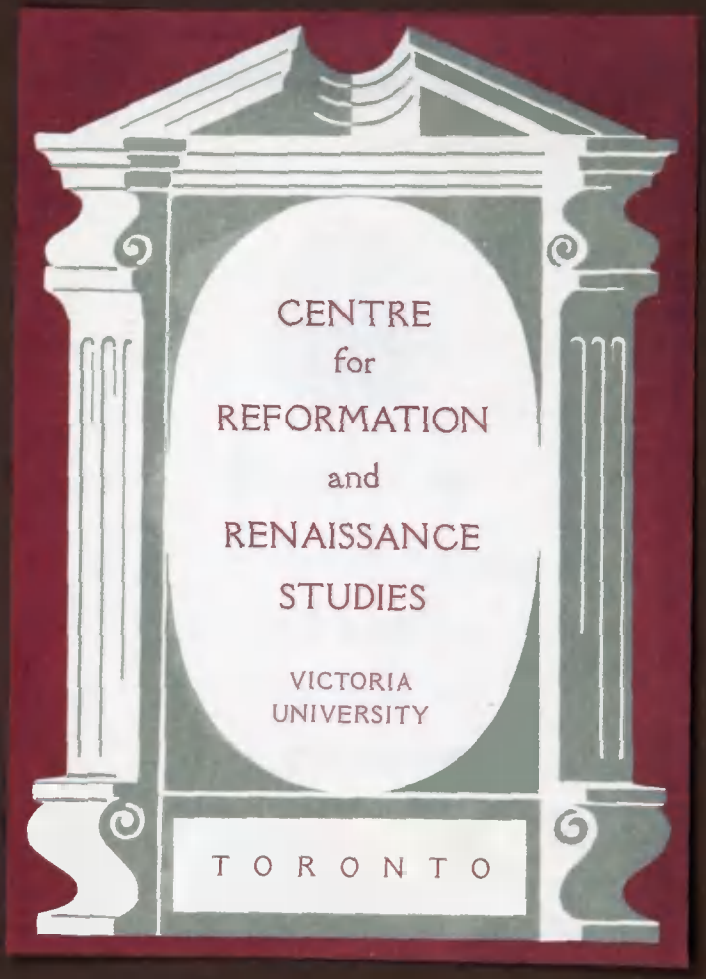

FACULTY
of
PROCURATORS
in
GLASGOW.


CENTRE
for
REFORMATION
and
RENAISSANCE
STUDIES
VICTORIA
UNIVERSITY
TORONTO



18.E.5.

David Murray
Glasgow.

OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. V.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

CORNELIA. SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

LIFE AND DEATH OF JACK STRAW.

A SELECT COLLECTION

OF

OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY ROBERT DODSLEY
IN THE YEAR 1744.

FOURTH EDITION,

NOW FIRST CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED, REVISED AND ENLARGED,
WITH THE NOTES OF ALL THE COMMENTATORS
AND NEW NOTES

BY

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

VOLUME THE FIFTH

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER, 196 STRAND
AND 185 FLEET STREET.
1874.

1263
D7
1874
V.5
REF. & REN.

9254
V.5

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

OR THE

SECOND PART OF JERONIMO.

EDITIONS.

The Spanish Tragedie, Containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia: with the pittifull death of olde Hieronimo. Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as passed in the first impression. At London Printed by Edward Allde, for Edward White. [*Circâ* 1594.] 4°.

The Spanish Tragedie. Containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio. . . . At London printed by William White dwelling in Cow-lane. 1599. 4°.

The Spanish Tragedie: Containing enlarged with new additions of the Painters part and others, as it hath of late been divers time acted. Imprinted at London by W. W. for T. Pauier. . . . 1602. 4°.

Other editions appeared in 1610, *&c., an account of which may be found in Halliwell's "Dictionary." Compare also Hazlitt, art.* Kyd.

PREFACE.

THIS play was the object of ridicule to almost every writer of the time.[1] Heywood refers to it as the work of Thomas Kyd,[2] who is enumerated among the best tragic writers of his time by Meres. Ben Jonson speaks of him in his lines on Shakespeare as *sporting* Kyd; and Clarke, in his "Polimanteia," 1595, says, "Cor-

[1] Its great popularity, no doubt, was one cause. Prynne, in his "Histriomastix," fol. 556, has a curious passage, which in all probability refers to the "Spanish Tragedy." He is quoting the authority of the "English Gentlewoman," by R. Brathwaite, who, it is stated in the margin, was present at the occurrence: "To these two former precedents (says Prynne) I shall annex the parallel example of a late English Gentlewoman of good ranke who, daily bestowing the expense of her best houres upon the stage, and at last falling into a dangerous sicknesse of which she died, her friends in her extremity sent for a minister to comfort, counsell, and prepare her for her ende; who, coming to instruct her, and advising her to repent, and call upon God for mercy, she made him no reply at all, but cried out, '*Hieronimo, Hieronimo!* O, let me see Hieronimo acted' (calling out for a play, instead of crying unto God for mercy), and so closed her dying eyes."—*Collier.*

[2] ["Apology for Actors," 1612, repr. 1841, p. 45.]

nelia's Tragedy, however not respected, was excellently well done by him."

There is no exact authority for calling Allde's undated 4to the *second* edition, as Hawkins did, since we do not know how many others may have preceded it. The play was licenced in October 1592; but of a first edition, not purporting to be amended, no copy has been yet found. The allusion to "Jeronimo," which occurs in the introduction to Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," probably refers to the "First Part of Jeronimo."

Henslowe seems to mention a performance of the "Spanish Tragedy," February 23, 1591–92; and we find from Decker's "Satiromastix," 1602, that Ben Jonson originally performed the part of Jeronimo.[1]

[1] This fact depends merely upon the evidence of Decker, which is denied by Mr Gifford. At the same time, it is a point of little importance; for, were it true, it could form no imputation against Ben Jonson. Mr Gifford also (Jonson's "Works," i. xvii.) notices the *adicions* made by Jonson to "Jeronimo." This fact rests upon the following quotations from Henslowe's "Diary," edit. 1845, pp. 201, 223:—

"Lent unto Mr Alleyn, the 25 of September, 1601, to lend unto Bengemen Johnson, upon his writtinge of his adicions in Geronymo, the some of xxxxs."

"Lent unto Bengemy Johnson, at the apoyntment of E. Alleyn and Wm. Byrde, the 24 of June, 1602, in earneste of a boocke called Richard Crockbacke, and for new adicyons for Jeronymo, the some of xli."

Unquestionably these additions[1] bear marks of a hand greatly superior to that of Kyd, though Mr Hawkins says "they were foisted in by the players." They are mentioned on the title-page of the edition of 1602 of the "Spanish

[1] First printed in the 4to of 1602.

Cotton alludes to this play even as late as in the prologue to his "Scoffer Scoff'd"—

> "Old tales and songs and an old jest,
> Our stomachs easily digest,
> And of all plays *Hieronymo's* the best,"

which shows that then it was remembered.

Tragedy. Henslowe confounds "Jeronimo" and the "Spanish Tragedy," and it does not appear that any additions were made to the former.

In the last edition of Dodsley, a curious ballad on the subject was given as an illustration. It is entitled "The Spanish Tragedy, containing the Lamentable Murder of Horatio and Bellimperia: With the pitiful Death of Old Hieronimo. To the tune of *Queen Dido*. Printed at London for H. Gosson," with a woodcut.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Ghost of Andrea.

Revenge.

King of Spain.

Viceroy of Portingal.

Don Cyprian, *Duke of Castile.*

Hieronimo, *Marshal of Spain.*[1]

Balthazar,[2] *the Viceroy's Son, in love with Bell'-Imperia.*

Lorenzo, *Duke of Castile's Son.*

Horatio, *Hieronimo's Son.*

Alexandro.

Villuppo.

Pedringano.

Serberine.

Old Man.

Painter.

Page.

Hangman.

Citizens, Soldiers, Attendants.

Isabella, *Hieronimo's Wife.*

Bell'-Imperia, *Lorenzo's Sister.*

[1] [Old copies, *Portingal.*]

[2] [He is called Balthezar in the "First Part of Jeronimo."]

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY, &c.

ACT I.

Enter the Ghost of ANDREA, *and with him* REVENGE.

GHOST.

WHEN this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprison'd in my wanton[1] flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court:
My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride[2] of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possess'd a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet Bell'-Imperia by name.
But, in the harvest of my summer[3] joys,
Death's winter nipp'd the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me;
For in the late conflict with Portingal,
My valour drew me into danger's mouth,

[1] *Wonted*, edits. 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *There in the pride and prime*, ditto.
[3] *Summer's*, 1623, '33.

Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there,
Said that, my rites of burial not perform'd,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
And slak'd[1] his smoking chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
My funerals and obsequies were done:
Then was the ferryman of hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strand,
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves;
There, pleasing Cerberus with honey'd speech,
I pass'd the perils of the foremost porch.
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamant;
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
This knight, quoth he, both liv'd and died in love;
And for his love try'd fortune of the wars;
And by war's fortune lost both love and life.
Why then, said Æacus, convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle-trees and cypress shades.
No, no, said Rhadamant, it were not well,
With loving souls to place a martialist:
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
And Achilles' myrmidons do scour the plain.
Then Minos, mildest censor[2] of the three,
Made this device to end the difference:

[1] *Slackt*, 1618. [2] *Censurer*, 1618, '23, '33.

Send him, quoth he, to our infernal king,
To doom him as best seems his majesty.
To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,[1]
I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side
Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields,[2]
Where lovers live and bloody martialists;
But either sort contain'd within his bounds.
The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfal[3] to the deepest hell,
Where bloody furies shake their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are chok'd with melting gold,
And wantons are embrac'd with ugly snakes;
And murderers groan[4] with never-killing wounds,
And perjur'd wights scalded in boiling lead,
And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd.
'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green;
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant:
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I show'd my passport, humbled on my knee;
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,[5]
And begg'd that only she might give my doom:
Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kiss.

[1] *Shapes of ever-blooming night,* 1618. *Shades of ever-blooming night,* 1623, '33.
[2] *Field,* 1618, '23, '33.
[3] *Fall down,* ditto.
[4] *Murderers greeve,* 1618. *Murderers greene,* 1623, '33.
[5] —— *smile. I begg'd,* 1618, '23, '33.

Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,[1]
And bad thee lead me through the gates of horn,[2]
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but we were here—
I wot not how—in twinkling of an eye.

REVENGE.

Then know, Andrea, that thou art arriv'd
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingal,
Depriv'd of life by Bell'-Imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

Enter Spanish KING, GENERAL, CASTILE, *and* HIERONIMO.

KING.

Now say, lord General, how fares our camp?

GENERAL.

All well, my sovereign liege, except some few
That are deceas'd by fortune of the war.

[1] Whispered. So in Gascoigne's "Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi" (Works, by Hazlitt, i. 422): "After his due reverence, hee layde his hande on hir temples, and privily rounding hir in hir eare;" and in Lyly's "Euphues," 1579, we have, "*rounding* Philautus in his eare." See also Steevens's note on King John, ii. 2.

[2] Of *Hor*, second edit.; of *Horror*, 1618, '23, '33. For the gates of *horn*, see Virgil, B. vi., *Sunt geminæ somni portæ*, &c.

KING.

But what portends[1] thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?

GENERAL.

Victory, my liege, and that with little loss.

KING.

Our Portingals will pay us tribute then?

GENERAL.

Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.

KING.

Then bless'd be heav'n, and guider of the heavens,
From whose fair influence such justice flows.

CASTILE.

O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat æther,
Et conjuratæ curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt: recti soror est victoria juris.

KING.

Thanks to my loving brother of Castile,—
But, General, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle and your war's success:
That, adding all the pleasure of thy news

[1] *Pretends*, 1618, '23, 33. [And perhaps rightly, as *pretend* was frequently used in the sense of intend, purpose.]

Unto the height of former happiness,
With deeper wage and greater dignity
We may[1] reward thy blissful chivalry.

GENERAL.

Where Spain and Portingal do jointly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,[2]
There met our armies in their proud array;
Both furnish'd well, both full of hope and fear,
Both menacing alike with daring shows,
Both vaunting sundry colours of device,
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
Both raising dreadful clamours to the sky,[3]
That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound,
And heav'n itself was frighted with the sound.
Our battles both were pitch'd in squadron form,
Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of shot;
But ere we join'd, and came to push of pike,
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
From out our rearward, to begin the fight:
They brought another wing t' encounter us:
Meanwhile, our ordnance play'd on either side,
And captains strove to have their valours[4] try'd.
Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel,
Did with his cornet[5] bravely make attempt
To break the order of our battle ranks;
But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
March'd forth against him with our musketeers,
And stopp'd the malice of his fell approach.
While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,

[1] *Will*, 1633.
[2] *Bounds*, 1623, '33.
[3] *Skies*, 1633.
[4] *Valour*, 1618, '23, '33.
[5] *Coronet*, ditto.

Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows ;[1]
Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
When, roaring loud and with a swelling tide,
It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks,
And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding lands.
Now while[2] Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
And shiver'd lances dark[3] the troubled air.

Pede pes et cuspide cuspis ;
Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.

On every side drop[4] captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maim'd,[5] some slain outright:
Here falls a body, sunder'd from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
Mingled with weapons, and unbowell'd[6] steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple plain.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclin'd ;
Till Don Andrea, with his brave lanciers,
In their[7] main battle made so great a breach,
That (half dismay'd) the multitude retir'd :
But Balthazar, the Portingal's young prince,
Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay.
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd,

[1] This play, though not mentioned in the "Key to the Rehearsal," seems to have been one of those ridiculed by the Duke of Buckingham in that witty performance. See act v.—

"The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to words, and then to *handy-blows.*"

[2] *When*, 1618, '23, '33.
[3] *Dark'd*, ditto.
[4] *Dropt*, ditto.
[5] *And soldiers lie maim'd*, ditto.
[6] *Unbowed*, ditto.
[7] *His*, 1618.

And in that conflict was Andrea slain:
Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar.
Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardy valour join'd in one,
Prick'd[1] forth Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
To challenge forth that prince to single fight:
Not long between these twain the fight endur'd,
But straight the prince was beaten from his horse,
And forc'd to yield him prisoner to his foe.
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our carbines pursu'd them to the death;
Till, Phœbus waving to the western deep,
Our trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat.

KING.

Thanks, good lord General, for these good news;
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this, and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.
[*Gives him his chain.*
But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?

GENERAL.

No peace, my liege, but peace conditional,
That if with homage tribute be well paid,[2]
The fury of your[3] forces will be stay'd:
And to this[4] peace their viceroy hath subscrib'd,
[*Gives the* KING *a paper.*
And made a solemn vow, that during life
His[5] tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

[1] *Pickt*, 1618.
[2] *Tribute may be paid*, 1618, '23, '33.
[3] *Our*, ditto.
[4] *That*, ditto.
[5] *This*, ditto.

KING.

These words, these deeds, become thy person well.
But now, knight marshal, frolic with thy [1] king,
For 'tis thy son that wins this [2] battle's prize.

HIERONIMO.

Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,
And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.

KING.

Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.
[*A tucket* [3] *afar off.*
What means this warning of the trumpet's sound?

GENERAL.

This tells me, that your grace's men of war,
Such as war's fortune hath reserv'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your majesty,
For so I gave in [4] charge at my depart;
Whereby by demonstration shall appear,
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their foes enrich'd.

[1] *The,* 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *That,* 1618, '23.
[3] *Trumpet,* 1618, '23, '33. [*A tucket* is a flourish on a trumpet; but it is not perfectly clear that the word was not understood in the sense of a trumpet itself. See a note in the "First Part of Jeronimo," vol. iv., p. 380.]
[4] *Gave them charge,* 1618, '23, '33.

The army enters.[1] BALTHAZAR, *between* LORENZO *and* HORATIO, *captive.*

KING.

A gladsome sight! I long to see them here.
[*They enter and pass by.*
Was that the warlike prince of Portingal,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

GENERAL.

It was, my liege, the prince of Portingal.

KING.

But what was he, that on the other side
Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?

HIERONIMO.

That was my son, my gracious sovereign;
Of whom, though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleas'd his father's eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with over-cloying joys.

KING.

Go, let them march once more about these walls,
That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.
[*Enter again.*

[1] *Meets,* 1618, '23, '33.

Bring hither the young prince of Portingal:
The rest march on; but, ere they be dismiss'd,
We will bestow on every soldier two ducats,
And on every leader ten, that they may know
Our largess welcomes them.

[*Exeunt all but* BAL., LOR., *and* HOR.

Welcome, Don Balthazar: welcome, nephew;
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honourable.

BALTHAZAR.

The trespass, that my father made in peace,
Is now controll'd by fortune of the wars;
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so:
His men are slain, a weak'ning to his [1] realm;
His colours seiz'd, a blot unto his name;
His son distress'd, a cor'sive to his heart:
These punishments may clear his late offence.

KING.

Ay, Balthazar, if he observe [2] this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars:
Meanwhile live thou, though [3] not in liberty,
Yet free [4] from bearing any servile yoke;
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious.

BALTHAZAR.

And I shall study to deserve this grace.

[1] *The*, 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *Observes*, ditto.
[3] *As though*, 1618.
[4] *Free*, omitted ditto.

KING.

But tell me (for their holding makes me doubt)
To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

LORENZO.

To me, my liege.[1]

HORATIO.

To me, my sovereign.

LORENZO.

This hand first took his[2] courser by the reins.

HORATIO.

But first my lance did put him from his horse.

LORENZO.

I seiz'd his weapon, and enjoy'd it first.

HORATIO.

But first I forc'd him lay his weapons down.

KING.

Let go his arm, upon our privilege—
[*They let him go.*
Say,[3] worthy prince, to whether didst thou yield?

[1] *Lord*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *The*, ditto.
[3] *So*, ditto.

BALTHAZAR.

To him in courtesy, to this perforce;
He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;
He promis'd life, this other threaten'd death;
He won my love, this other conquer'd me;
And truth to say, I yield myself to both.

HIERONIMO.

But that I know your grace for just and wise,
And might seem partial in this difference,
Enforc'd by nature and by law of arms,
My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right.
He hunted well, that was a lion's death;
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.[1]

KING.

Content thee, marshal, thou shalt have no wrong;
And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doom?

LORENZO.

I crave no better than your grace awards.

HORATIO.

Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

KING.

Then, by my judgment, thus your strife shall end:

[1] So in Shakespeare's "King John," iii. 1—

"You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard."

You both deserve, and both shall have reward :
Nephew, thou took'st his weapons and his horse :
His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield :
His ransom therefore is thy valour's fee :
Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.
But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard ;
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.
Horatio's house were small for all his train ;
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon[1] may befall desert,
To him we yield the armour of the prince.
How likes Don Balthazar of this device ?

BALTHAZAR.

Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,
That Don Horatio bear us company,
Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

KING.

Horatio, leave him not, that loves thee so.—
Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter VICEROY,[2] ALEXANDRO, *and* VILLUPPO.

VICEROY.

Is our ambassador despatch'd for Spain ?

[1] [Reward. It seemed idle to reprint the long note in the last edition of Dodsley, illustrating the meaning of a word with which every schoolboy is acquainted.]

[2] Called King of Portugal or Portingal in the "First Part of Jeronimo." The scene here changes to Portugal.—*Collier.*

ALEXANDRO.

Two days, my liege, are pass'd since his depart.

VICEROY.

And tribute-payment gone along with him?

ALEXANDRO.

Ay, my good lord.

VICEROY.

Then rest we here awhile in our unrest,
And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs;
For deepest cares break never into tears.
But wherefore sit I in a[1] regal throne?
This[2] better fits a wretch's endless moan.
[*Falls to the ground.*
Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach,
And therefore better than my state deserves.
Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,
Seeks him, whom fates adjudge[3] to misery.
Here let me lie, now am I[4] at the lowest.

Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:
Nil[5] *superest ut jam possit obesse magis.*

Yes, fortune may bereave me of my crown:
Here, take it now; let fortune do her worst,
She will not rob me of this sable weed:
O no, she envies none but pleasant things;

[1] *This*, 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *It*, 1618.
[3] *Adjudged*, 1618, '23, '33.
[4] *I am*, 1633.
[5] *Nihil*, 1633.

Such is the folly of despiteful chance!
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts:
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments:
And could she hear, yet is she wilful-mad,
And therefore will not pity my distress.
Suppose that she could pity me: what then?
What help can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,
And mind more mutable than fickle winds?
Why wail I then, where's hope of no redress?
O yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.
My late ambition hath distain'd my faith;
My breach of faith occasion'd bloody wars;
Those[1] bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best belov'd,
My best belov'd, my sweet and only son.
O, wherefore went I not to war myself?
The cause was mine; I might have died for both:
My years were mellow, his but[2] young and green;
My death were natural, but his was forced.

ALEXANDRO.

No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.

VICEROY.

Survives! ay, where?[3]

ALEXANDRO.

In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war.

[1] *These*, 1623, '33.
[2] *But his*, ditto.
[3] *But where?* 1618, '23, '33.

VICEROY.

Then they have slain him for his father's fault.

ALEXANDRO.

That were a breach to common law of arms.

VICEROY.

They reck no laws, that meditate revenge.

ALEXANDRO.

His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

VICEROY.

No; if he liv'd, the news would soon be here.

ALEXANDRO.

Nay, evil news fly[1] faster still than good.

VICEROY.

Tell me no more of news; for he is dead.

VILLUPPO.

My sovereign, pardon the author of ill-news,
And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.

VICEROY.

Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be:
Mine ear is ready to receive ill-news;

[1] *Will fly*, 1618, '23, '33.

My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.
Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

VILLUPPO.

Then hear that[1] truth, which these mine eyes have seen:
When both the armies were in battle join'd,
Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
To win renown did wondrous feats of arms:
Amongst the rest I saw him, hand to hand,
In single fight with their lord-general;
Till Alexandro, that here counterfeits
Under the colour of a duteous friend,
Discharg'd his pistol at the prince's back,
As though he would have slain their general:
But therewithal Don Balthazar fell down;
And when he fell, then we began to fly:
But, had he liv'd, the day had sure been ours.

ALEXANDRO.

O wicked forgery! O trait'rous miscreant!

VICEROY.

Hold thou thy peace! but now, Villuppo, say,
Where then became the carcase of my son?

VILLUPPO.

I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

VICEROY.

Ay, ay; my nightly dreams have told me this.

[1] *The*, 1618, '23, '33.

Thou false, unkind, unthankful, trait'rous beast,
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes,
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchance, because thou art Tercera's lord,
Thou hadst[1] some hope to wear this diadem,
If first my son and then myself, were slain;
But thy ambitious thought[2] shall break thy neck:
Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood.
[*He takes the crown, and puts it on again.*
But I'll now[3] wear it, till thy blood be spilt.

ALEXANDRO.

Vouchsafe, dread[4] sovereign, to hear me speak.

VICEROY.

Away with him; his sight is second hell:
Keep him till we determine of his death.
If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.
Villuppo, follow us for thy reward. [*Exit* VICE.

VILLUPPO.

Thus have I with an envious forged tale
Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy. [*Exit.*

Enter HORATIO *and* BELL'-IMPERIA.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour,
Wherein I must entreat thee to relate

[1] *Hast*, 1623, '33.
[2] *Thoughts*, 1618, '23, '33.
[3] *Now Ile*, ditto.
[4] *Deare*, ditto.

The circumstance of Don Andrea's death,
Who (living) was my garland's sweetest [1] flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

HORATIO.

For love of him and service to yourself,
I nill refuse this heavy doleful [2] charge;
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoin'd in [3] fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thickest,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
Encounter'd hand to hand: their fight was long;
Their hearts were great; their clamours menacing;
Their strength alike; their strokes both dangerous:
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envying at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth:
She, she herself, disguis'd in armour's mask
(As Pallas was before proud Pergamus),
Brought in a [4] fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which paunch'd his horse, and ding'd [5] him to the ground:

[1] *Chiefest*, 1623, '33.
[2] *Ile not refuse this doleful heavy*, 1618, '23, '33.
[3] *To*, ditto.
[4] *A* omitted, 1618, '23.
[5] *i.e.*, Threw him on the ground with force, as in the "Second Part of Antonio and Mellida," iv. 3—

> "Distraught and raving, from a turret's top,
> He threw his body in the swolne sea,
> And as he headlong topsie-turvie *ding'd* downe,
> He still cry'd Mellida."

Again, in Nash's "Lenten Stuffe," 1599: "For besides the loud bellowing which hath *dung me in a manner down*," &c. And in Marston's "Satires"—

> "Is ding'd to hell, and vulture eats his heart."

Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
And left not, till Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incens'd with just remorse,
I with my band set forth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

'Would thou hadst slain him, that so[1] slew my love!
But then was Don Andrea's carcase lost?

HORATIO.

No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepp'd I back, till I recover'd him:
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms;
And welding[2] him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dew'd him with my tears,
And sigh'd and sorrow'd as became a friend:
But neither friendly sorrow,[3] sighs, nor tears,
Could win pale death from his usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do;
I saw him honour'd with due funeral:
This scarf I pluck'd from off[4] his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

[1] *So*, omitted, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] Carrying or bearing. So in Churchyard's "Challenge," 1593, p. 116—

> "What cunning heads and hands can catch in hold,
> That covetous mindes doth seek to weld alone."

[3] *Sorrowes*, 1618, '23, '33.

[4] *This scarf pluckt off from*, ditto.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

I know the scarf: 'would he had kept it still;
For had he liv'd, he would have kept it still,
And worn it for his Bell'-Imperia's sake:
For 'twas my favour at his last depart.
But now wear thou [1] it, both for him and me;
For after him thou hast deserv'd it best:
But for thy kindness in his life and death,
Be sure, while Bell'-Imperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.

HORATIO.

And, madam, Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Bell'-Imperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince;
For so the duke your father gave me charge.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Ay, go, Horatio, leave me here alone;
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.
[*Exit* HORATIO.
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death,
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not lov'd Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bell'-Imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbour in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my belov'd?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge:
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his end.
And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,

[1] *Thou*, omitted, 1618, '23, '33.

Himself now pleads for favour at my hands,
He shall, in rigour of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for[1] his murd'rous deed;
For what was't else but murd'rous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight?
And here he comes, that murder'd my delight.

Enter LORENZO *and* BALTHAZAR.

LORENZO.

Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

BELL'-IMPERIA.

That for a while I wish no company.

LORENZO.

But here the prince is come to visit you.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

That argues, that he lives in[2] liberty.

BALTHAZAR.

No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.

BALTHAZAR.

Ay, by conceit my freedom is inthrall'd.

[1] *Of*, 1618, '23, 33. [2] *At*, ditto.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.

BALTHAZAR.

What, if conceit have laid my heart to gage?

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Pay that you borrow'd, and recover it.

BALTHAZAR.

I die, if it return from whence it lies.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

A heartless man, and lives?[1] A miracle!

BALTHAZAR.

Ay, lady, love can work such miracles.

LORENZO.

Tush, tush! my lord, let go these ambages,[2]
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.
[*Aside.*

BELL'-IMPERIA.

What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?

[1] [*Live,* Allde's edition.]
[2] So in "Wily Beguil'd," 1606—

"By Jesus, I cannot play the dissembler,
And wooe my love with courtly *ambages.*"

BALTHAZAR.

Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy;
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend;
On whose aspèct mine eyes find beauty's bower;
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodg'd.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Alas, my lord, these are but words of course,
And but device[1] to drive me from this place.
[*She, in going in, lets fall her glove, which*
HORATIO, *coming out, takes up.*

HORATIO.

Madam, your glove.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy pains.

BALTHAZAR.

Signior Horatio stoop'd in happy time!

HORATIO.

I reap'd more grace than I deserv'd or hop'd.

LORENZO.

My lord, be not dismay'd for what is pass'd;
You know that women oft are humorous:[2]

[1] *Devis'd*, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] That is, act from caprice. So in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," induction: "When you come

These clouds will overblow with little wind;
Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.
Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time
In some delightful[1] sports and revelling.[2]

HORATIO.

The king, my lords,[3] is coming hither straight,
To feast the Portingal ambassador:
Things were in readiness, before I came.

BALTHAZAR.

Then here it fits us to attend the king,
To welcome hither our ambassador,
And learn my father and my country's health.

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the KING, *and* AMBASSADOR.

KING.

See, lord Ambassador, how Spain entreats
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroy's son:
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

to plays, *be humorous*, look with a good starch'd face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot; laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh." Again, in Decker's "Satiromastix," 1602—

> "All our understanding faculties
> Sit there in their high court of parliament,
> Enacting laws to sway this *humorous* world,
> This little isle of man."

And in the "Second Part of King Henry IV.," iv. 4, we have—

> "Being incens'd, he's flint,
> As *humorous* as winter" ———

See also Mr Steevens's note on the last passage.

[1] *Delightsome*, 1618, '12, '33.
[2] *Revellings*, ditto.
[3] *Lord*, ditto.

AMBASSADOR.

Sad is our king, and Portingal laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.

BALTHAZAR.

So am I slain by beauty's tyranny.
You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain:
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapp'd every hour in pleasures of the court,
And grac'd with favours of his majesty.

KING.

Put off your greetings, till our feast be done;
Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.
[*Sit to the banquet.*
Sit down, young prince, you are our second guest:
Brother, sit down; and, nephew, take your place.
Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup,
For well thou hast deserved to be honour'd.
Now, lordings, fall to; Spain is Portingal,
And Portingal is Spain; we both are friends;
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.
But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal?
He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.[1]

Enter HIERONIMO *with a drum, three knights, each his 'scutcheon: then he fetches three kings, they take their crowns and them captive.*

Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye,
Although I sound not well the mystery.

[1] To *jest* is to play a part in a masque. See Dr Farmer's note on "King Richard II.," i. 3—

"As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight."

HIERONIMO.

The first arm'd knight, that hung his 'scutcheon up,
[*He takes the 'scutcheon, and gives it to the* KING.
Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arriv'd with five and[1] twenty thousand men
In Portingal, and by success of war,
Enforc'd the king, then but a Saracen,
To bear the yoke of th' English monarchy.

KING.

My lord of Portingal, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your king and you,
And make your late discomfort seem the less.
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?

HIERONIMO.

The second knight, that hung his 'scutcheon up,
[*He doth as he did before.*
Was Edmond Earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem:
He came likewise, and razed Lisbon walls,
And took the King of Portingal in fight;
For which and other suchlike service done
He after was created Duke of York.

KING.

This is another special argument,
That Portingal may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yok'd.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

[1] *Five and*, omitted, 1623, '33.

HIERONIMO.

The third and last, not least, in our account,
[*Doing as he did before.*
Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his 'scutcheon plainly may appear:
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.

AMBASSADOR.

This is an argument for our viceroy,
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquer'd Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

KING.

Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleas'd both th' ambassador and me:
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love the king.—
[*Takes the cup of* HORATIO.
My lord, I fear we sit but overlong,
Unless our dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that you[1] may be despatch'd;
I think our council is already set. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter ANDREA'S GHOST, *with* REVENGE.

ANDREA.

Come we for this from depth of underground,
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?

[1] *We*, 1618, '23, '33.

These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul:
Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting?

REVENGE.

Be still, Andrea; ere we go from hence,
I'll turn their friendship into fell despite;
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night;
Their hope into despair, their peace to war;
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

ACT II.

Enter LORENZO *and* BALTHAZAR.

LORENZO.

My lord, though Bell'-Imperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy:
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke;
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure;
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak;
In time the flint[1] is pierc'd with softest shower;
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue[2] the sufferance of your friendly pain.

BALTHAZAR.

No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
Than beast or bird, or tree, or stony wall:[3]

[1] *In time the hardest flint*, &c., 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *Rule*, ditto.
[3] [Compare Watson's "Ecatompathia" (1582), Sonnet 47:

"More fierce is my sweete loue, more hard withall,
Then Beast or Birde, then Tree or stony wall."

Tyrwhitt pointed out to his friend George Steevens that the same verses occurred in Harl. MS., 3277, and Steevens did

But wherefore blot I Bell'-Imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight;
My words are rude, and work her no delight:
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas'[1] quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthless, all my labour's lost.
Yet might she love me for my valiancy:[2]
Ay, but that's slander'd by captivity.
Yet might she love me to content her sire:
Ay, but her reason masters his[3] desire.
Yet might she love me, as her brother's friend:
Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.
Yet might she love me to uprear her state:
Ay, but perhaps she hopes[4] some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

LORENZO.

My lord, for my sake leave these extasies,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy.
Some cause there is, that lets you not be lov'd;
First that must needs be known, and then remov'd.
What, if my sister love some other knight?

not discover, till he had copied them out, that the MS. was nothing more than a copy of the "Ecatompathia," with certain variations of very little consequence.]

[1] *Marses*, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] [These lines seem to be those intended to be ridiculed by the Duke of Buckingham in the "Rehearsal, iii. 5—

"My legs, the emblem of my various thought," &c.]

[3] *Her*, 1618, '23, '33.

[4] *Loves*, 1623, '33.

BALTHAZAR.

My summer's day will turn to winter's night.

LORENZO.

I have already found a stratagem,
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My lord, for once you shall be rul'd by me;
Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see:
By force or fair means will I cast about,
To find the truth of all this question out.
Ho, Pedringano!

Enter PEDRINGANO.

PEDRINGANO.

Signior!

LORENZO.

Vien que presto.

PEDRINGANO.

Hath your lordship any service to command me?

LORENZO.

Ay, Pedringano, service of import;
And, not to spend the time in trifling words,
Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou know'st,
Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,
For thy conveyance in Andrea's love:
For which thou wert adjudg'd to punishment:
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment.
And since thou know'st how I have favour'd thee,
Now to these favours will I add reward,
Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,

And lands and living[1] join'd with dignities,
If thou but satisfy my just demand:
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

PEDRINGANO.

Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
If case it lie in me[2] to tell the truth.

LORENZO.

Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:
Whom loves my sister Bell'-Imperia?
For she reposeth all her trust in thee;
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward:
I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

PEDRINGANO.

Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death,
I have no credit with her as before;
And therefore know not, if she love or no.

LORENZO.

Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe.
[*Draws his sword.*
And fear shall force what friendship cannot win:
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals;
Thou dy'st for more esteeming her than me.

PEDRINGANO.

O, stay, my lord.

[1] *Livings*, 1618, '23, 33. [2] *In me in lies*, ditto.

LORENZO.

Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue;
And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee:
But if thou dally once again, thou dy'st.

PEDRINGANO.

If madam Bell'-Imperia be in love——

LORENZO.

What, villain? ifs and ands? [*Threatens him.*

PEDRINGANO.

O, stay, my lord; she loves Horatio.
[BALTHAZAR *starts back.*

LORENZO.

What, Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son?

PEDRINGANO.

Even him, my lord.

LORENZO.

Now say but how know'st thou he[1] is in love,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberal:
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

PEDRINGANO.

She sent him letters, which myself perus'd,

[1] *How knowest thou that he,* 1618, '23, '33.

Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love,
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

LORENZO.

Swear on this cross,[1] that what thou say'st is true;
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

PEDRINGANO.

I swear to both, by him that made us all.

LORENZO.

In hope thine oath is true, here 's thy reward:
But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjust,
This very sword, whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

PEDRINGANO.

What I have said is true, and shall (for me)
Be still conceal'd from Bell'-Imperia:
Besides, your honour's liberality
Deserves my duteous service ev'n till death.

LORENZO.

Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:
Be watchful, when and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort.

PEDRINGANO.

I will, my lord.

[1] The cross on the hilt of the sword; in times of chivalry a most sacred oath. See "Hamlet," act i. sc. 5.

LORENZO.

Then shalt thou find that I am liberal:
Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state
Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not:
Go and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.
[*Exit* PED.
Why so: *tam armis, quam ingenio:*
Where words prevail not, violence prevails;
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this [1] stratagem?

BALTHAZAR.

Both well and ill; it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love;
Glad, that I know on whom to be reveng'd;
Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge;
Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.
I think Horatio be my destin'd plague:
First, in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave:
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbour sweet conceits;
Which sweet conceits are lim'd with sly deceits,[2]
Which sly deceits [3] smooth Bell'-Imperia's ears;
And through her ears dive down into her heart,

[1] *Of this*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] This line omitted, ditto.
[3] *Sweet*, ditto.

And in her heart set[1] him, where I should stand.
Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force,
And now by sleight would captivate my soul:
But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life or win my love.

LORENZO.

Let's go, my lord, your[2] staying stays revenge:
Do you but follow me, and gain your love,
Her favour must be won by his remove. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HORATIO *and* BELL'-IMPERIA.

HORATIO.

Now, madam, since by favour of your love
Our hidden smoke has turn'd to open flame,
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts,
(Two chief contents) where more cannot be had;
Thus in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
Why show you sign of inward languishments?
[PEDRINGANO *shows all to the* PRINCE *and* LORENZO, *placing them in secret.*

BELL'-IMPERIA.

My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea,
She wisheth port: where, riding all at ease,
She may repair what stormy times have worn:
And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy,
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
Possession of thy love's the only port,
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long toss'd,

[1] *Sets*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Our*, 1633.

Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repair[1] the joys that it hath lost:
And sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's quire,
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.

BALTHAZAR *and* LORENZO *aside.*[2]

BALTHAZAR.

O sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profan'd;
Be deaf, mine ears, hear not my discontent;
Die, heart: another 'joys what thou deserv'st.

LORENZO.

Watch still, mine eyes, to see this[3] love disjoin'd:
Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament:
Live,[4] heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?

HORATIO.

The less I speak, the more I meditate.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

But whereon dost thou chiefly[5] meditate?

HORATIO.

On dangers past and pleasures to ensue. [*Aside.*

[1] *There on repair*, 1618, '23, '33.
[2] The editions of 1623 and 1633 read "Balthazar and Lorenzo *alone.*"—*Collier.*
[3] *The*, 1618, '23, '33.
[4] *Leave*, ditto.
[5] *Chiefly dost thou*, ditto.

BALTHAZAR.

On pleasures past and dangers to ensue.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?

HORATIO.

Dangers of war and pleasures of our love.

LORENZO.

Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.
[*Aside.*

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me:
But such a warring, as breaks no bond of peace.
Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;
Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks:
Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;
Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss:
Be this our warring peace or peaceful war.

HORATIO.

But, gracious madam, then appoint the field,
Where trial of this war shall first be made.

BALTHAZAR.

Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows! [*Aside.*

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Then be[1] thy father's pleasant bow'r the field,
Where first we vow'd a[2] mutual amity;
The court were dangerous, that place is safe:
Our hour shall be,[3] when Vesper 'gins to rise,
That summons home distressful[4] travellers:
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;
Happily the gentle nightingale
Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,
And singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and mirthful[5] dalliance:
Till then each hour will seem a year and more.

HORATIO.

But, honey sweet and honourable love,
Return we now into your father's sight,
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.

LORENZO.

Ay, danger mixed with jealous despite,
Shall send thy soul into eternal night. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING OF SPAIN, PORTINGAL AMBASSADOR, DON CYPRIAN, *&c.*

KING.

Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
What says your daughter Bell'-Imperia?

[1] *By*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Our*, ditto.
[3] These lines, describing the meeting of the lovers, are, as Mr Whalley observes, tender and natural. See "Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare," 1748, p. 48.
[4] *Distressed*, 1623, '33. [5] *Sportfull*, ditto.

CYPRIAN.

Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loves the prince;
I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time:
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice;
Which is to love him, or forego my love.

KING.

Then, lord ambassador of Portingal,
Advise thy king to make this marriage up,
For strength'ning of our late-confirmed league;
I know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal;
Besides that she is daughter and half-heir
Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian,
And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift:
And this it is (in case the match go forward),
The tribute, which you pay, shall be releas'd:
And if by Balthazar she have a son,
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

AMBASSADOR.

I'll make the motion to my[1] sovereign liege,
And work it, if my counsel may prevail.

KING.

Do so, my lord, and if he give consent,
I hope his presence here will honour us,
In celebration of the nuptial day;
And let himself[2] determine of the time.

[1] *Our*, 1618. [2] *Let him*, 1633.

AMBASSADOR.

Will't please your grace command[1] me aught beside?

KING.

Commend me to the king; and so farewell.
But where's Prince Balthazar to take his leave?

AMBASSADOR.

That is perform'd already, my good lord.

KING.

Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
The prince's ransom must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner;
And well his forwardness deserves reward:
It was Horatio, our knight marshal's son.

AMBASSADOR.

Between us there's a price already pitch'd,
And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

KING.

Then once again farewell, my lord.

AMBASSADOR.

Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the rest. [*Exit.*

[1] *To command,* 1618.

KING.

Now, brother, you must take some little pains [1]
To win fair Bell'-Imperia from her will;
Young virgins must be ruled by their friends:
The prince is amiable, and loves her well:
If she neglect him and forego his love,
She both will wrong her own estate and ours;
Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince
With greatest pleasure [2] that our court affords,
Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought:
If she give back, all this will come to nought.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter HORATIO, BELL'-IMPERIA, *and* PEDRINGANO.

HORATIO.

Now that the night begins with sable wings
To overcloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done;
Come, Bell'-Imperia, let us to the bower,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls my soul.

HORATIO.

Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?

BELL'-IMPERIA.

No, he is as trusty as my second self.—
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,
And let us know, if any make approach.

[1] *Paine*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Pleasures*, ditto.

PEDRINGANO.

Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold,
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match. (*Aside.*)
[*Exit* PED.

HORATIO.

What means my love?

BELL'-IMPERIA.

I know not what myself:
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

HORATIO.

Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,
And heav'ns have[1] shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, thou seest, hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Thou hast prevail'd; I'll conquer my misdoubt,
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.
I fear no more: love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

HORATIO.

The more thou sitt'st within these leafy bow'rs,
The more will Flora deck it with her flow'rs.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

[1] *Heaven hath*, 1618, '23, '33.

HORATIO.

Hark, madam, how the birds record[1] by night,
For joy that Bell'-Imperia sits in sight.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,
To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.

HORATIO.

If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far:
Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.

HORATIO.

Then thus begin our wars; put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Set forth thy foot to try the push of mine.

[1] *To record* signified anciently to sing, as in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," v. 3:—

> "Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
> And to the nightingale's complaining notes
> Tune my distresses and record my woes."

See also Mr Steevens's note on this passage.

HORATIO.

But first my looks shall combat against thine.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Then ward thyself, I dart this kiss at thee.

HORATIO.

Thus I retort[1] the dart thou threw'st at me.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Nay, then to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke, and make thee yield.

HORATIO.

Nay, then my arms are large and strong withal:
Thus elms by vines are compass'd, till they fall.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

O, let me go; for in my troubled eyes
Now mayst thou read, that life in passion dies.

HORATIO.

O, stay a while, and I will die with thee,
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquer'd me.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Who's there? Pedringano? we are betray'd!

[1] *Return*, 1618, '23, '33.

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, CERBERINE, *and* PEDRINGANO *disguised.*

LORENZO.

My lord, away with her, take her aside.[1]
O sir, forbear: your valour is already tried.
Quickly despatch, my masters.
[*They hang him in the arbour.*

HORATIO.

What, will ye murder me?

LORENZO.

Ay, thus and thus; these are the fruits of love.
[*They stab him.*

BELL'-IMPERIA.

O, save his life, and let me die for him!
O, save him, brother: save him, Balthazar;
I lov'd Horatio; but he lov'd not me.

BALTHAZAR.

But Balthazar loves Bell'-Imperia.

LORENZO.

Although his life were still[2] ambitious, proud,
Yet is he at the highest, now he is dead.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Murder! murder! Help, Hieronimo, help.

[1] *Take her aside* is printed as a marginal direction, 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *Still*, omitted, ditto.

LORENZO.

Come, stop her mouth, away with her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HIERONIMO *in his shirt, &c.*

HIERONIMO.

What outcries pluck[1] me from my naked bed,[2]
And chill[3] my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls Hieronimo? speak, here I am.
I did not slumber; therefore 'twas no dream.
No, no, it was some woman cried for help;
And here within this[4] garden did she cry;
And in this garden must I rescue her.
But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this?
A man hang'd up, and all the murderers gone!
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!
This place was made for pleasure, not for death.
[*He cuts him down.*
Those garments that he wears I oft have seen:
Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!
O no, but he that[5] whilome was my son!
O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?
O speak, if any spark of life remain:

[1] *Outcry calls*, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] This line, though not mentioned, is one of those indicated by Shakespeare in the induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," where Sly says, "Go to thy bed, and warm thee." Thomas Randolph, in his "Conceited Pedlar," 1630, also alludes to it: "Jeronymo rising from his naked bed was not so good a midwife."—*Collier.*

[3] *Chills*, 1618, '23, '33.

[4] *The*, ditto.

[5] *That who whilome*, 1618.

I am thy father; who hath slain my son?
What savage monster, not of human kind,
Hath here [1] been glutted with thy harmless blood,
And left thy bloody corpse dishonour'd here,
For me amidst these dark and deathful shades,
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
O heav'ns, why made you night to cover sin?
By day this deed of darkness had not been.
O earth, why didst thou not in time devour
The vild [2] profaner of this sacred bow'r?
O poor Horatio! what hadst thou misdone,
To lese thy life, ere life was new begun?
O wicked butcher! whatsoe'er thou wert,
How couldst thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In lesing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

Enter ISABELLA.

ISABELLA.

My husband's absence makes my heart to throb:—
Hieronimo!

HIERONIMO.

Here, Isabella, help me to lament;
For sighs are stopp'd, and all my tears are spent.

ISABELLA.

What world of grief! my son Horatio!
O, where's the author of this endless woe?

HIERONIMO.

To know the author were some ease of grief,
For in revenge my heart would find relief.

[1] *Here hath*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Vile*, ditto.

ISABELLA.

Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
O, gush out, tears, fountains and floods of tears;
Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;
For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness.
[Aye me,[1] Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak!

HIERONIMO.

He supp'd with us to-night, frolic and merry,
And said he would go visit Balthazar
At the duke's palace: there the prince doth lodge.
He had no custom to stay out so late,
He may be in his chamber; some go see—Roderigo, ho.

Enter PEDRO *and* JAQUES.

ISABELLA.

Aye me, he raves! sweet Hieronimo!

HIERONIMO.

True, all Spain takes note of it.
Besides, he is so generally belov'd,
His majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be favours,
Which do assure me that he cannot be short-liv'd.

ISABELLA.

Sweet Hieronimo!

[1] [The lines here inserted between brackets were Ben Jonson's additions, made in 1601–2, and first printed in the 4to of 1602. See "Henslowe's Diary," by Collier, pp. 201, 223, and Lamb's "Specimens," edit. 1854, p. 11.]

HIERONIMO.

I wonder, how this fellow got his clothes:
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all:
Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently,
And bid my son Horatio to come home,
I and his mother have had strange dreams to-night:
Do you hear me, sir?

JAQUES.

Ay, sir.

HIERONIMO.

Well, sir, be gone. Pedro, come hither;
Know'st thou who this is?

PEDRO.

Too well, sir.

HIERONIMO.

Too well! Who, who is it? Peace, Isabella.
Nay, blush not, man.

PEDRO.

It is my lord Horatio.

HIERONIMO.

Ha, ha, St James; but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded than myself.

PEDRO.

Deluded?

HIERONIMO.

Ay, I would have sworn myself, within this hour,
That this had been my son Horatio,
His garments are so like: ha! are they not great
persuasions?

ISABELLA.

O, would to God it were not so!

HIERONIMO.

Were not, Isabella? dost thou dream it is?
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought,
That such a black deed of mischief should be done
On one so pure and spotless as our son?
Away, I am asham'd.

ISABELLA.

Dear Hieronimo,
Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief,
Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.

HIERONIMO.

It was a man, sure, that was hang'd up here,
A youth, as I remember: I cut him down.
If it should prove my son now after all,
Say you, say you! light, lend me a taper;
Let me look again.
O God! confusion, mischief, torment, death and
hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
That now is stiff with horror; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me, thou infective night,
And drop this deed of murder down on me;

Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
And let me not survive to see the light,
May put me in the mind I had a son.

ISABELLA.

O sweet Horatio! O my dearest son!

HIERONIMO.

How strangely had I lost my way to grief!]
Sweet lovely rose, ill-pluck'd before thy time,
Fair worthy son, not conquer'd, but betray'd,
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stay'd.

ISABELLA.

And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were only [1] my delight.

HIERONIMO.

Seest thou this handkerchief besmear'd with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take revenge:
Seest thou those wounds, that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them, till I have revenge: [2]
Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Till then my sorrow [3] never shall be spent.

[1] *Chiefly*, 1623, '33. [2] *Reveng'd*, Allde's edit.
[3] *Sorrowes*, 1618, '23, '33.

ISABELLA.

The heav'ns are just, murder cannot be hid:
Time is the author both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.

HIERONIMO.

Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,
Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner find the practice out,
And learn by whom all this was brought about.
Come, Isabel, now let us take him up,
[*They take him up.*
And bear him in from out this cursed place.
I'll say his dirge; singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,
[HIERONIMO *sets his breast unto his sword.*
Misceat, & nostro detur medicina dolori:
Aut si qui faciunt annorum oblivia succos,
Præbeat, ipse metam magnum quœcunque per orbem,
Gramina sol pulchras ejecit lucis in oras,
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid & irarum vi cœca nenia nectit.
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus:
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,
Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus.
Emoriar tecum sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.
Attamen absistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tum nulla sequatur.

[*Here he throws it from him,*
and bears the body away.

Enter ANDREA'S GHOST, *with* REVENGE.

ANDREA.

Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain?
I look'd, that Balthazar should have been slain;
But 'tis my friend Horatio that is slain:
And they abuse fair Bell'-Imperia,
On whom I doated more than all the world,
Because she lov'd me more than all the world.

REVENGE.

Thou talk'st of harvest,[1] when the corn is green;
The end is crown[2] of every work well done:
The sickle comes not, till the corn be ripe.
Be still; and ere I lead thee from this place,
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

ACT III.

Enter the VICEROY OF PORTINGAL, NOBLES, ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO.[3]

VICEROY.

Infortunate condition of kings,[4]
Seated amidst[5] so many helpless doubts!
First, we are plac'd upon extremest height,

[1] *The harvest*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Growne*, ditto.
[3] [The scene again changes to Portugal.]
[4] Mr Reed printed the line as follows, without any authority, and to the injury of the metre :—

"Unfortunate condition of great kings."

The terminations *tion* and *sion* in our old poets were almost invariably pronounced as two distinct syllables.—*Collier*.
[5] *Among*, 1623, '33.

And oft supplanted with exceeding hate;
But ever subject to the wheel of chance;
And at our highest never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
As fortune toileth in th' affairs of kings,
That would be fear'd, yet fear to be belov'd,
Sith fear or love to kings is flattery:
For instance, lordings, look upon your king,
By hate deprived of his dearest son;
The only hope of our successive line.[1]

NOBLES.

I had not thought, that Alexandro's heart
Had been envenom'd with such extreme hate;
But now I see, that words have several works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.

VILLUPPO.

No; for, my lord, had you beheld the train,
That feigned love, and colour'd in his looks,
When he in camp comforted Balthazar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
That hourly coasts the centre of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.

VICEROY.

No more, Villuppo: thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou slay'st our wounded thoughts;
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating Alexandro's death:

[1] *Lives*, 1618, '23, '33.

Go, some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,
That, as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter ALEXANDRO, *with a Nobleman and halberts.*

NOBLEMAN.

In such extremes will nought but patience serve.

ALEXANDRO.

But in extremes what patience shall I use?
Nor discontents it me to leave the world,
With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

NOBLEMAN.

Yet hope the best.

ALEXANDRO.

'Tis heaven is my hope;
As for the earth, it is too much infect,[1]
To yield me hope of any of her mould.

VICEROY.

Why linger ye? bring forth that daring fiend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.

ALEXANDRO.

Not that I fear th' extremity of death
(For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear),
Do I, O king, thus discontented live.
But this, O this, torments my labouring soul,

[1] *Infected*, 1618, '23, '33.

That thus I die suspected of a sin,
Whereof, as heav'ns have known my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.

VICEROY.

No more, I say; [but] to the tortures with him![1]
Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,
[*They bind him to the stake.*
That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
Of Phlegethon, prepared for his soul.

ALEXANDRO.

My guiltless death will be aveng'd on thee,
On thee, Villuppo, that hath malic'd thus;
Or for[2] thy meed hast falsely me accus'd.

VILLUPPO.

Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works:
Injurious traitor! monstrous homicide!

Enter AMBASSADOR.

AMBASSADOR.

Stay, hold a while; and here (with pardon of
His majesty) lay hands upon Villuppo.

[1] [Old copies, *when?* and this reading was defended by Gifford and Collier. The present was Dodsley's correction. The old reading is, however, supported to some extent by a passage in the "History of Jacob and Esau," 1568, i. 1—

"But up, Ragan! up, drowsy hogshead, I say:
Why, when? will it not be? Up, I come anon.
Up, or I shall raise you, in faith, ye drowsy whoreson!
Why, when?"]

[2] *Of*, 1618, '23, '33.

VICEROY.

Ambassador, what news hath urg'd this sudden entrance?

AMBASSADOR.

Know, sovereign lord,[1] that Balthazar doth live.

VICEROY.

What say'st thou? liveth Balthazar our son?

AMBASSADOR.

Your highness' son lord Balthazar doth live,
And well entreated in the court of Spain,
Humbly commends him to your majesty:
These eyes beheld, and these my followers',
With these the letters of the king's commends,[2]
[*Gives him letters.*
Are happy witness of his highness' health.
[*The* KING *looks on the letters, and proceeds.*

VICEROY.

Thy son doth live, your tribute is receiv'd:
Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied:
The rest resolve upon as things propos'd
For both our honours and thy benefit.

AMBASSADOR.

These are his highness' farther articles.
[*Gives him more letters.*

[1] *Know sovereign: I that*, 1618. *Know my soveraigne, that*, 1623, '33.

[2] *Commend*, 1618, 23, '33.

VICEROY.

Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation
Of noble Alexandro! Come, my lord, unbind him:
Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quital for thy discontent.
[*They unbind him.*

ALEXANDRO.

Dread lord, in kindness you could do no less,
Upon report of such a damned fact;
But thus we see our innocence hath sav'd
The hopeless life, which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.

VICEROY.

Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus
Falsely betray lord Alexandro's life?
Him, whom thou know'st that no unkindness else,
But ev'n the slaughter of our dearest son,
Could once have mov'd[1] us to have misconceiv'd.

ALEXANDRO.

Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king:
Wherein[2] hath Alexandro used thee ill?

VILLUPPO.

Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
My guilty soul[3] submits me to thy doom:

[1] *Could never once mov'd*, 1633.
[2] [Old copies, *Or wherein.*]
[3] *Guiltful*, 1618, '23, '33.

For not for Alexandro's injuries,
But for reward and hope to be preferr'd,
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

VICEROY.

Which, villain, shall be ransom'd with thy death;
And not so mean a torment as we here
Devis'd for him who, thou said'st, slew our son:
But with the bitter'st torments and extremes,
That may be yet invented for thine end.
[ALEX. *seems to entreat.*
Entreat me not; go take the traitor hence:
[*Exit* VILLUPPO.
And, Alexandro, let us honour thee
With public notice of thy loyalty.
To end those things articulated here
By our great lord, the mighty King of Spain,
We with our council will deliberate:
Come, Alexandro, keep us company. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HIERONIMO.

HIERONIMO.

O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears:
O life! no life, but lively form of death:
O world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds:
O sacred heav'ns! if this unhallow'd deed,
If this inhumane and barbarous attempt;
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unreveal'd and unrevenged pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice
trust?

The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wake[s] my vexed soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son,
Solicit[s] me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear[1] my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents[2] records,
Early begins to register my dreams,
And drive[s] me forth to seek the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heav'ns, hell, night, and day,
See, search, show, send some man,
Some mean, that may—— [*A letter falleth.*
What's here? a letter? tush! it is not so:
A letter written to Hieronimo. [*Red ink.*

For want of ink, receive this bloody writ;
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee:
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him;
For these were they that murdered thy son.
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,
And better far than Bell'-Imperia doth.

What means this unexpected miracle?

[1] The word *fear* is often used by our ancient writers in the sense of *frighten* or *make afraid*, as in "Every Man in his Humour," iii. 7:—

"(He shall not go) I but *fear* the knave."

And in "Sejanus his Fall," iv.:—

"His subtility hath chose this doubling line,
To hold him even in; not so to *fear* him,
As wholly put him out."

Again, in "A Fair Quarrel," ii. 1: "But as it is, it *fears* me." So in "Euphues and his England," 1580: "Nor the perswasions of Papists . . . could either *fear* hir or allure hir." Parkes, in his "Curtain-Drawer of the World," 1612, p. 41, has, "If he shall *feare* us out of our wits with strange words."

[2] *Discontent*, 1618, '23, '33.

My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!
What cause had they Horatio to malign?
Or what might move thee, Bell'-Imperia,
To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?
Hieronimo, beware, thou art betray'd,
And to entrap thy life this train is laid:
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous;
This is devised to endanger thee,
That thou by this Lorenzo shouldst accuse;
And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question and thy name in hate.
Dear was the life of my beloved son,
And of his death behoves me be reveng'd:
Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo;
But live t' effect thy resolution.
I therefore will by circumstances try,
What I can gather to confirm this writ;
And, heark'ning[1] near the Duke of Castile's house,
Close, if I can, with Bell'-Imperia,
To listen more, but nothing to bewray.[2]

Enter PEDRINGANO.

HIERONIMO.

Now, Pedringano!

PEDRINGANO.

Now, Hieronimo!

HIERONIMO.

Where's thy lady?

[1] *Hearken*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] [Betray.]

PEDRINGANO.

I know not: here's my lord.

Enter LORENZO.

LORENZO.

How now, who's this? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO.

My lord.

PEDRINGANO.

He asketh for my lady Bell'-Imperia.

LORENZO.

What to do, Hieronimo? the duke my father hath,
Upon some disgrace, awhile remov'd her hence;
But if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.

HIERONIMO.

Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you; it shall not need.
I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

LORENZO.[1]

Why so, Hieronimo? use me.

[1] [This scene is thus enlarged by Jonson in the 4to of 1602]:—

LORENZO.

Why so, Hieronimo? use me.

HIERONIMO.

O no, my lord; I dare not, it must not be:
I humbly thank your lordship.

LORENZO.

Why then, farewell.

HIERONIMO.

My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue, can tell.
[*Exit.*

LORENZO.

Come hither, Pedringano; see'st thou this?

PEDRINGANO.

My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

HIERONIMO.

Who? you, my lord?
I reserve your favour for a greater honour:
This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.

LORENZO.

All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

HIERONIMO.

I' faith, my lord, 'tis an idle thing, I must confess,
I ha' been too slack, too tardy, too remiss unto your honour.

LORENZO.

How now, Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO.

In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing;
The murder of a son, or so—
A thing of nothing, my lord!

LORENZO.

Why then, farewell.

LORENZO.

This is that damned villain Serberine,
That hath, I fear, reveal'd Horatio's death.

PEDRINGANO.

My lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done;
And since he hath not left my company.

LORENZO.

Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.
I know his humour; and therewith repent,
That e'er I us'd him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou[1] this,
[*Gives him more gold.*
And hearken to me—thus it is devis'd,[2]
This night thou must (and, pr'ythee, so resolve)
Meet Serberine at St Liugis' Park:
Thou know'st, 'tis here hard by behind the house;
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure:
For die he must, if we do mean to live.

PEDRINGANO.

But how shall Serberine be there, my lord?

LORENZO.

Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet
The prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

[1] *Thee*, 1623, '33.
[2] *Thus it is: disguis'd*, 1618, '23, '33.

PEDRINGANO.

It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done;
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

LORENZO.

When things shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount for this; thou know'st my mind.
Che le Jeron![1] [*Exit* PEDRINGANO.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE.

My lord?

LORENZO.

Go, sirrah, to Serberine, and bid him forthwith
Meet the prince and me at St Liugis' Park,
Behind the house: this evening, boy.

PAGE.

I go, my lord.

LORENZO.

But, sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock:
Bid him not fail.

PAGE.

I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*

[1] [*Jeron* is probably short for *Jeronimo*, and the words in the text were perhaps intended to represent something privately understood between the speakers.]

LORENZO.

Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast
Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch,
Upon precise commandment from the king,
Strongly to guard the place, where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work, that will avoid distrust:
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap:
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly inquiry of Hieronimo
For Bell'-Imperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill.
As for myself, I know my secret fault,
And so do they; but I have dealt for them.
They that for coin their souls endangered,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs:
And better 'tis that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps;
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend;
For die they shall, slaves are ordain'd to[1] no other end. [*Exit.*

Enter PEDRINGANO, *with a pistol.*

PEDRINGANO.

Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold;
And hold on, fortune, once more favour me,
Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aim.!
Here is the gold, this is the gold propos'd,
It is no dream that I adventure for,
But Pedringano is possess'd thereof;

[1] *For*, 1618, '23, '33.

And he that would not strain his conscience
For him, that thus his liberal purse hath stretch'd,
Unworthy such a favour may he fail;
And wishing want, when such as I prevail:
As for the fear of apprehension,
I know, if need should be, my noble lord
Will stand between me and ensuing harms:
Besides, this place is free from all suspect.
Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the WATCH.

1 WATCH.

I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch.

2 WATCH.

'Tis by commandment in the king's own name.

3 WATCH.

But we were never wont to watch and[1] ward,[2]
So near the duke his brother's[3] house before.

2 WATCH.

Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

[1] *Nor*, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] These are terms used in several modern Acts of Parliament, for that composition which is paid in the City of London to cause the attendance, which formerly every householder was obliged to give in person, to *watch* in his respective *ward*. See Stowe, ed. 1720, ii. 393.

[3] *Brother's*, 1618, '23, '33.

Enter SERBERINE.

SERBERINE.

Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace;
For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint,
That thou by his command shouldst meet with him:
How fit a place, if one were so dispos'd,
Methinks this corner is to close with one.

PEDRINGANO.

Here comes the bird that I must seize upon:
Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man.

SERBERINE.

I wonder that his lordship stays so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

PEDRINGANO.

For this, Serberine, and thou shalt ha't.
[*Shoots the dag.*[1]
So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd.

[1] The ancient name for *a pistol*. So in "Arden of Feversham," 1592—

"Or dare abide the noise the *dagge* will make."

Again, ibid.—

"I'll leave you at your *dag*'s discharge."

And—

"My *dagge* was levell'd at his hart."

So also in "Jack Drum's Entertainment," 1601, v.—

"Whilst he would show me how to hold the *dagge*."

Again, Ascham (Works, by Bennet, p. 21): "Ridying on his journey, he was once shot *with a dagge* secretly."

1 WATCH.

Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot.

2 WATCH.

And here's one slain; stay the murderer.

PEDRINGANO.

Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,
[*He strives with the* WATCH.
Who first lays hands on me, I'll be his priest.

3 WATCH.

Sirrah, confess, and therein play the priest,
Why hast thou thus unkindly kill'd the man?

PEDRINGANO.

Why? because he walk'd abroad so late.

3 WATCH.

Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.

2 WATCH.

Come to the marshal's[1] with the murderer.

1 WATCH.

On to Hieronimo's:[2] help me here
To bring the murder'd body with us too.

[1] *Marshall*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Hieronimo*, ditto.

PEDRINGANO.

Hieronimo? carry me before whom you will,
Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you;
And do your worst, for I defy you all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LORENZO *and* BALTHAZAR.

BALTHAZAR.

How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?

LORENZO.

Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

BALTHAZAR.

What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

LORENZO.

Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,
And inexpected harms do hurt us most.

BALTHAZAR.

Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo—tell me, man—
If aught concerns our honour and your own?

LORENZO.

Nor[1] you, nor me, my lord, but both in one:
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betray'd to old Hieronimo.

[1] *Not*, 1618, '23, '33.

BALTHAZAR.

Betray'd, Lorenzo? tush! it cannot be.

LORENZO.

A guilty conscience, urged with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err:
I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,
That all's revealed to Hieronimo,
And therefore know that I have cast it thus.

Enter PAGE.

But here's the page. How now? what news with thee?

PAGE.

My lord, Serberine is slain.

BALTHAZAR.

Who? Serberine my man?

PAGE.

Your highness' man, my lord.

LORENZO.

Speak, page, who murder'd him?

PAGE.

He that is apprehended for the fact.

LORENZO.

Who?

PAGE.

Pedringano.

BALTHAZAR.

Is[1] Serberine slain, that lov'd his lord so well?
Injurious villain, murderer of his friend!

LORENZO.

Hath Pedringano murder'd Serberine?
My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge
With your complaints unto my lord the king:
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.

BALTHAZAR.

Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his highness hardly shall deny.
Meanwhile I'll haste the marshal-sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed.
[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.

LORENZO.

Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal.
I lay the plot: he prosecutes the point;
I set the trap: he breaks the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was lim'd.[2]

[1] *I, Serberine*, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] Snared or entangled, as a bird with bird-lime. So in "Much Ado about Nothing," iii. 1—

"She's limed, I warrant you, we have caught her, madam."

And in "Arden of Feversham—

"Once more
Lime well your twigs to catch this wary bird."

Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends;
He runs to kill, whom I have holp [1] to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.
'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or any one, in mine opinion,
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a MESSENGER, *with a letter.*

Boy——

PAGE.

My lord?

LORENZO.

What's he?

MESSENGER.

I have a letter to your lordship.

LORENZO.

From whence?

MESSENGER.

From Pedringano, that's imprison'd.

LORENZO.

So he is in prison [2] then?

MESSENGER.

Ay, my good lord.

[1] *Hope*, 1623, '33.

[2] *Imprison'd*, 1618, '23, 33.

LORENZO.

What would he with us?
He writes us here, *To stand, good lord, and help him in distress.*
Tell him, I have his letters, know his mind;
And what we may, let him assure him of.
Fellow, begone; my boy shall follow thee.
[*Exit* MESSENGER.
This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.
Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano;
Thou know'st the prison, closely give it him,
And be advis'd that none be there about:
Bid him be merry still, but secret;
And though the marshal[2]-sessions be to-day,
Bid him not doubt of his delivery;
Tell him, his pardon is already sign'd:
And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd;
For were he ready to be turned off
(As 'tis my will the uttermost be try'd),
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still:
Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in't;
But open't not, and if thou lov'st thy life:
But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown,
He shall not want, while Don Lorenzo lives.
Away!

PAGE.

I go, my lord, I run.

LORENZO.

But, sirrah, see that this be cleanly done.
[*Exit* PAGE.
Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts;

[1] *Marshals*, 1618, 23, '33.

One only thing is uneffected yet,
And that's to see the executioner;
But to what end? I[1] list not trust the air
With utterance of our pretence therein;
For fear the privy whispering of the wind
Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,
That lie too open to advantages.

E quel che voglio io, nessun le sa,
Intendo io quel mi bastara. [*Exit.*

Enter BOY, *with the box.*

BOY.

My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and, by my troth,[2] 'tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time: for we men'skind,[3] in our minority, are like women in their uncertainty; that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now.—By my bare honesty,[4] here's nothing but the bare empty box: were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentleman-like knavery. I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile, to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman; and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will't not be an odd jest for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would[5] say, Mock on,

[1] *I*, omitted, 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *Bare*, omitted, ditto.
[3] *Men-kind*, ditto.
[4] *Credit*, ditto.
[5] *Should*, ditto.

here's thy warrant? Is't not a scurvy jest, that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hang'd with thee, I cannot[1] weep.

Enter HIERONIMO *and the* DEPUTY.

HIERONIMO.

Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own;
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come, by justice of the heav'ns,
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me.

DEPUTY.

Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.

HIERONIMO.

So is't my duty to regard his death
Who, when he liv'd, deserv'd my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for: let's begin,
For here lies that, which bids me to be gone.

Enter OFFICERS, BOY, *and* PEDRINGANO, *with a letter in his hand, bound.*

DEPUTY.

Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

[1] *Could not*, 1618, '23, '33.

PEDRINGANO.

Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come ;
For I had written to my lord anew
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For fear his lordship had forgotten me :
But sith he hath remember'd me so well—
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

HIERONIMO.

Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,
And here, for satisfaction of the world,
Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault ;
For there's thy [1] place of execution.

PEDRINGANO.

This is short work : well, to your marshalship
First I confess, nor fear I death therefore,
I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine.
But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

DEPUTY.

Ay, Pedringano.

PEDRINGANO.

Now [2] I think not so !

HIERONIMO.

Peace, impudent ; for thou shalt find it so :
For blood with blood shall (while I sit as judge)
Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd.

[1] *The*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *No*, ditto.

And though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Despatch, the fault's approved and confess'd;
And by our law he is condemn'd to die.

Enter HANGMAN.

HANGMAN.

Come on, sir; are you ready?

PEDRINGANO.

To do what, my fine officious knave?

HANGMAN.

To go to this gear.

PEDRINGANO.

O sir, you are too forward; thou wouldst fain
Furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish
Me of my habit. So I should go out
Of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the rope:
But, hangman, now I spy your knavery;
I'll not change without boot, that's flat.

HANGMAN.

Come, sir.

PEDRINGANO.

So, then, I must up?

HANGMAN.

No remedy.

PEDRINGANO.

Yes, but there shall be for my [1] coming down.

HANGMAN.

Indeed here is a remedy for that.

PEDRINGANO.

How? be turn'd off?

HANGMAN.

Ay, truly; come, are you ready?
I pray you, sir, despatch; the day goes away.

PEDRINGANO.

What, do you hang by the hour? If you do,
I may chance to break your old custom.

HANGMAN.

'Faith, you have [2] reason; for I am like to
Break your young neck.

PEDRINGANO.

Dost thou mock me,
Hangman? Pray God, I be not preserv'd to
Break your knave's pate for this!

HANGMAN.

Alas!
Sir, you are a foot too low to reach it:
And, I hope, you will never grow so high,
While I am in the office.

[1] *My*, omitted, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *No reason*, ditto.

PEDRINGANO.

Sirrah,
Dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

HANGMAN.

What, he that points to it with his finger?

PEDRINGANO.

Ay, that companion.

HANGMAN.

I know him not; but what of him?

PEDRINGANO.

Dost thou think to live, till his old doublet will make thee a new truss?

HANGMAN.

Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honester man than either thou or he.

PEDRINGANO.

What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

HANGMAN.

'Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly;
Methinks, you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

PEDRINGANO.

Why, sirrah hangman, I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the soul: and it may be, in that box is balm for both.

HANGMAN.

Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh, that ever groan'd at my office door.

PEDRINGANO.

Is your roguery become an office, with a knave's name?

HANGMAN.

Ay, and that shall all they witness, that see you seal it with a thief's name.

PEDRINGANO.

I pr'ythee, request this good company to pray with[1] me.

HANGMAN.

Ay, marry, sir, this is a good motion. My masters, you see, here's a good fellow.

PEDRINGANO.

Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.

HIERONIMO.

I have not seen a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times! where murder's set so light,
And where the soul, that should be shrin'd in heav'n,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wand'ring in the thorny passages,
That intercepts itself of happiness.

[1] *For*, 1613, '23, '33.

Murder![1] O bloody monster, God forbid,
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunished.
Despatch, and see this[2] execution done:
This makes me to remember thee my son.
[*Exit* HIER.

PEDRINGANO.

Nay, soft, no haste.

DEPUTY.

Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

PEDRINGANO.

Why, ay!

HANGMAN.

As how?

PEDRINGANO.

Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.

HANGMAN.

Stand you on that? then you shall off with this.
[*He turns him off.*

DEPUTY.

So, executioner; convey him hence:
But let his body be unburied;
Let not the earth be choked or infect
With that which heaven contemns, and men neglect.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter HIERONIMO.

HIERONIMO.

Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,

[1] [Old copies, *murder?* o.] [2] *The*, 1618, '23, '33.

My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclaims, that have surcharg'd the air
With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?
The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words,
At my lament have mov'd the leafless trees,
Disrob'd the meadows of their flower'd green,
Made mountains march with spring-tides[1] of my tears,
And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortur'd soul
With broken sighs and restless passions,
That winged mount; and (hovering in the air)
Beat[2] at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge:
But they are plac'd in those imperial heights,
Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond,
I find the place impregnable; and they
Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter HANGMAN *with a letter.*

HANGMAN.

O lord, sir: God bless you, sir! the man, sir, Petergad, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits——

HIERONIMO.

Well, what of him?

HANGMAN.

O lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport; I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

[1] *Spring-tide*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *But*, ditto.

HIERONIMO.

I warrant thee, give it me.

HANGMAN.

You will stand between the gallows and me?

HIERONIMO.

Ay, ay.

HANGMAN.

I thank your lord worship. [*Exit* HANGMAN.

HIERONIMO.

And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Take truce with sorrow, while I read on this.

My lord, I write as mine extremes requir'd,
That you would labour my delivery:
If you neglect, my life is desperate;
And in my death I shall reveal the troth.
You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the prince and you:
Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
I holp to murder Don Horatio too.

Holp he to murder mine Horatio?
And actors in the accursed tragedy
Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserv'd so well?
What have I heard? what have mine eyes be held?

O sacred heavens! may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smother'd and so long conceal'd,
Shall thus by this be venged[1] or reveal'd?
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Bell'-Imperia's letter was not feign'd;
Nor feigned she, though falsely they have wrong'd
Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.
Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find
Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heaven unpunish'd would[2] not leave.
O false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honour that thou didst my son?
And Balthazar, bane to thy soul and me,
Was this the ransom he reserv'd thee for?[3]
Woe to the cause of these constrained wars!
Woe to thy baseness and captivity!
Woe to thy birth, thy body and thy soul,
Thy cursed father and thy conquer'd self!
And ban'd with bitter execrations be
The day and place, where he did pity thee!
But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
When nought but blood will satisfy my woes?
I will go plain me to my lord the king,
And cry aloud for justice through the court,
Wearing the flints with these my wither'd feet;
And either purchase justice by entreats,
Or tire them all with my revenging threats. [*Exit.*

[1] *Shall thus be this revenged,* 1618. *Shall thus be thus revenged,* 1623, '33.
[2] *Should,* 1618, '23, '33.
[3] *For thee,* ditto.

ACT IV.[1]

Enter ISABELLA *and her* MAID.

ISABELLA.

So that you say this herb will purge the eye,[2]
And this the head. Ah, but none of them will purge the heart!
No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physic to recure the dead.
[*She runs lunatic.*
Horatio! O, where's Horatio?

MAID.

Good madam, affright not thus yourself
With outrage for your son Horatio;
He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields.

ISABELLA.

Why, did I not give you gowns and goodly things?

[1] Hitherto this play has been made to consist of *four* acts; but, surely, through mistake: the *third* act containing more pages than any *two* besides. The present editor [Hawkins] has therefore ventured, against the authority of the printed copies, to divide the *third* into two; and submits the propriety of the arrangement to the judgment of the reader.

It should seem, nevertheless, as if Kyd did not mean to make this division, as at the end of all the other acts something passes between the Ghost of Andrea and Revenge. It is singular that all the editions of this tragedy should be in four acts only, if such had not been the intention of the author.—*Collier.*

[2] *Eyes*, 1618, '23, '33.

Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk [1] too,
To be revenged on their villanies?

MAID.

Madam, these humours do torment my soul.

ISABELLA.

My soul, poor soul; thou talk'st of things—
Thou know'st not what: my soul hath silver wings,
That mount me up unto the highest heavens:
To heaven, ay, there sits my Horatio,
Back'd with a troop of fiery cherubims,
Dancing about his newly-healed wounds,
Singing sweet hymns, and chanting heavenly notes:
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,[2]
That died,[3] ay, died a mirror in our days.
But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run,
To find them out, that murdered my son?

[*Exeunt.*

BELL'-IMPERIA *at a window.*

BELL'-IMPERIA.

What means this outrage, that is offer'd me?

[1] Or whipstock. "Probably the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the whip itself." So in "Pericles," ii.—

> "For by his rusty outside he appears
> To have practised more the whipstock than the lance."

And in Ben Jonson's "New Inn," iii. 1, Pierce says, in reply to Trundle, "Let him go, base *whipstock*." Other examples are in Mr Steevens's note on "Twelfth Night," ii. 3.

[2] *Innocency*, 1618, '23, '33. [3] *Liv'd*, ditto.

Why am I thus sequester'd from the court?
No notice! shall I not know the cause
Of these my secret and suspicious ills!
Accursed brother, unkind murderer,
Why bend'st thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
Hieronimo, why writ[1] I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
Andrea, O Andrea! that thou saw'st
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus;
And him for me thus causeless murdered!
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
To patience, and apply me to the time,
Till heav'n, as I have hop'd, shall set me free.

Enter CHRISTOPHIL.

CHRISTOPHIL.

Come, madam Bell'-Imperia, this may[2] not be.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, *and the* PAGE.

LORENZO.

Boy, talk no further. Thus far things go well.
Thou art assured, that thou saw'st him dead?

PAGE.

Or else, my lord, I live not.

LORENZO.

That's enough.
As for his resolution in his end,
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.

[1] *Write*, 1618, '23, 33. [2] *Must*, ditto.

Here, take my ring, and give it Christophil,
And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd,
And bring her hither straight.— [*Exit* PAGE.[1]
This that I did was for a policy,
To smooth and keep the murder secret,
Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'erblown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

BALTHAZAR.

And time, Lorenzo; for my lord the duke,
You heard, inquired for her yester-night.

LORENZO.

Why, and my lord, I hope, you heard me say,
Sufficient reason why she kept away:
But that's all one. My lord, you love her?

BALTHAZAR.

Ay.

LORENZO.

Then in your love beware; deal cunningly:
Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up;
And if she hap to stand on terms with us,
As for her sweetheart, and concealment so,
Jest with her gently: under feigned jest
Are things conceal'd that else would breed unrest[2]—
But here she comes.

[1] *Exit Page*, omitted, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] *Unrest*, for disquiet, is a word frequently used by the old writers, as in "Titus Andronicus," act ii. sc. 3—

"And so repose, sweet gold, for their *unrest*."

See Mr Steevens's note on this line.

Again, ibid.—

"Then rest we here awhile in our *unrest*."

Enter BELL'-IMPERIA.

LORENZO.

Now, sister?

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Sister! no, thou art no brother, but an enemy;
Else wouldst thou not have us'd thy sister so:
First, to affright me with thy weapon[1] drawn,
And with extremes abuse my company;
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
And clap me up, where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits?[2]
Or wherein is't that I offended thee?

LORENZO.

Advise you better, Bell'-Imperia,
For I have done you no disparagement;
Unless, by more discretion than deserv'd,
I sought to save your honour and mine own.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Mine honour? why, Lorenzo, wherein is't
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you or any need to rescue it?

LORENZO.

His highness and my father were resolved
To come confer with old Hieronimo,

[1] [Old copies, *weapons*.]

[2] *Wit*, 1618, '23, '33.

Concerning certain matters of estate,
That by the viceroy was determined.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?

BALTHAZAR.

Have patience, Bell'-Imperia; hear the rest.

LORENZO.

Me (next in sight) as messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consorted with the prince,
And unexpected, in an arbour there,
Found Bell'-Imperia with Horatio.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

How then?

LORENZO.

Why then, remembering that old disgrace,
Which you for Don Andrea had endured,
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather, for I knew[1] no readier mean,
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.

BALTHAZAR.

And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Lest that his highness should have found you there.

[1] *Know*, 1618, '23, '33.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Even so, my lord? and you are witness
That this is true which he entreateth of?
You, gentle brother, forg'd this for my sake;
And you, my lord, were made his instrument:
A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
But what's the cause that you conceal'd me since?

LORENZO.

Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favourite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate.

BALTHAZAR.

And better was't for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself, and give his fury place.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

But why had I no notice of his ire?

LORENZO.

That were to add more fuel to your [1] fire,
Who burnt like Ætna for Andrea's loss.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Hath not my father then inquir'd for me?

LORENZO.

Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.
[*He whispereth in her ear.*

[1] *The*, 1618, '23, '33.

But, Bell'-Imperia, see the gentle prince ;
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd ;
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see
Thy hate, his[1] love : thy flight, his following thee.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Brother, you are become an orator—
I know not, I, by what experience—
Too politic for me past all compare,
Since last I saw you ; but content yourself :
The prince is meditating higher things.

BALTHAZAR.

'Tis of thy beauty then, that conquers kings ;
Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines,[2]
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surprised :
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,
In my conceit are things of more import,
Than women's wits are to be busied with.

BALTHAZAR.

'Tis I that love.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Whom ?

[1] *Thy hate is love*, 1618. [2] *Twinnes*, 1618, '23, '33.

BALTHAZAR.

Bell'-Imperia.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

But I, that fear.

BALTHAZAR.

Whom?

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Bell'-Imperia.

LORENZO.

Fear yourself?

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Ay, brother.

LORENZO.

How?

BELL'-IMPERIA.

As those that what[1] they love are loth and fear to lose.

BALTHAZAR.

Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

No,[2] Balthazar doth fear as well as we:

Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem,
Et vanum stolidæ proditionis opus. [*Exit.*

[1] *When*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *No*, omitted, ditto.

LORENZO.

Nay, an' you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court.

BALTHAZAR.

Led by the lodestar[1] of her heavenly looks,
Wends poor oppressed Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Incertain to effect his pilgrimage. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two PORTINGALS, *and* HIERONIMO *meets them.*

1 PORTINGAL.

By your leave, sir.

HIERONIMO.

['Tis[2] neither as you think, nor as you think,
Nor as you think: you are wide all:

[1] [So in Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream," act. i. sc. 1—

"O happy fair!
Your eyes are lodestars."

Jonson correctly describes the lodestar, or *loadstar*, as it is less properly called, as "the leading or guiding star." Milton has the same thought in "Allegro"—

"Towr's and battlements he sees
Bosom'd high in loftiest trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes."

Davies calls Elizabeth "lodestone to all hearts and lodestar to all eyes." See also Steevens's note on the above passage.]

[2] [The lines between brackets represent Jonson's additions to the original text.]

These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
My son! and what's a son?
A thing begot within a pair of minutes—thereabout:
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To balance those light creatures we call women:
And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father doat, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son?
He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak:
Ay, or yet; why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a striking kid, as for a son?
Methinks, a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son;
For one of these, in very little time,
Will grow to some good use; whereas a son,
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquar'd, unbevelled[1] he appears,
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes care[2] upon their heads with his mad riots:
Makes them look old, before they meet with age.
This is a son; and what a loss were this, consider'd truly?
O, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those
Insatiate humours: he lov'd his loving parents;
He was my comfort and his mother's joy—
The very arm that did hold up our house:
Our hopes were stored up in him.

[1] *Unleavell'd*, 1623, '33. [2] *Cares*, ditto.

None but a damned murderer could hate him:
He had not seen the back of nineteen years,
When his strong arm unhors'd the proud Prince Balthazar;
And his great mind, too full of honour, took him to
Mercy that valiant but ignoble Portingal.[1]
Well, heaven is heaven still!
And there is Nemesis and furies,
And things call'd whips;
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always escape, that's some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, and steals, and steals,
Till violence leaps forth, like thunder, wrapp'd
In a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.]
Good leave have you: I pray you go,
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so.

2 PORTINGAL.

Pray you, which is the next[2] way to my lord the duke's?

HIERONIMO.

The next way from me.

2 PORTINGAL.

To his house, we mean.

[1] [Old copies—

"And his great mind, too full of honour,
Took him us to mercy that," &c.

Even as altered (perhaps for the better), the text is rather questionable.]

[2] *Next*, omitted, 1618, '23, '33.

HIERONIMO.

O, hard by; 'tis yon house that you see.

2 PORTINGAL.

You could not tell us if his son were there?

HIERONIMO.

Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1 PORTINGAL.

Ay, sir.

[*He goes in at one door, and comes out at another.*

HIERONIMO.

O, forbear!
For other talk for us far fitter were;
But if you be importunate[1] to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt.
There is a path upon your left-hand side,
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear—
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass;
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose baleful humours if you but uphold,[2]
It will conduct you to despair and death;
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,
Within a hugy dale of lasting night,
That,[3] kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes:

[1] *Importune*, 1618, '23.
[2] *Whose palefull humours if you but behold*, 1618, '23, '33.
[3] *That's*, ditto.

Not far from thence, where murderers have built
An habitation for their cursed souls,
There is a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove,
In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1 PORTINGAL.

Ha, ha, ha!

HIERONIMO.

Ha, ha, ha! Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

2 PORTINGAL.

Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him doat.
Come, let's away to seek my lord the duke.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter HIERONIMO, *with a poniard in one hand and a rope in the other.*

HIERONIMO.

Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the king;
The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit.
Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing,
That standers-by with toys should strike me mute?
Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more.
Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge:
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore,
Standeth a fiery tower; there sits a judge
Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,
And 'twixt his teeth he holds a firebrand,
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand:

Away, Hieronimo! to him be gone;
He 'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
Turn down this path, and thou shalt be with him straight;
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breath,
This way or that way: soft and fair, not so;
For if I hang or kill myself, let 's know,
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no: fie, no; pardon me, I 'll none of that.
[*He flings away the dagger and halter.*
This way I 'll take, and this way comes the king.
[*He takes them up again.*
And here I 'll have a fling at him, that 's flat;
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,
And thee, Lorenzo, here 's the king—nay, stay;
And here—ay here—there goes the hare away.[1]

Enter KING, AMBASSADOR, CASTILE, *and* LORENZO.

KING.

Now show, ambassador, what our viceroy saith:
Hath he receiv'd the articles we sent?

HIERONIMO.

Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo.

LORENZO.

Back, seest thou not the king is busy?

HIERONIMO.

O, is he so?

[1] [A proverbial expression.]

KING.

Who is he that interrupts our business?

HIERONIMO.

Not I. Hieronimo, beware; go by, go by.[1]

AMBASSADOR.

Renowned king, he hath receiv'd and read
Thy kingly proffers and thy promis'd league:
And as a man extremely overjoy'd,
To hear his son so princely entertain'd,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd;
This for thy further satisfaction
And kingly love he kindly lets thee know:
First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Bell'-Imperia, thy beloved niece,
The news are more delightful to his soul,
Than myrrh or incense to th' offended heavens:
In person, therefore, will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnized:
And in the presence of the court of Spain,
To knit a sure inextricable[2] band
Of kingly love and everlasting league
Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingal;
There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
And make a queen of Bell'-Imperia.

KING.

Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love?

[1] [This line is ridiculed by Shakespeare in the induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," and by other poets of the time, as in Decker's "Satiromastix," 1602, where Tulla says, "Go by, Jeronimo, go by."]

[2] *Inexecrable*, Allde's undated edit.; *inexplicable*, 1618, '23, '33.

CASTILE.

No doubt, my lord, it is an argument
Of honourable care to keep his friend,
And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;
Nor am I least indebted to his grace,
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

AMBASSADOR.

Now last, dread lord, here hath his highness sent
(Although he send not that his son return)
His ransom due to Don Horatio.

HIERONIMO.

Horatio! who calls Horatio?

KING.

And well remember'd, thank his majesty:
Here, see it given to Horatio.

HIERONIMO.

Justice, O, justice, justice! gentle king.

KING.

Who is that? Hieronimo?

HIERONIMO.

Justice, O, justice! O my son, my son!
My son, whom nought can ransom or redeem.

LORENZO.

Hieronimo, you are not well-advis'd.

HIERONIMO.

Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.
Give me my son; you shall not ransom him.
Away! I'll rip the bowels of the earth,
[*He diggeth with his dagger.*
And ferry over to the Elysian plains,
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me, I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up the [1] fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

KING.

What means this outrage?
Will none of you restrain his fury?

HIERONIMO.

Nay, soft and fair, you shall not need to strive:
Needs must he go, that [all] the devils drive. [*Exit.*

KING.

What accident hath happ'd[2] Hieronimo?
I have not seen him to demean him so.

[1] *My*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Hapt to*, ditto.

LORENZO.

My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride
Conceiv'd of young Horatio his son,
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince Balthazar,
Distract, and in a manner lunatic.

KING.

Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't:
This is the love that fathers bear their sons.
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransom; let him have his due.
For what he hath, Horatio shall not want,
Hap'ly Hieronimo hath need thereof.

LORENZO.

But if he be thus helplessly [1] distract,
'Tis requisite his office be resign'd,
And given to one of more discretion.

KING.

We shall increase his melancholy so;
'Tis best that [2] we see farther in it first:
Till when ourself will [hold] exempt the place.
And, brother, now bring in th' ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match
'Twixt Balthazar and Bell'-Imperia;
And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be solemnis'd,
That we may have thy lord the viceroy here.

[1] *Haplesly*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *That* omitted, ditto.

AMBASSADOR.

Therein your highness highly shall content
His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

KING.

On, then, and hear you,[1] lord ambassador.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter JAQUES *and* PEDRO.

JAQUES.

I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man and bird, and beast, are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

PEDRO.

O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
Is much distraught,[2] since his Horatio died;
And now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet, like a desperate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son:
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him;
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,

[1] *Your*, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] Distracted. So in "Jack Drum's Entertainment," 1601, ed. 1616, sig. G 3—

"Alas! kind youth, how came he thus *distraught?*"

And—

"Alas! my son's *distraught.* Sweet boy, appease
Thy unstirring affections."

—"Second Part of Antonio and Mellida," iii. 2.

Again, in Lyly's "Euphues and his England"—

"Iffida is *distraught* of her wits."

Cries out *Horatio, where is my Horatio?*
So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow
There is not left in him one inch of man:
See, here he comes.

Enter HIERONIMO.

HIERONIMO.

I pry through every crevice of each wall,
Look at each tree, and search through every brake,
Beat on the bushes, stamp our grand-dame earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven:
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.
How now, who's there? Sprights, sprights!

PEDRO.

We are your servants that attend you, sir.

HIERONIMO.

What make you with your torches in the dark?

PEDRO.

You bid us light them, and attend you here.

HIERONIMO.

No, no, you are deceiv'd, not I, you are deceiv'd:
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When as the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.

PEDRO.

Then we burn daylight.[1]

HIERONIMO.

Let it be burnt; night is a murd'rous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seen:
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness!
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets[2] on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness, when they most should shine.

PEDRO.

Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words;
The heavens are gracious, and your miseries
And sorrow make you speak, you know not what.

HIERONIMO.

Villain, thou li'st, and thou dost nought
But tell me I am mad! thou li'st, I am not mad!

[1] To burn daylight was a proverbial phrase for doing anything in waste or with no advantage. See "Merry Wives of Windsor," ii. 1, and "Romeo and Juliet," i. 4. So in Churchyard's "Worthiness of Wales," p. 96, edit. 1776—

"Tyme rouleth on: I doe *but daylight burne.*"

And in the "Curtain-Drawer of the World," 1612—"How dost thou *burne out thy daylight* to these thy regardless children."

[2] An aglet, Mr Pope says, is the tag of a point. See "Taming of the Shrew," i. 2. This is one of the explanations in Baret's "Alvearie," 1580, who also says, "An aglet is a jewell in one's cap, *segmentum aureum.*"

I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee; and, were I mad, how could I?
Where was she the same night, when my Horatio
was murder'd?
She should have shone: search thou the book;
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a
kind of grace
That I know—nay, I do know—had the murd'rer
seen him,
His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of nought but blood and death:
Alack! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief?

Enter ISABELLA.

ISABELLA.

Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors,
O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

HIERONIMO.

Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;
I do not cry, ask Pedro and Jaques:
Not I, indeed—we are merry, very merry.

ISABELLA.

How? be merry here, be merry here?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murder'd?

HIERONIMO.

Was—do not say what: let her weep it out.
This was the tree; I set it of a kernel:

And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain-water.
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore;
Till at the length it grew a gallows, and
Did bear our son: it bore thy fruit and mine:
[*One knocks within at the door.*
O wicked, wicked plant! See who knocks there.

PEDRO.

It is a painter, sir.

HIERONIMO.

Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in; one knows not what may chance:
God's will [it was], that I should set this tree.
But even so masters ungrateful servants rear[1]
From nought, and then they hate them that
Did bring them up.

Enter the PAINTER.

PAINTER.

God bless you, sir.

HIERONIMO.

Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain?
How, where, or by what means should I be bless'd?

[1] [Old copy, *rear'd.*]

ISABELLA.

What wouldst thou have, good fellow?

PAINTER.

Justice, madam.

HIERONIMO.

O ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that,
That lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so
Inestimable. I tell thee, God hath
Engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.

PAINTER.

O, then I see that God must right me for my
Murder'd son.

HIERONIMO.

How? was thy son murder'd?

PAINTER.

Ay, sir, no man did hold a son so dear.

HIERONIMO.

What, not as thine? that is a lie,
As massy as the earth: I had a son,
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons; and he was murder'd.

PAINTER.

Alas! sir, I had no more but he.

HIERONIMO.

Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine
Was worth a legion. But all is one.
Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors: Isabella, go,
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like to two lions reaved of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say. [*Exeunt.*
[*The* PAINTER *and he sit down.*
Come, let's talk wisely now.
Was thy son murder'd?

PAINTER.

Ay, sir.

HIERONIMO.

So was mine.
How dost thou take it? art thou not sometime mad?
Is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes?

PAINTER.

O Lord, yes, sir.

HIERONIMO.

Art a painter? canst paint me a tear or a wound?
A groan or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree as this?

PAINTER.

Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting:
My name's Bazardo.

HIERONIMO.

Bazardo! 'fore God, an excellent fellow. Look you, sir,
Do you see? I'd have you paint me my gallery,
In your oil-colours matted, and draw me five
Years younger than I am: do you see, sir? let five
Years go: let them go like the marshal of Spain,
My wife Isabella standing by me,
With a speaking look to my son Horatio,
Which should intend to this, or some such like purpose:
God bless thee, my sweet son; and my hand leaning upon his head thus.
Sir; do you see? may it be done?

PAINTER.

Very well, sir.

HIERONIMO.

Nay, I pray, mark me, sir:
Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree,
This very tree. Canst paint a doleful cry?

PAINTER.

Seemingly, sir.

HIERONIMO.

Nay, it should cry; but all is one. Well, sir,
Paint me a youth run through and through
With villains' swords, and hanging upon this tree—
Canst thou draw a murd'rer?

PAINTER.

I'll warrant you, sir;
I have the pattern of the most notorious villains
That ever liv'd in all Spain.

HIERONIMO.

O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art;
And let their beards be of Judas his own colour,[1]
And let their eyebrows jutty over: in any case observe that;
Then, sir, after some violent noise,
Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm,
With my torch in my hand, and my sword rear'd up thus:

[1] It is observed that, in an age when but a small part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from representations in painting or tapestry. Leland, in his "Collectanea," asserts that painters constantly represented Judas the traitor with a red head. Dr Plot ("Oxfordshire," p. 153) says the same. This conceit is thought to have arisen in England from an ancient grudge to the red-haired Danes. See the notes of Mr Steevens and Mr Tollet to "Merry Wives of Windsor," i. 4. To the instances there produced may be added the following—"What has he given her? what is it, gossip? A fair, high-standing cup, and the two great 'postle spoons, one of them gilt. Sure, that was Judas with the red beard."—Middleton's "Chaste Maid in Cheapside," 1620.

> "Methought a sweet young man,
> In years some twenty, with a downy chin,
> Promising a future beard, *and yet no red one.*"

—Beaumont and Fletcher's "Sea Voyage." [See also Dyce's ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher, v. 41.]

> "Runne to the counter,
> Fetch me *red-bearded* serjeant."

—"Ram Alley," 1611, ed. 1636, E 3.

And with these words:
What noise is this? who calls Hieronimo?
May it be done?

PAINTER.

Yes, sir.

HIERONIMO.

Well, sir, then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tott'ring and tott'ring, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio.
There you may a passion, there you may show a passion.
Draw me like old Priam of Troy,
Crying, the house is o' fire, the house is o' fire.
As the torch over thy head; make me curse,
Make me rave, make me cry, make me mad,
Make me well again, make me curse hell,
Invocate, and in the end leave me
In a trance—and so forth.

PAINTER.

And is this the end?

HIERONIMO.

O no, there is no end: the end is death and madness;
As I am never better than when I am mad;
Then methinks I am a brave fellow;
Then I do wonders, but reason abuseth me;
And there's the torment, there's the hell:
At the last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers;
Were he as strong as Hector, thus would I
Tear and drag him up and down.

[*He beats the* PAINTER *in, then comes out again, with a book in his hand.*]

Vindicta mihi—
Ay, heaven will be reveng'd of every ill;[1]
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid:
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will:
For mortal men may not appoint their time.[2]

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offer'd thee;
For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolution;
For he that thinks with patience to contend,
To quiet life his life shall easily end.

Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem;
Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.

[1] This passage seems laughed at in the induction to an extremely rare old play, called "A Warning for Fair Women," 1599.

"Came screaming like a piggie halfstickt,
And cries, *Vindicta*, revenge, revenge!"

—*Collier.*

[2] *A time*, 1618, '23, '33,

If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health; and happy shalt thou be:
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou [1] be assured of a tomb:
If neither; yet let this thy comfort be,
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
And to conclude, I will revenge his death:
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open but inevitable ills,
As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
Which under kindship will be cloaked best.
Wise men will take their opportunity,
Closely and safely fitting things to time.
But in extremes advantage hath no time:
And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness:
Not seeming that I know their villainies
That my simplicity may make them think,
That ignorantly I will let all [2] slip;
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum mors est.

Nor aught avails it me to menace them
Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,[3]
Thy heart to patience and thy hands to rest,
Thy cap to courtesy and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.
[*A noise within.*
How now, what noise? what coil is that you keep?

[1] *Thou shalt*, 1623, '33. [2] *It*, 1618, '23, '33.
[3] *Spirits affoord*, ditto.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Here are a sort of poor petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
That you should plead their cases[1] to the king.

HIERONIMO.

That I should plead their several actions?
Why, let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three CITIZENS *and an* OLD MAN.

1 CITIZEN.

So, I tell you this, for learning and for law
There is not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail, or will take half the pain,
That he will in pursuit of equity. [*Aside.*

HIERONIMO.

Come near, you men, that thus importune me;
Now must I bear a face of gravity,
For thus[2] I us'd, before my marshalship,
To plead in causes as corrigidor.— [*Aside.*
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

2 CITIZEN.

Sir, an action.

HIERONIMO.

Of battery?

[1] *Causes*, 1623, '33. [2] *This*, 1618, '23, '33.

1 CITIZEN.

Mine, of debt.

HIERONIMO.

Give place.

2 CITIZEN.

No, sir, mine is an action of the case.

3 CITIZEN.

Mine an *Ejectio firma* by a lease.

HIERONIMO.

Content you, sirs, are you determin'd
That I should plead your several actions?

1 CITIZEN.

Ay, sir, and here's my declaration.

2 CITIZEN.

And here's my band.[1]

[1] This was altered to *bond* in the edition of 1599. *Band* was, however, the manner in which the word was previously written, and, I imagine, pronounced. See several instances in Mr Steevens's note on the "Comedy of Errors," iv. 2. Again, in Churchyard's "Challenge," 1593, p. 152—

> "Since faith could get no credit at his hand,
> I sent him word to come and see my *band*."

And, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Noble Gentleman" [Dyce's ed., x. 118]—

> "Take up at any use; give *band* or land,
> Or mighty statutes."

3 Citizen.

And here is my lease.

[*They give him papers.*

Hieronimo.

But wherefore stands yon [1] silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven upreard?—
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

Senex.

O worthy sir, my cause, but slightly known,
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the corsic [2] rocks with ruthful [3] tears.

Hieronimo.

Say, father, tell me what's thy suit?

Senex.

No, sir, could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper (as you see)
With ink bewray what blood began in me.

[1] *Stand you*, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] [Melius latebam procul ab invidæ malis, remotus inter *Corsicos rupes*.—Senec. in "Oct."

"Safe I lay hid and free from envy's spite,
While *Corsick rocks* were my retired Site.

—Brathwaite's "Survey of History," 1638, p. 152, *b*.

Nares says, *corsick*, grieved; but query, Corsic for *Corsican* or *vindictive*.]

[3] *Rueful*, 1618, '23, '33.

HIERONIMO.

What's here? *The humble supplication of* Don Bazulto, *for his murdered son.*

SENEX.

Ay, sir.

HIERONIMO.

No, sir, it was my murdered son: O my son,
O my son, O my son Horatio!
But mine or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here, take my handkerchief, and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see
The lively portrait of my dying self.
[*He draweth out a bloody napkin.*
O no, not this, Horatio, this was thine;
And when I dy'd it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,
That of thy death revenged I should be.
But here, take this and this——

SENEX.

What, thy purse?——

HIERONIMO.

Ay, this and that, and all of them are thine;
For all as one are our extremities.

1 CITIZEN.

O, see the kindness of Hieronimo!

2 CITIZEN.

This gentleness shows him a gentleman.

HIERONIMO.

See, see, O, see thy shame, Hieronimo;
See here a loving father to his son;
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,
That he delivereth[1] for his son's decease.
If love's[2] effects so strive in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If love express[3] such power in poor estates:
Hieronimo, when as a raging sea,
Toss'd with the wind and tide, o'erturneth then
The upper billows, course of waves to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep:
Then shamest thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
The sweet[4] revenge of thy Horatio?
Though on this earth justice will not be found,
I'll down to hell, and in this passion
Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,
Getting by force (as once Alcides did)[5]
A troop of furies and tormenting hags
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.
Yet lest the triple-headed porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy strand,
The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit—
Come on,[6] old father, be my Orpheus;
And if thou canst[7] no notes upon the harp,
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's-grief,
Till we do gain, that Proserpine may grant
Revenge on them that murdered my son.
Then will I rent and tear them thus and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.
[*Tears the papers.*

[1] *Delivered*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Love*, 1618.
[3] *Enforce*, 1611, '23, '33. [4] *Swift*, ditto.
[5] *Did*, omitted, 1618. [6] *On*, omitted, 1618, '23, '33.
[7] *Canst no notes*, *i.e.*, understandest not, hast no knowledge of, or power in. So Spenser and others.

1 CITIZEN.

O, sir, my declaration!

[*Exit* HIERONIMO, *and they after.*

2 CITIZEN.

Save my bond.

Re-enter HIERONIMO.

2 CITIZEN.

Save my bond.

3 CITIZEN.

Alas! my lease, it cost me ten pound,
And you, my lord, have torn the same.

HIERONIMO.

That cannot be, I gave it[1] never a wound;
Show me one drop of blood fall from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.

[*Exeunt all but the Old Man.*

BAZULTO *remains, till* HIERONIMO *enters again, who staring him in the face speaks.*

HIERONIMO.

And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth,
To tell thy father thou art unreveng'd,

[1] *Them*, 1618, '23, '33.

To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimm'd with overlong laments?
Go back, my son, complain to Æacus,
For here's no justice; gentle boy, be gone,
For justice is exiled from the earth:
Hieronimo will bear thee company.
Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamant
For just revenge against the murderers.

SENEX.

Alas! my lord, whence springs this troubled speech?

HIERONIMO.

But let me look on my Horatio.
Sweet boy, how[1] art thou[2] chang'd in death's black shade!
Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
But suffer'd thy fair crimson-colour'd spring
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, thou art older[3] than thy father:
Ah, ruthless father, that favour thus transforms!

BAZULTO.

Ah, my good lord! I am not your young son.

HIERONIMO.

What, not my son? thou then[4] a fury art,
Sent from the empty kingdom of black night
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamant,

[1] *How*, omitted, 1618.
[2] *Thou art*, 1623, '33.
[3] *Elder*, 1618, '23, '33.
[4] *Then thou*, 1633.

To plague Hieronimo that is remiss,
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

BAZULTO.

I am a grieved man and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murder'd son.

HIERONIMO.

Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son:
Thou art the lively image of my grief;
Within thy face my sorrows I may see:
Thy eyes are gumm'd[1] with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son:
And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son:
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel:
Lean on my arm: I thee, thou me, shalt stay,
And thou and I, and she, will sing a song,
Three parts in one; but all of discords fram'd:
Talk not of chords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING OF SPAIN, *the* DUKE, VICEROY, *and* LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, DON PEDRO, *and* BELL'-IMPERIA.

KING.

Go, brother, 'tis the Duke of Castile's cause;
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

[1] *Dim'd*, 1618, '23, '33.

CASTILE.

I go.

VICEROY.

Go forth, Don Pedro, for thy nephew's sake,
And greet the Duke of Castile.

PEDRO.

It shall be so.[1]

KING.

And now to meet these[2] Portingals:
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the Western Indies.
Welcome, brave Viceroy to the court of Spain,
And welcome all his honourable train.
'Tis not unknown to us, for why you come,
Or have so kingly cross'd the raging seas:[3]
Sufficeth[4] it, in this we note the troth
And more than common love you lend to us.
So is it that mine honourable niece,
(For it beseems us now that it be known),
Already is betroth'd to Balthazar:
And by appointment and condescent
To-morrow are they[5] to be married.
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasure,[6] and our peace.
Speak, men of Portingal, shall it be so?
If ay, say so; if not, say flatly, no.

[1] *Be, sir,* 1618; *be done, sir,* 1623.
[2] *The,* 1618, '23, '33.
[3] According to our modern geography, it is not necessary to cross "the raging seas" to pass from Portugal to Spain.
[4] *Sufficed,* 1618, '23, '33.
[5] *They are,* 1633.
[6] *Pleasures,* 1623, '33.

VICEROY.

Renowmed king, I come not, as thou think'st,
With doubtful followers, unresolved men,
But such as have upon thine articles
Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.
Know, sovereign, I come to solemnise
The marriage of thy beloved niece,
Fair Bell'-Imperia, with my Balthazar,
With thee, my son; whom sith I live to see,
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee:
And let me live a solitary life,
In ceaseless prayers, to think
How strangely heav'n hath thee preserv'd.

KING.

See, brother, see, how nature strives in him!
Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend with thine extremities:
A place more private fits this princely mood.

VICEROY.

Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.
[*Exeunt all but* CAST. *and* LORENZO.

CASTILE.

Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you:
See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?

LORENZO.

I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.

CASTILE.

And know'st thou why this meeting is?

LORENZO.

For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth love,
And to confirm the promis'd marriage.

CASTILE.

She is thy sister.

LORENZO.

Who? Bell'-Imperia? Ay, my gracious lord; and this
Is th' day, that I have long'd so happily to see.

CASTILE.

Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine
Should intercept her in her happiness!

LORENZO.

Heav'ns will not let Lorenzo err so much.

CASTILE.

Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo;
And in his suits towards his majesty
Still keep'st him back, and seek'st to cross his suit.

LORENZO.

That I, my lord?

CASTILE.

I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have been asham'd

To answer for thee, though thou art [1] my son.
Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love
And kindness, that Hieronimo hath won
By his deserts within the court of Spain?
Or seest thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honour were't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were't among the kings,
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee?
Tell me, and look, thou tell me truly too,[2]
Whence grows the ground of this report in court?

LORENZO.

My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
To stop the vulgar, liberal[3] of their tongues:
A small advantage makes a water-breach,
And no man lives, that long contenteth all.

CASTILE.

Myself have seen thee busy to keep back
Him and his supplications from the king.

LORENZO.

Yourself, my lord, have seen his passions,
That ill-beseem'd the presence of a king:

[1] *Wert*, 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *Too*, omitted, ditto.
[3] *Liberal*, in our ancient writers, is (as here) frequently used to signify *licentious*. So in Field's "Woman's a Weathercock"—

> "Next that, the fame
> Of your neglect and *liberal* talking tongue,
> Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong."

And for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to Hieronimo,
As to my soul, my lord.

CASTILE.

Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

LORENZO.

My gracious father, believe me, so he doth;
But what's a silly man, distract in mind,
To think upon the murder of his son?
Alas! how easy is it for him to err?
But for his satisfaction and the world's,
'Twere good, my lord, that [1] Hieronimo and I
Were reconcil'd, if he misconstrue me.

CASTILE.

Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so.
Go, one of you, and call Hieronimo.

Enter BALTHAZAR *and* BELL'-IMPERIA.

BALTHAZAR.

Come, Bell'-Imperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,
Sith heaven hath ordain'd thee [2] to be mine:
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And clear [3] them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies.

[1] *That*, omitted 1623, '33.
[2] *Heaven hath thee ordained*, ditto.
[3] *Cheare*, 1618, '23, '33.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love
Which (new-begun) can show no brighter yet.

BALTHAZAR.

New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see my lord my father.

BALTHAZAR.

Truce, my love ; I will go salute him.

CASTILE.

Welcome, Balthazar, welcome, brave prince,
The pledge of Castile's peace ;—
And welcome, Bell'-Imperia : how now, girl ?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus ?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied ;
It is not now as when Andrea liv'd,
We have forgotten and forgiven that,
And thou art graced with a happier love :—
But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo ;
I'll have a word with him.

Enter HIERONIMO *and a* SERVANT.

HIERONIMO.

And where's the duke ?

SERVANT.

Yonder.

HIERONIMO.

Even so: what new device have they devised, trow?
Pocas palabras,[1] mild as the lamb;
Is't,[2] I will be reveng'd! No, I am not the man.

CASTILE.

Welcome, Hieronimo.

LORENZO.

Welcome, Hieronimo.

BALTHAZAR.

Welcome, Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO.

My lords, I thank you for Horatio.

CASTILE.

Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.

HIERONIMO.

What, so short?
Then I'll be gone, I thank you for't.

[1] These words are given to the Tinker in the induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," in order to ridicule them.
[2] *Hist,* I will be reveng'd, 1633.

CASTILE.

Nay, stay, Hieronimo—[*Goes out*]—go call him, son.

LORENZO.

Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.
[*Re-enter* HIERONIMO.

HIERONIMO.

With me, sir? why, my lord, I thought you had done.

LORENZO.

No; 'would he had! [*Aside.*

CASTILE.

Hieronimo, I hear
You find yourself aggrieved at my son,
Because you have not access unto the king;
And say, 'tis he that intercepts your suits.

HIERONIMO.

Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?

CASTILE.

Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,
And would be loth that one of your deserts
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.

HIERONIMO.

Your son Lorenzo! whom, my noble lord?
The hope of Spain, mine honourable friend?
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare:
[*Draws out his sword.*

I'll meet him face to face to tell me so.
These be the scandalous reports of such,
As love not me, and hate my lord too much ;
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent
Or cross my suit, that lov'd my son so well ?—
My lord, I am asham'd it should be said.

LORENZO.

Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

HIERONIMO.

My good lord, I know you did not.

CASTILE.

There pause ;
And for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat ;
And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it :
But here before Prince Balthazar and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

HIERONIMO.

Ay, marry, my lord, and shall ;
Friends, quoth he ? see, I'll be friends with you all :
Especially with you, my lovely lord ;
For divers causes it is fit for us,
That we be friends ; the world is suspicious,
And men may think what we imagine not.

BALTHAZAR.

Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

LORENZO.

And that, I hope, old grudges are forgot.

HIERONIMO.

What else? it were a shame it should not be so.

CASTILE.

Come on, Hieronimo, at my request,
Let us entreat your company to-day. [*Exeunt.*

HIERONIMO.

Your lordship's to command. Pha! Keep your way.

Mi! chi mi fa piu carrezze che non suole,
Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole.[1] [*Exit.*

Enter GHOST *and* REVENGE.

GHOST.

Awake, Alecto:[2] Cerberus, awake,
Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine,
To combat Acheron and Erebus in hell;
Or near-by Styx and Phlegethon;
Nor ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees.
Revenge, awake.

REVENGE.

Awake? for why?[3]

[1] *Me. Chi mi fa? Pui Correzza Che non sule Tradito viha otrade vule.*—Old copies.

[2] [Old copies, *Alecto*, and a little lower down, *Achinon Ericus, For neere by.*]

[3] REV. *Awake for why?* Omitted, 1618, '23, '33.

GHOST.

Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-advis'd
To sleep—awake: what, thou [1] art warn'd to watch!

REVENGE.

Content thyself, and do not trouble me.

GHOST.

Awake, Revenge; if love, as love hath had,
Have yet the power of prevalence in hell:
Hieronimo with Lorenzo is join'd in league,
And intercepts our passage to revenge:
Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone.

REVENGE.

Thus worldlings ground what they have dream'd upon.
Content thyself, Andrea, though I sleep,
Yet is [2] my mood soliciting their souls:
Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo
Cannot forget his son Horatio;
Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile:
For in unquiet quietness is feign'd,[3]
And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile.
Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how
Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

Enter a Dumb-Show.

GHOST.

Awake, Revenge, reveal this mystery.

[1] *Thou*, omitted, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *In*, ditto. [3] *Found*, ditto.

REVENGE.

The two first the nuptial torches bore
As brightly [1] burning as the mid-day's sun :
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,
Clothed in sable and a saffron robe,
And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

GHOST.

Sufficeth me, thy meaning's understood,
And thanks to [2] thee and those infernal powers,
That will not tolerate a lover's woe :
Rest thee, for I will sit to [3] see the rest.

REVENGE.

Then [4] argue not, for thou hast thy request.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter BELL'-IMPERIA *and* HIERONIMO.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio ?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeit'st ?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears ?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal ?

[1] *Bright*, 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *Unto*, ditto.
[3] *And*, ditto.
[4] *Thus*, 1618.

O unkind father! O deceitful world!
With what excuses canst thou show thyself,
With what dishonour and the hate of men [1]—
Thus to neglect the loss and life [2] of him,
Whom both my letters and thine own belief
Assures thee to be causeless slaughtered?
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son:
Unhappy mothers of such children then,
But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Have tender'd so, thus careless should be lost.
Myself, a stranger in respect of thee,
So lov'd his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's [3] sake:
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,
And give it over, and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
That wrought his downfal with extremest death.

HIERONIMO.

But may it be, that Bell'-Imperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say?
Why then I see, that heav'n applies our drift,
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so:
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how Horatio died.

[1] [After this line the old copies, by an apparent error, print: "From this dishonour and the hate of men."]

[2] *Life and loss*, 1618, '23, '33. [3] *Fashion*, 1623, '33.

Pardon, O, pardon, Bell'-Imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it;
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean
To let his death be unreveng'd at full:
And here I vow, so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolution,
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That causeless thus have murdered my son.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
And aught, that[1] may effect for thine avail,
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.

HIERONIMO.

On,[2] then; whatsoever I devise,
Let me entreat you, grace my practices:
For why the plot's already in mine head.
Here they are—

Enter BALTHAZAR *and* LORENZO.

BALTHAZAR.

How now, Hieronimo? what, courting Bell'-Imperia?

HIERONIMO.

Ay, my lord, such courting as, I promise you,
She hath my heart; but you, my lord, have hers.

LORENZO.

But now, Hieronimo, or never we are to entreat your help.

[1] *What*, 1633. [2] *O then*, 1618, '23, '33.

HIERONIMO.

My help? why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me;
For you have given me cause: ay, by my faith[1] have you.

BALTHAZAR.

It pleas'd you at th' entertainment of th' ambassador,
To grace the king so much as with a show:
Now, were your study so well-furnished,
As for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motion,
Assure yourself it would content them well.

HIERONIMO.

Is this all?

LORENZO.

Ay, this is all.

HIERONIMO.

Why then, I'll fit you; say no more:
When I was young,[2] I gave my mind,
And plied myself to fruitless poetry;
Which though it profit the professor nought,
Yet is it[3] passing pleasing to the world.

[1] *By mine honour*, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] Ben Jonson has borrowed this thought. See "Every Man in his Humour," act i. sc. 1—

> "Myself was once a student, and indeed
> Fed with the self-same humour he is now:
> Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
> That fruitless and unprofitable art,
> Good unto none, but least unto the professors."

[3] *It is*, 1633.

LORENZO.

And how for that?

HIERONIMO.

Marry, my good lord, thus:
And yet, methinks, you are too quick with us.
When in Toledo, there I studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy,
See here, my lords, [*Shows them a book.*
Which (long forgot) I found this other day:
Now would your lordships favour me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it,
I mean, each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous pleasurable[1] to that assembly.

BALTHAZAR.

What, would you have us play a tragedy?

HIERONIMO.

Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight,
To make experience of their wits in plays.

LORENZO.

Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;
The prince but asked a question.

BALTHAZAR.

In faith, Hieronimo, and you be
In earnest, I'll make one.

[1] [Old copies, *plausible.*]

LORENZO.

And I another.

HIERONIMO.

Now, my good lord, could you entreat
Your sister Bell'-Imperia to make one,
For what's a play without a woman in't?

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo;
For I must needs be employed in your play.

HIERONIMO.

Why, this is well: I tell you, lordings,
It was determined to have been acted
By gentlemen and scholars too;
Such as could tell what to speak.

BALTHAZAR.

And now it shall be play'd[1] by princes and courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speak;
If, as it is our country manner,
You will but let us know the argument.

HIERONIMO.

That shall I roundly. The chronicles of Spain
Record this written of a knight of[2] Rhodes:
He was betroth'd, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,

[1] *Said*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Of the Rhodes*, 1618.

Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld;
Especially the soul of Solyman,
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means sought Solyman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same:
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend—
One of his bashaws, whom he held full dear;
Her had this bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
But by her husband's death, this knight of Rhodes;
Whom presently by treachery he slew:
She, stirr'd with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this slew Solyman:
And, to escape the bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself: and this[1] the tragedy.

LORENZO.

Ay, sir!

BELL'-IMPERIA.

But say, Hieronimo, what then became of him,
That was the bashaw?

HIERONIMO.

Marry, thus; moved with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain-top, and hung[2] himself.

BALTHAZAR.

But which of us is to perform that part?

HIERONIMO.

O, that will I, my lords; make no doubt of it:

[1] *This is*, 1816, '23, '33. [2] *Hang'd*, ditto.

I'll play the murderer, I warrant you;
For I already have conceited that.

BALTHAZAR.

And what shall I?

HIERONIMO.

Great Solyman, the [1] Turkish emperor.

LORENZO.

And I?

HIERONIMO.

Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

And I?

HIERONIMO.

Perseda, chaste and resolute.—
And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn,
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it, as occasion's offered you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black mustachio and a falchion.
[*Gives a paper to* BALTHAZAR.
You with a cross, like to [2] a knight of Rhodes.
[*Gives another to* LORENZO.
And, madam, you must attire yourself.
[*Gives* BELL'-IMPERIA *another.*

[1] *That*, 1618. [2] *To*, omit, ditto.

Like Phœbe, Flora, or the huntress,[1]
Which to your discretion shall seem best.
And as for me, my lords, I'll look to one,
And with the ransom that the viceroy sent,
So furnish and perform this tragedy,
As[2] all the world shall say, Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so.

BALTHAZAR.

Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.

HIERONIMO.

A comedy! fie! comedies are fit for common wits:
But to present a kingly troop withal,
Give me a stately-written tragedy;
Tragœdia cothurnata, fitting kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My lords, all this must be perform'd,
As fitting for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation
They would perform any thing in action.

LORENZO.

And well it may; for I have seen the like
In Paris 'mongst the French tragedians.

HIERONIMO.

In Paris? mass, and well-remembered!
There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

[1] *i.e.*, Diana.

[2] *That*, 1623, '33.

BALTHAZAR.

What's that, Hieronimo? forget not anything.

HIERONIMO.

Each one of us must act his part
In unknown languages,
That it may breed the[1] more variety:—
As you, my lord, in Latin: I in Greek:
You in Italian,—and for because I know
That Bell'-Imperia hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?

BALTHAZAR.

But this will be a mere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood.

HIERONIMO.

It must be so; for the conclusion
Shall prove the invention, and all was good:
And I myself in an oration,
And with a strange and wondrous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure yourself, shall make the matter known:
And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.

BALTHAZAR.

How like you this?

[1] *The*, omitted, 1618, '23, '33.

LORENZO.

Why thus, my lord, we must resolve
To soothe his humours up. [*Aside.*

BALTHAZAR.

On,[1] then, Hieronimo; farewell till soon.

HIERONIMO.

You'll ply this gear?

LORENZO.

I warrant you. [*Exeunt all but* HIERONIMO.

HIERONIMO.

Why[2] so: now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heav'ns in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. [*Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA *with a weapon.*

ISABELLA.

Tell me no more: O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The king to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murder'd[3] my beloved son.
[*She cuts down the arbour.*

[1] *O then*, 1633.
[2] *I why*, ditto.
[3] *Where they murdered*, 1618, '23. *Where they have murdered*, 1633.

Down with these branches and these loathsome
boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine :
Down with them, Isabella : rent them up ;
And burn the roots from whence the rest is
sprung.
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden-plot.
Accursed complot of my misery !
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless [1] whosoever
Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd !
An eastern wind commix'd with noisome airs
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings :
The earth with serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers, for fear to be infect,
Shall stand aloof ; and (looking at it) tell,
There murder'd died the son of Isabel.
Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace.
See, where his ghost solicits with his wounds,[2]
Revenge on her that should revenge his death.
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son ;
For sorrow and despair hath cited me,
To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamant :
Make haste, Hieronimo ; or hold accus'd [3]
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths,
Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath,—
Ha, nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgiv'st the murd'rers of thy noble son,
And none but I bestir me—to no end.
And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my womb be cursed for his sake ;

[1] *Blessless*, 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *Solicited with his wounds*, ditto.
[3] *To hold exclude*, ditto.

And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck.
[*She stabs herself.*

Enter HIERONIMO: *he knocks up the curtain.*

Enter the DUKE OF CASTILE.

CASTILE.

How now, Hieronimo, where's your [1] fellows,
That you take all this pain?

HIERONIMO.

O sir, it is for the author's credit,
To look that all things may go well:
But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace,
To give the king the copy of the play:
This is the argument of what we show.

CASTILE.

I will, Hieronimo.

HIERONIMO.

One thing more, my good [2] lord.

CASTILE.

What's that?

HIERONIMO.

Let me entreat your grace
That when the train are [3] pass'd into the gallery,
You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

[1] *Thy*, 1618, '23, '33.
[2] *Good my*, 1633.
[3] *Is*, 1618, '23, '33.

CASTILE.

I will, Hieronimo. [*Exit* CAST.

HIERONIMO.

What, are you ready, Balthazar?
Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with a chair.*

Well done, Balthazar, hang up the title:[1]
Our scene is Rhodes: what, is your beard on?

BALTHAZAR.

Half on; the other is in my hand.

HIERONIMO.

Despatch for shame, are you so long? [*Exit* BAL.

[1] Mr Malone was usually very accurate in his quotations; but in this line he made a singular mistake (edition of Shakespeare, 1821, iii. 108), where, referring to the play, he cites thus:—

"Well done, Balthazar, hang up the tilt"—instead of "hang up the title." He thus lost a material passage, to show that of old a board was hung up on the stage with the title and scene of the piece—

"Hang up the *title*;
Our scene is Rhodes."

So also in "Wily Beguil'd" 1606—

"PROLOGUE. How now, my honest rogue, what play shall we have here to-night?
PLAYER. Sir, you may look upon the title.
PROLOGUE. What, 'Spectrum' once again?"

The title of "Spectrum" is afterwards removed by the sleight of hand of a juggler, and "Wily Beguil'd" substituted for it.—*Collier.*

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs
Thou hast receiv'd by murder of thy son.
And lastly, [but] not least, how Isabel,
Once his mother and thy[1] dearest wife,
All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself.
Behoves thee there, Hieronimo, to be reveng'd:
The plot is laid of dire revenge;
On,[2] then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge:
For nothing wants but acting of revenge. [*Exit.*

Enter Spanish KING, VICEROY, DUKE OF CASTILE, *and their train.*

KING.

Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
Of Solyman, the Turkish Emperor,
Perform'd of pleasure by your[3] son the prince,
My nephew, Don Lorenzo, and my niece?

VICEROY.

Who? Bell'-Imperia?

KING.

Ay, and Hieronimo our marshal,
At whose request they deign[4] to do't themselves:
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper,
This is the argument of that they show.
[*Gives him a book.*

[1] *My*, 1623, '33.
[2] *On them*, 1618, '23, '33.
[3] *Our*, ditto.
[4] *Denie*, 1618.

Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English more largely, for the easier understanding to every public reader.

Enter BALTHAZAR, BELL'-IMPERIA, *and* HIERONIMO.

BALTHAZAR.

Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours yield heav'ns the honour,
And holy Mahomet our sacred prophet!
And be thou grac'd with every excellence,
That Solyman can give, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less,
Than in reserving this fair Christian[1] nymph
Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,
Whose eyes compel, like powerful adamant,
The warlike heart of Solyman to wait.

KING.

See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar your son,
That represents the emperor Solyman:
How well he acts his amorous passion! [*Aside.*

VICEROY.

Ay, Bell'-Imperia hath taught him that. [*Aside.*

CASTILE.

That's because his mind runs all on Bell'-Imperia.

HIERONIMO.

Whatever joy earth yields, betide[2] your majesty.

[1] *Christian*, omitted, 1633. [2] *Betinde*, 1618.

BALTHAZAR.

Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.

HIERONIMO.

Let then[1] Perseda on your grace attend.

BALTHAZAR.

She shall not wait on me, but I on her,
Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield:
But let my friend the Rhodian knight come forth,
Erastus, dearer than my life to me,
That he may see Perseda my belov'd.

Enter ERASTUS.

KING.

Here comes Lorenzo. Look upon the plot,
And tell me, brother, what part plays he?

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Ah, my Erastus, welcome to Perseda.

LORENZO.

Thrice happy is Erastus, that thou liv'st:
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erastus' joy;
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.

BALTHAZAR.

Ah, bashaw, here is love between Erastus
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.

[1] *Then let*, 1618, '23, '33.

HIERONIMO.

Remove Erastus, mighty Solyman,
And then Perseda will be quickly won.

BALTHAZAR.

Erastus is my friend; and, while he lives,
Perseda never will remove her love.

HIERONIMO.

Let not Erastus live to grieve great Solyman.

BALTHAZAR.

Dear is Erastus in our princely eye.

HIERONIMO.

But if he be your rival, let him die.

BALTHAZAR.

Why, let him die; so love commandeth me:
Yet grieve I that Erastus should so die.

HIERONIMO.

Erastus, Solyman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employed.
[*Stabs him.*

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Ay me, Erastus!
See, Solyman, Erastus slain!

BALTHAZAR.

Yet liveth Solyman to comfort thee:
Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief,
That with Perseda's beauty is increas'd,
If by Perseda's grief be not releas'd.

BELL'-IMPERIA.

Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits;
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which seiz'd on my Erastus, harmless knight:
Yet by thy pow'r thou thinkest to command;
And to thy power Perseda doth obey:
But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince:
[*Stabs him.*
And on herself she would be thus reveng'd
[*Stabs herself.*

KING.

Well said, old marshal, this was bravely done.

HIERONIMO.

But Bell'-Imperia plays Perseda well.

VICEROY.

Were this in earnest, Bell'-Imperia,
You would be better to my son than so.

KING.

But now what follows for[1] Hieronimo?

[1] *For*, omitted, 1618, '23, '33.

HIERONIMO.

Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:
Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
Happily you think (but bootless are[1] your thoughts)
That this is fabulously counterfeit;
And that we do as all tragedians do,
To die to-day for fashioning our scene
(The death of Ajax or some Roman peer),
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please to-morrow's audience:
No, princes; know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is tun'd[2] to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse gross errors in the play.
I see, your looks urge instance of these words;
Behold the reason urging me to this:
[*He shows his dead son.*
See here my show, look on this spectacle;
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end:
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain:
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost:
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
All fled, fail'd, died: yea, all decay'd with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life;
They murder'd me, that made these fatal marks:
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate;
The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthazar;
The love, my son to Bell'-Imperia:
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
With pitchy silence hush'd these traitors'[3] harms,

[1] *Be*, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Turn'd*, 1618.
[3] *The trait'rous*, 1623, '33.

And lent them leave, for they had sorted[1] leisure
To take advantage in my garden-plot
Upon my son, my dear Horatio:
There merciless they butcher'd up my boy,
In black dark night, to pale dim cruel death.
He shrieks, I heard; and yet (methinks) I hear
His dismal outcry echo in the air:
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise;
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through girt with wounds, and slaughter'd as you see:
And griev'd I, think you, at this spectacle?
Speak, Portugal, whose loss resembles[2] mine,
If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,
'Tis like I wail'd[3] for my Horatio.—
And you, my lord, whose reconciled son
March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen,
And rated me for brainsick lunacy,
With[4]—God, amend that mad Hieronimo!
How can you brook our play's catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkerchief,
Which at Horatio's death I, weeping, dipp'd
Within the river of his bleeding wounds:
It as propitious, see, I have reserved,[5]
And never hath it left my bloody[6] heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow
With these, O, these accursed murderers.
Which now perform'd my heart is satisfi'd.
And to this end the bashaw I became,
That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life;

[1] *To sort* is *to choose* or *select*. As in the "Third Part of Henry VI.," v. 6—"For I will *sort* a pitchy day for thee;" and in Ford's "Lover's Melancholy,"—"We shall *sort* time to take more notice of him."

[2] *Resemble*, 1618, '23.

[3] *Waile*, 1633.

[4] *Which*, 1618, '23, '33.

[5] *Preserv'd*, ditto.

[6] *Bleeding*, 1623, '33.

Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently :—
So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar thy son,
That Solyman, which Bell'-Imperia,
In person of Perseda, murdered,
Solely appointed to that tragic part,
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Bell'-Imperia miss'd her part in this ;
For though the story say'th, she should have died,
Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end ;
But love of him, whom they did hate too[1] much,
Did urge her resolution to be such.—
And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author and actor in this tragedy,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist ;
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the actors gone before.
And, gentles,[2] thus I end my play.
Urge no more words : I have no more to say.
[*He runs to hang himself.*

KING.

O, hearken, Viceroy. Hold, Hieronimo !
Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain.

VICEROY.

We are betrayed ; my Balthazar is slain !
Break ope the doors ; run, save Hieronimo.
[*They run in and hold* HIERONIMO.
Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these events ;
Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.

[1] *So*, 1623, '33. [2] *Gentlies*, ditto.

HIERONIMO.

Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day have offered to my son.
Accursed wretch, why stay'st[1] thou him, that was
Resolv'd to die?

KING.

Speak, traitor! damned bloody murderer, speak!
For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

VICEROY.

Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

CASTILE.

Why hast thou butcher'd both my children thus?

HIERONIMO.

[But are you sure that they are dead?

CASTILE.

Ay, slain too sure.

HIERONIMO.

What, and yours too?

VICEROY.

Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.

[1] *Staidst*, 1623, '33.

HIERONIMO.

Nay, then I care not; come, and we shall be friends:
Let us lay our heads together.
See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.

VICEROY.

O damned devil, how secure[1] he is!

HIERONIMO.

Secure? why dost thou wonder at it?
I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,[2]
And in that fight am grown a prouder monarch,
Than ever sat under the crown of Spain.
Had I as many lives as there be stars,
As many heavens to go to as those lives,
I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.

CASTILE.

Speak, who were thy confederates in this?

VICEROY.

That was thy daughter, Bell'-Imperia;
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
I saw her stab him.

[1] In the sense of the Latin *securus*, "securus admodum de bello animi securi homo." A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object offered.—Dr Warburton's note on "Troilus and Cressida," iv. 5. See also Dr Farmer's note on the above passage.

[2] [Old copies, *reveng'd.*]

HIERONIMO.

O good words! as dear to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revenged thoroughly;
Upon whose souls may heav'ns be yet aveng'd[1]
With greater far than these afflictions.
Methinks, since I grew inward[2] with revenge,
I cannot look with scorn enough on death.

KING.

What, dost thou[3] mock us, slave? Bring tortures forth.

HIERONIMO.

Do, do, do; and meantime I'll torture you.
You had a son, as I take it; and your son
Should have been married to your daughter: ha, was't not so?
You had a son too, he was my liege's nephew:
He was proud and politic: had he liv'd,
He might ha' come to wear the crown of Spain:
I think 'twas so; 'twas I that killed him,
Look you, this same hand was it that stabb'd
His heart—do you see this hand?—
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him?
A youth—one that they hang'd up in his father's garden:

[1] *Revenged*, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] Intimate. So, in the "Malcontent," iv. 3: "Come, we must be *inward*; thou and I all one;" and again, in Tourneur's "Revenger's Tragedy," ii.—

"My lord, most sure on't; for 'twas spoke by one,
That is most *inward* with the duke's son's lust."

[3] *Thou*, omitted, 1623, '33.

One that did force your valiant son to yield,
While your valiant son did take him prisoner.

VICEROY.

Be deaf, my senses; I can hear no more.

KING.

Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins.

CASTILE.

Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

HIERONIMO.

Now do I applaud what I have acted.
Nunc mors; [nunc] cæde, manus.[1]]

KING.

Why speakest thou not?[2]

HIERONIMO.

What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? then, afford it me:
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.

KING.

Fetch forth the tortures.
Traitor as thou art, I'll make thee tell.

[1] *Nunc mers,** *cadæ manus*, 1618.
[2] [*i.e.*, In reply to the question as to his confederates.]

* *Mens*, 1623, '33.

HIERONIMO.

Indeed, thou may'st torment me, as his wretched son
Hath done in murd'ring my Horatio;
But never shalt thou force me to reveal
The thing which I have vow'd inviolate:
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleas'd with their deaths, and eas'd with their revenge,
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.
[*He bites out his tongue.*

KING.

O monstrous resolution of a wretch!
See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather than to reveal what we requir'd.

CASTILE.

Yet can he write.

KING.

And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch.
[*He makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.*

CASTILE.

O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

VICEROY.

Here; and advise thee, that thou write the troth.
Look to my brother, save Hieronimo.
[*He with the knife stabs the duke and himself.*

KING.

What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
That[1] Spain expected after my decease!
Go bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our beloved brother's death,
That he may be entomb'd whate'er befall:
I am the next, the nearest—last of all.

VICEROY.

And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us:
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain;
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the main-mast of a ship unmann'd,
And let the wind and tide hale me along
To Scylla's barking and untamed gulph;
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for[2] my sweet Balthazar:
[*Exeunt.*

[*The trumpets sound a dead march: the* KING OF SPAIN *mourning after his brother's body, and the* KING OF PORTINGAL *bearing the body of his son.*

Enter GHOST *and* REVENGE.

GHOST.

Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:
Horatio murder'd in his father's bower;
Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain;

[1] Of, 1618, '23, '33. [2] *Of*, 1623, '33.

False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device;
Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
Prince Balthazar by Bell'-Imperia stabb'd;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo.
My Bell'-Imperia fall'n, as Dido fell:
And good Hieronimo slain by himself.
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul.
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine
That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
I may comfort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
Where never-dying wars are still inur'd:
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain:
I'll lead my Bell'-Imperia to those joys,
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess:
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, (for thou must help, or none)
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

REVENGE.

This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none [1] but furies, bugs,[2] and tortures dwell.

[1] *Nought*, 1618, '23, '33.

[2] Goblins, or terrors of the night. So, in "Arden of Feversham," 1592—

> "Nay, then let us go sleepe, when *bugs* and feares
> Shall kill our courages with their fancies worke."

Again, in Churchyard's "Challenge," p. 180—

> "And in their place some fearful *bugges*,
> As blacke as any pitche,
> With bellies big and swagging dugges,
> More loathsome then a witch."

GHOST.

Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request :
Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest.
Let loose poor Tityus from the vulture's gripe,
And let Don Cyprian supply his room ;
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
And let the lover's endless pains surcease ;
Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease ;
Hang Balthazar about Chimera's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above :
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisiphus his endless moan :
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragg'd through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

REVENGE.

Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes ;
To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes :
For here, though death hath [1] end their misery,
I'll there begin their endless tragedy. [*Exeunt.*

And in the same author's "Worthiness of Wales," p. 16, edit. 1776—

> "A kind of sound, that makes a hurling noyse,
> To feare young babes with brute of *bugges* and toyes.

[1] *Doth*, 1623, '33.

CORNELIA.

1. *Cornelia. At London, Printed by Iames Roberts, for N. L. and John Busbie,* 1594, 4to.

2. *Pompey the Great, his faire Cornelias Tragedie: Effected by her Father and Husbandes downe-cast, death, and fortune. Written in French by that excellent Poet Ro. Garnier, and translated into English by Thomas Kid. At London, Printed for Nicholas Ling,* 1595, 4to.

This translation from Garnier's "Cornelia" would not perhaps have been inserted in the present remodelled edition of Dodsley, if it had not happened that it completes Kyd's dramatic productions, and that it formed part of the former edition, which there has been a desire to preserve in its full integrity, except under such circumstances as have been already explained.

[PREFACE TO THE FORMER EDITION.]

THOMAS KYD, the translator of the following play, is better known as the author of the second part of "Jeronimo," a performance which was ridiculed by almost every contemporary poet, than by any other of his works. The time and place of his birth and death, the circumstances of his life and his profession, otherwise than as a writer, are all equally unknown. From the dedication of "Cornelia" to the Countess of Sussex it may be inferred that, like the generality of the devotees of poetry in his time, he was poor; and from the promise of another tragedy, called "Portia," as *his next summer's better travel* which never appeared, it may be conjectured that he was prevented by death. Notwithstanding the ridicule thrown upon him on account of "The Spanish Tragedy," he appears to have been well esteemed by some of his contemporaries. Francis[1] Meres enumerates him among the best tragic writers of his times; and Ben[2] Jonson ranks him with Lyly and

[1] ["Palladis Tamia,"] 1598, p. 283.

[2] Verses to the memory of Shakespeare.

Marlowe, calling him Sporting Kyd. Another writer [1] says, "'Cornelia's Tragedy,' however not respected, was excellently well done by Thomas Kyd." Mr Hawkins [2] was of opinion that Kyd was the author of "Solyman and Perseda," a play which certainly in its manner bears a striking resemblance to "The Spanish Tragedy." Malone (ed. by Bosw., ii. 316) attributed to Kyd the old plays of "King Lear," "Hamlet," and "The Taming of a Shrew," the first and third printed in Steevens's "Six Old Plays," 1779, the "Hamlet" no longer known. The edition of "The Taming of a Shrew" used by Steevens was the third (1617). The first of 1594 has been republished in the Shakespeare Society's Series, 1844. The second was in 1596.

Robert Garnier, from whom this play is translated, was a poet in considerable estimation during the reigns of Charles IX. and Henry III. and IV. He was born in the country of Maine in 1534, studied the law, and obtained some preferment, as well as reputation, in that profession. He was the author of eight plays, and died at Paris in the year 1590, at the age of fifty-six years. See "Recherches sur les Théâtres de France," par. M. De Beauchamps, 4to. 1755, p. 39.

[1] "Polimanteia," &c., by W. C., 4to, Cambr., 1595. In the Epistle, &c. (Oldys's MSS. Notes on Langbaine.)

[2] "Origin of the Drama," vol. ii.

To the Virtuously Noble, and Rightly-honoured Lady, the COUNTESS OF SUSSEX.

HAVING no leisure (most noble lady) but such as evermore is travailed with the afflictions of the mind, than which the world affords no greater misery, it may be wondered at by some how I durst undertake a matter of this moment, which both requireth cunning, rest, and opportunity; but chiefly, that I would attempt the dedication of so rough, unpolished a work to the survey of your so worthy self.

But being well-instructed in your noble and heroic dispositions, and perfectly assured of your honourable favours past (though neither making needless glozes of the one, nor spoiling paper with the other's Pharisaical embroidery), I have presumed upon your true conceit and entertainment of these small endeavours, that thus I proposed to make known my memory of you and them to be immortal.

A fitter present for a patroness so well-accomplished I could not find than this fair president of honour, magnanimity, and love. Wherein what grace that excellent GARNIER hath lost by my default, I shall beseech your honour to repair with the regard of those so bitter times and privy broken passions that I endured in the writing it.

And so vouchsafing but the passing of a winter's week with desolate "Cornelia," I will assure your ladyship my next summer's better travel with the tragedy of "Portia," and ever spend one hour of the day in some kind service to your honour and another of the night in wishing you all happiness. Perpetually thus devoting my poor self

Your honour's in all humbleness,

T. K.

INTERLOCUTORES.

M. Cicero.	Cornelia.
Philip.	C. Cassius.
Decimus Brutus.	Julius Cæsar.
M. Antony.	*The Messenger.*

Choruses.

THE ARGUMENT.

CORNELIA, the daughter of Metellus Scipio, a young Roman lady, as much accomplish'd with the graces of the body and the virtues of the mind as ever any was, was first married to young Crassus, who died with his father in the discomfiture of the Romans against the Parthians; afterward she took to second husband Pompey the Great, who (three years after), upon the first fires of the civil wars betwixt him and Cæsar, sent her from thence to Mitilen, there to attend the uncertain success of those affairs. And when he saw that he was vanquish'd at Pharsalia, returned to find her out, and carry her with him into Egypt, where his purpose was to have re-enforced a new army, and give a second assault to Cæsar.

In this voyage he was murdered by Achillus and Septimius the Roman before her eyes, and in the presence of his young son Sextus and some other Senators his friends. After which, she retired herself to Rome. But Scipio her father (being made general of those that survived after the battle, assembled new forces, and occupied the greater part of Afric, allying himself to Juba, king of Numidia. Against all whom Cæsar (after he had ordered the affairs of Egypt and the state of

Rome) in the end of winter marched. And there (after many light encounters) was a fierce and furious battle given amongst them, near the walls of Tapsus. Where Scipio seeing himself subdued and his army scattered, he betook himself with some small troop to certain ships, which he caused to stay for him.

Thence he sailed toward Spain, where Pompey's faction commanded, and where a sudden tempest took him on the sea, that drave him back to Hippon, a town in Afric, at the devotion of Cæsar, where (lying at anchor) he was assailed, beaten and assaulted by the adverse fleet; and for he would not fall alive into the hands of his so mighty enemy, he stabb'd himself, and suddenly leapt overboard into the sea, and there died.

Cæsar (having finished these wars, and quietly reduced the towns and places thereabout to his obedience) returned to Rome in triumph for his victories; where this most fair and miserable lady, having overmourn'd the death of her dear husband, and understanding of these cross events and hapless news of Afric, together with the piteous manner of her father's end, she took (as she had cause) occasion to redouble both her tears and lamentations, wherewith she closeth the catastrophe of this their tragedy.

CORNELIA.

ACT I.

CICERO. Vouchsafe, immortals, and (above the rest)
Great Jupiter, our city's sole protector,
That if (provok'd against us by our evils)
You needs will plague us with your ceaseless wrath,
At least to choose those forth that are in fault,
And save the rest in these tempestuous broils:
Else let the mischief that should them befall,
Be pour'd on me, that one may die for all.
Oft hath such sacrifice appeas'd your ires,
And oft ye have your heavy hands withheld
From this poor people, when (with one man's loss)
Your pity hath preserv'd the rest untouch'd:
But we, disloyal to our own defence,
Faint-hearted do those liberties enthral,
Which to preserve (unto our after-good)
Our fathers hazarded their dearest blood.
Yet Brutus Manlius, hardy Scœvola,
And stout Camillus, are returned from Styx,
Desiring arms to aid our Capitol.
Yea, come they are, and fiery as before;
Under a tyrant see our bastard hearts
Lie idly sighing; while our shameful souls

Endure a million of base controls.
Poison'd ambition (rooted in high minds),
'Tis thou that train'st us into all these errors:
Thy mortal covetise [1] perverts our laws,
And tears our freedom from our franchis'd hearts.
Our fathers found thee at their former walls;
And humbled to their offspring left thee dying.
Yet thou, reviving, soil'dst [2] our infant town
With guiltless blood by brother's hands out-launch'd;
And hong'st (O hell) upon a fort half-finish'd
Thy monstrous murder for a thing to mark.
"But faith continues not where men command.
Equals are ever bandying for the best:
A state divided cannot firmly stand.
Two kings within one realm could never rest."
This day, we see, the father and the son
Have fought like foes Pharsalia's miseries;
And with their blood made marsh the parched plains,
While th' earth, that groan'd to bear their carcases,
Bewail'd th' insatiate humours of them both;
That as much blood in wilful folly spent,
As were to tame the world sufficient.
Now, Parthia, fear no more, for Crassus' death
That he [3] will come thy borders to besiege:

[1] So, in Ben Jonson's "Catiline," act ii. sc. 3—

"But you think, Carius,
'Tis *covetise* hath wrought me: if you love me,
Change that unkind conceit."

In the "Alchymist," act ii. sc. 3—

"Why, this is covetise!"

And in "Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell," p. 29: "Under vellany I comprehend murder, treason, theft, cousnage, cut-throat *covetise*, and such like."

[2] *Foyld'st*, first and second edition.

[3] [Old copies, *we*.]

Nor fear the darts of our courageous troops;
For those brave soldiers, that were sometime wont
To terrify thee with their names, are dead;
And civil fury, fiercer than thine hosts,
Hath in a manner this great town o'erturn'd,
That whilom was the terror of the world,
Of whom so many nations stood in fear,
To whom so many nations prostrate stoop'd,
O'er whom (save Heaven) nought could signiorise,
And whom (save Heaven) nothing could affright;
Impregnable, immortal, and whose power
Could never have been curb'd, but by itself.
For neither could the flaxen-hair'd High-Dutch
(A martial people, madding after arms),
Nor yet the fierce and fiery-humour'd French:
The Moor that travels to the Libyan sands,
The Greek, th' Arabian, Macedons or Medes,
Once dare t' assault it, or attempt to lift
Their humbled heads in presence of proud Rome.
But, by our laws from liberty restrain'd,
Like captives liv'd eternally enchain'd.
But, Rome (alas) what helps it that thou tied'st
The former world to thee in vassalage?
What helps thee now t' have tam'd both land and
sea?
What helps it thee, that under thy control
The morn and midday both by east and west,
And that the golden sun, where'er he drive
His glitt'ring chariot, finds our ensigns spread;
Sith it contents not thy posterity;
But as a bait for pride (which spoils us all),
Embarks us in so perilous a way,
As menaceth our death and thy decay?
For, Rome, thou now resemblest a ship
At random wand'ring in a boist'rous sea,
When foaming billows feel the northern blasts!
Thou toil'st in peril, and the windy storm

Doth topside-turvey toss thee as thou float'st.
Thy mast is shiver'd, and thy mainsail torn,
Thy sides are beaten, and thy hatches broke.
Thou want'st thy tackling, and a ship unrigg'd
Can make no shift to combat with the sea.
See how the rocks do heave their heads at thee,
Which if thou shouldst but touch, thou straight becom'st
A spoil to Neptune, and a sportful prey
To th' Glaucs and Tritons, pleas'd with thy decay!
Thou vaunt'st not of thine ancestors in vain,
But vainly count'st thine own victorious deeds.
What helpeth us the things that they did then,
Now we are hated both of gods and men?
" Hatred accompanies prosperity,
For one man grieveth at another's good,
And so much more we think our misery,
The more that fortune hath with others stood:
So that we seld[1] are seen, as wisdom would,
To bridle time with reason as we should.
For we are proud, when Fortune favours us,
As if inconstant chance were always one,
Or, standing now, we should continue thus.
O fools, look back, and see the rolling stone,
Whereon she blindly lighting sets her foot,
And slightly sows that seldom taketh root."
Heaven heretofore (inclin'd to do us good)
Did favour us with conquering our foes,
When jealous Italy (exasperate
With our uprising) sought our city's fall.
But we, soon tickled with such flatt'ring hope,
Wag'd farther war with an insatiate heart,

[1] Seldom. It is a word often used by ancient writers. See Mr Steevens's note on "Coriolanus," act ii. sc. 1. Again, in Churchyard's "Worthiness of Wales," 1587—

"So many springs that *sield* that soil is dry."

And tir'd our neighbour countries so with charge,
And with their loss we did our bounds enlarge.
Carthage and Sicily we have subdued,
And almost yoked all the world beside:
And, solely through desire of public rule,
Rome and the earth are waxen all as one:
Yet now we live despoil'd and robb'd by one
Of th' ancient freedom, wherein we were born.
And e'en that yoke, that wont to tame all others,
Is heavily return'd upon ourselves.
" A note of chance that may the proud control,
And show God's wrath against a cruel soul.
For Heaven delights not in us, when we do
That to another, which ourselves disdain.
Judge others, as thou would'st be judg'd again;
And do but as thou wouldst be done unto.
For, sooth to say (in reason), we deserve
To have the self-same measure that we serve."
What right had our ambitious ancestors
(Ignobly issued from the cart and plough)
To enter Asia? What, were they the heirs
To Persia or the Medes, first monarchies?
What interest had they to Africa?
To Gaul or Spain? Or what did Neptune owe us
Within the bounds of farther Britainy?
Are we not thieves and robbers of those realms,
That ow'd us nothing but revenge for wrongs?
What toucheth us the treasure or the hopes,
The lives or liberties, of all those nations,
Whom we by force have held in servitude;
Whose mournful cries and shieks to heaven ascend,
Importuning both vengeance and defence
Against this city, rich of violence?
" 'Tis not enough (alas) our power t' extend,
Or overrun the world from east to west,
Or that our hands the earth can comprehend,

Or that we proudly do, what like us best.[1]
He lives more quietly, whose rest is made,
And can with reason chasten his desire,
Than he that blindly toileth for a shade,
And is with others' empire set on fire.
Our bliss consists not in possessions,
But in commanding our affections;
In virtue's choice, and vice's needful chace
Far from our hearts, for staining of our face."

CHORUS. Upon thy back (where Misery doth sit),
O Rome, the heavens with their wrathful hand
Revenge the crimes thy fathers did commit.
But if (their farther fury to withstand,
Which o'er thy walls thy wrack sits menacing)
Thou dost not seek to calm heaven's ireful king,
A farther plague will pester all the land.

"The wrath of heaven, (though urg'd) we see, is slow
In punishing the evils we have done:
For what the father hath deserv'd we know,
Is spared in him and punish'd in the son.
But to forgive the apter that they be,
They are the more displeased, when they see
That we continue our offence begun."

[1] What pleases us best. So in King Lear," act ii. sc. 1—

"His face *likes* me not."

In the "Maid's Tragedy," act ii.—

"What look *likes* you best."

In "The Woman-Hater," act i. sc. 3—

"If I can find no company that *likes* me."

In "Euphues and his England," 1582, p. 16: "Enquire no farther than beseemeth you, least you heare that which cannot *like you*." And ibid., p. 92: "This *liked* them all exceedingly. And thus Surius with a good grace and pleasant speech began to enter into the lists with Camilla."

"Then from her loathsome cave doth Plague repair,
That breathes her heavy poisons down to hell;
Which with their noisome fall corrupt the air,
Or meagre Famine, which the weak foretell,
Or bloody War (of other woes the worst)
Which where it lights doth show the land accurs'd,
And ne'er did good, wherever it befell."

War, that hath sought th' Ausonian fame to rear,
In warlike Emony[1] (now grown so great
With soldiers' bodies that were buried there),
Which yet to sack us toils in bloody sweat:
T' enlarge the bounds of conquering Thessaly,
Through murder, discord, wrath, and enmity,
Even to the peaceful Indian's pearled seat.

Whose entrails fir'd with rancour, wrath, and rage,
The former petty combats did displace,
And camp to camp did endless battles wage,
Which on the mountain-tops of warlike Thrace
Made thund'ring Mars (Dissension's common friend)
Amongst the forward soldiers first descend,
Arm'd with his blood-besmeared keen coute-lace.

Who first attempted to excite to arms
The troops enraged with the trumpet's sound,
Headlong to run and reck no after-harms;
Where in the flow'red meads dead men were found,
Falling as thick (through warlike cruelty)
As ears of corn for want of husbandry;
That (wastful) shed their grain upon the ground.

[1] Æmonia, where Pharsalia was.—*S. P.*

O war, if thou wert subject but to death,
And by desert might'st fall to Phlegethon,
The torment that Ixion suffereth,
Or his whose soul the vulture seizeth on,
Were all too little to reward thy wrath:
Nor all the plagues that fiery Pluto hath
The most outrageous sinners laid upon.

Accursed caitiffs! wretches that we are!
Perceive we not that for the fatal doom
The Fates make haste enough, but we (by war)
Must seek in hell to have a hapless room?
Or fast enough do foolish men not die,
But they (by murder of themselves) must hie,
Hopeless to hide them in a hapless tomb?

All sad and desolate our city lies,
And for fair corn-ground are our fields surcloy'd
With worthless gorse,[1] that yearly fruitless dies,
And chokes the good, which else we had enjoy'd.
Death dwells within us, and if gentle peace
Descend not soon, our sorrows to surcease,
Latium (already quail'd) will be destroy'd.

ACT II.

CORNELIA, CICERO.

CORNELIA. And will ye needs bedew my dead-grown joys,
And nourish sorrow with eternal tears?
O eyes, and will ye ('cause I cannot dry
Your ceaseless springs) not suffer me to die?

[1] Furze. So in Shakespeare's "Tempest," act iv. sc. 1—"*Pricking* gorse and thorns."—*S.*

Then make the blood from forth my branch-like
veins,
Like weeping rivers, trickle by your vaults;
And sponge my body's heat of moisture so,
As my displeased soul may shun my heart.
Heavens, let me die, and let the Destinies
Admit me passage to th' infernal lake;
That my poor ghost may rest where powerful fate
In death's sad kingdom hath my husband lodg'd.
Fain would I die, but darksome ugly death
Withholds his dart, and in disdain doth fly me,
Maliciously knowing, that hell's horror
Is milder than mine endless discontent;
And that, if death upon my life should seize,
The pain supposed would procure mine ease.
But, ye sad Powers, that rule the silent deeps
Of dead-sad night, where sins do mask unseen:
You that amongst the darksome mansions
Of pining ghosts 'twixt sighs, and sobs, and tears,
Do exercise your mirthless empery:[1]
Ye gods (at whose arbitrement all stand),
Dislodge my soul, and keep it with yourselves,
For I am more than half your prisoner.
My noble husbands (more than noble souls)
Already wander under your commands.
O, then shall wretched I, that am but one,
(Yet once both theirs) survive, now they are gone?

[1] *Imperium*, or command.

"My noble husbands (more than noble souls)
Already wander under *your commands*."—*S. P.*

The word also occurs in "Henry V.," act i. sc. 2—

"Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample *empery*."

"This word," says Mr Steevens, "which signifies *dominion*, is now obsolete, though formerly in general use." So in "Claudius Tiberius Nero," 1607—

"Within the circuit of our *empery*."

Alas! thou should'st, thou should'st, Cornelia,
Have broke the sacred thread that tied thee here,
When as thy husband Crassus (in his flower)
Did first bear arms, and bare away my love.
And not (as thou hast done) go break the bands,
By calling Hymen once more back again.
Less hapless, and more worthily thou might'st
Have made thine ancestors and thee renown'd:
If (like a royal dame), with faith fast kept,
Thou with thy former husband's death had'st slept.
But partial Fortune and the powerful Fates,
That at their pleasures wield our purposes,
Bewitch'd my life, and did beguile my love.
Pompey, the fame that ran of thy frail honours,
Made me thy wife, thy love, and (like a thief)
From my first husband stole my faithless grief.
But if (as some believe) in heaven or hell
Be heavenly powers or infernal spirits,
That care to be aveng'd of lovers' oaths—
Oaths made in marriage, and after broke;
Those powers, those spirits (mov'd with my light faith),
Are now displeas'd with Pompey and myself,
And do with civil discord (furthering it)
Untie the bands that sacred Hymen knit:
Else only I am cause of both their wraths,
And of the sin that sealeth up thine eyes;
Thine eyes (O deplorable Pompey!)—I am she,
I am that plague, that sacks thy house and thee.
For 'tis not heaven, nor Crassus ('cause he sees
That I am thine) in jealousy pursues us.
No, 'tis a secret cross, an unknown thing,
That I receiv'd from heaven at my birth,
That I should heap misfortunes on their head,
Whom once I had receiv'd in marriage-bed.
Then ye, the noble Romulists that rest,

Henceforth forbear to seek my murdering love,
And let their double loss, that held me dear,
Bid you beware, for fear you be beguil'd.
Ye may be rich, and great in Fortune's grace,
And all your hopes with hap may be effected;
But if ye once be wedded to my love,
Clouds of adversity will cover you.
So pestilently fraught with change of plagues
Is mine infected bosom from my youth.
Like poison that (once lighting on the body)
No sooner toucheth than it taints the blood;
One while the heart, another while the liver
(According to th' encountering passages),
Nor spareth it what purely feeds the heart,
More than the most infected filthiest part,
Pompey, what holp it thee (say, dearest life),
Tell me what holp thy warlike valiant mind
T' encounter with the least of my mishaps?
What holp it thee, that under thy command
Thou saw'st the trembling earth with horror maz'd?
Or where the sun forsakes th' ocean sea,
Or watereth his coursers in the west,
T' have made thy name be far more fam'd and fear'd,
Than summer's thunder to the silly herd?
What holp it, that thou saw'st, when thou wert young,
Thy helmer deck'd with coronets of bays?
So many enemies, in battle rang'd,
Beat back like flies before a storm of hail?
T' have look'd askance, and see so many kings
To lay their crowns and sceptres at thy feet?
T' embrace thy knees, and, humbled by their fate,
T' attend thy mercy in this mournful state?
Alas, and herewithal what holp it thee,

That even in all the corners of the earth
Thy wand'ring glory was so greatly known,
And that Rome saw thee, while thou triumph'dst thrice
O'er three parts of the world that thou had'st yok'd;
That Neptune, welt'ring on the windy plains,
Escap'd not free from thy victorious hands;
Since thy hard hap, since thy fierce destiny,
(Envious of all thine honours) gave thee me,
By whom the former course of thy fair deeds
Might (with a biting bridle) be restrain'd:
By whom the glory of thy conquests got
Might die disgrac'd with mine unhappiness.
O hapless wife! thus ominous to all,
Worse than Megæra, worse than any plague;
What foul infernal, or what stranger hell
Henceforth wilt thou inhabit, where thy hap
None other's hopes with mischief may entrap?

CICERO. What end, O race of Scipio, will the Fates
Afford your tears? Will that day never come,
That your disast'rous griefs shall turn to joy,
And we have time to bury our annoy?

CORNELIA. Ne'er shall I see that day; for heaven and time
Have fail'd in power to calm my passion.
Nor can they (should they pity my complaints)
Once ease my life, but with the pangs of death.

CICERO. "The wide world's accidents are apt to change,
And tickle[1] Fortune stays not in a place;

[1] *Tickle* means *uncertain* or *inconstant*. We still use the word *ticklish;* and a *ticklish situation* is understood for that state in which we can have no sure dependence. So, in Churchyard's "Challenge," 1593, p. 28—

But (like the clouds) continually doth range,
Or like the sun that hath the night in chase.
Then as the heavens (by whom our hopes are guided)
Do coast the earth with an eternal course,
We must not think a misery betided
Will never cease, but still grow worse and worse.
When icy winter's pass'd, then comes the spring,
Whom summer's pride with sultry heat pursues;
To whom mild autumn does earth's treasure bring—
The sweetest season that the wise can choose.
Heaven's influence was ne'er so constant yet,
In good or bad as to continue it."
When I was young, I saw against poor Sylla,
Proud Cinna, Marius, and Carbo flesh'd
So long, till they 'gan tyrannise the town,
And spill'd such store of blood in every street,
As there were none but dead men to be seen.
Within a while, I saw how Fortune play'd,
And wound those tyrants underneath her wheel,
Who lost their lives and power at once by one,
That (to revenge himself) did with his blade
Commit more murder than Rome ever made.
Yet Sylla, shaking tyranny aside,
Return'd due honours to our commonwealth,
Which peaceably retain'd her ancient state,
Grown great without the strife of citizens;
Till this ambitious tyrant's time, that toil'd
To stoop the world and Rome to his desires.

"Yet climbing up, the tree of *tickle* trust
Wee streache the arme, as farre as reach may goe,
Disguis'd with pompe, and pampred up with lust;
We gase alof, and never looke belowe,
Till hatchet comes, and gives the fauling bloe."

See also Mr Steevens's note on "Measure for Measure," act i. sc. 3.

But flatt'ring chance, that train'd his first designs,
May change her looks, and give the tyrant over,
Leaving our city, where so long ago
Heavens did their favours lavishly bestow.

CORNELIA. 'Tis true, the heavens (at leastwise if they please)
May give poor Rome her former liberty.
But though they would, I know they cannot give
A second life to Pompey that is slain.

CICERO. Mourn not for Pompey; Pompey could not die
A better death than for his country's weal.
For oft he search'd amongst the fierce alarms,
But (wishing) could not find so fair an end;
Till, fraught with years and honour both at once,
He gave his body (as a barricade)
For Rome's defence, by tyrants overlaid.
Bravely he died and (haply) takes it ill,
That (envious) we repine at Heaven's will.

CORNELIA. Alas, my sorrow would be so much less,
If he had died, his falchion in his fist:
Had he amidst huge troops of armed men
Been wounded by another any way,
It would have calmed many of my sighs.
For why t' have seen his noble Roman blood,
Mix'd with his enemies', had done him good.
But he is dead (O heavens!), not dead in fight,
With pike in hand upon a fort besieg'd,
Defending of a breach: but basely slain;
Slain traitorously, without assault in war.
Yea, slain he is, and bitter chance decreed
To have me there, to see this bloody deed.
I saw him; I was there; and in mine arms
He almost felt the poniard when he fell.
Whereat my blood stopp'd in my straggling veins;
Mine hair grew bristled like a thorny grove;

My voice lay hid half-dead within my throat;
My frightful heart (stunn'd in my stone-cold breast)
Faintly redoubled ev'ry feeble stroke;
My spirit, chained with impatient rage,
Did raving strive to break the prison ope;
Enlarg'd, to drown the pain it did abide
In solitary Lethe's sleepy tide.
Thrice (to absent me from this hated light)
I would have plung'd my body in the sea;
And thrice detain'd with doleful shrieks and cries
(With arms to heaven uprear'd) I 'gan exclaim
And bellow forth against the gods themselves
A bead-roll[1] of outrageous blasphemies;
Till (grief to hear, and hell for me to speak),
My woes wax'd stronger, and myself grew weak.
Thus day and night I toil in discontent,
And sleeping wake, when sleep itself, that rides
Upon the mists, scarce moisteneth mine eyes.
Sorrow consumes me, and, instead of rest,
With folded arms I sadly sit and weep.
And, if I wink, it is for fear to see
The fearful dreams'-effects that trouble me.
O heavens! what shall I do? alas, must I,
Must I myself be murderer of myself?
Must I myself be forc'd to ope the way,
Whereat my soul in wounds may sally forth?

CICERO. Madam, you must not thus transpose yourself;

We see your sorrow, but who sorrows not?
The grief is common; and (I muse), besides
The servitude that causeth all our cares,
Besides the baseness wherein we are yok'd,
Besides the loss of good men dead and gone,

[1] A bed-roll, or bede-roll, says Blount, in his "Glossographia," "is a roll or list of such as priests were wont to pray for in churches."

What one he is that in this broil hath been,
And mourneth not for some man of his kin?
CORNELIA. If all the world were in the like distress,
My sorrow yet would never seem the less.
CICERO. "O, but men bear misfortunes with more ease,
The more indifferently that they fall;
And nothing more (in uproars) men can please,
Than when they see their woes not worst of all."
CORNELIA. "Our friends' misfortune doth increase our own."
CICERO. "But ours of others will not be acknown."[1]
CORNELIA. "Yet one man's sorrow will another touch."
CICERO. "Ay, when himself will entertain none such."
CORNELIA. "Another's tears draws tears from forth our eyes."
CICERO. "And choice of streams the greatest river dries."
CORNELIA. When sand within a whirlpool lies unwet,
My tears shall dry, and I my grief forget.
CICERO. What boot your tears,[2] or what avails your sorrow,
Against th' inevitable dart of death?
Think you to move with lamentable plaints
Persephone or Pluto's ghastly spirits,
To make him live that's locked in his tomb,
And wand'reth in the centre of the earth?
"No, no, Cornelia, Charon takes not pain
To ferry those that must be fetch'd again."

[1] [Recognised, acknowledged.]
[2] *What avail* your tears.

CORNELIA. Proserpina indeed neglects my plaints,
And hell itself is deaf to my laments.
Unprofitably should I waste my tears,
If over Pompey I should weep to death,
With hope to have him be reviv'd by them.
Weeping avails not: therefore do I weep.
Great losses greatly are to be deplor'd,
The loss is great, that cannot be restor'd.
CICERO. "Nought is immortal underneath the sun:
All things are subject to death's tyranny.
Both clowns and kings one selfsame course must run,
And whatsoever lives, is sure to die."
Then wherefore mourn you for your husband's death,
Sith, being a man, he was ordain'd to die?
Since Jove's own sons, retaining human shape,
No more than wretched we their death could 'scape.
Brave Scipio, your famous ancestor,
That Rome's high worth to Afric did extend;
And those two Scipios (that in person fought
Before the fearful Carthaginian walls),
Both brothers, and both war's fierce lightning fires,
Are they not dead? Yes, and their death (our dearth)
Hath hid them both embowell'd in the earth.
And those great cities, whose foundations reach'd
From deepest hell, and with their tops touch'd heaven;
Whose lofty towers like thorn-y-pointed spears,
Whose temples, palaces, and walls emboss'd,
In power and force, and fierceness, seem'd to threat
The tired world, that trembled with their weight;
In one day's space (to our eternal moans)
Have we not seen them turn'd to heaps of stones?

Carthage can witness; and thou, Heaven's hand-
work,
Fair Ilium, razed by the conquering Greeks;
Whose ancient beauty, worth, and weapons seem'd
Sufficient t' have tam'd the Myrmidons.
"But whatsoe'er hath been begun, must end.
Death (haply that our willingness doth see)
With brandish'd dart doth make the passage free:
And timeless doth our souls to Pluto send."

CORNELIA. Would death had steep'd his dart in
Lerna's blood!
That I were drown'd in the Tartarian deeps!
I am an offering fit for Acheron.
A match more equal never could be made
Than I and Pompey in th' Elysian shade.

CICERO. "Death's always ready, and our time is
known
To be at Heaven's dispose, and not our own."

CORNELIA. Can we be over-hasty to good hap?

CICERO. What good expect we in a fiery gap?

CORNELIA. To 'scape the fears that follow For-
tune's glances.

CICERO. "A noble mind doth never fear mis-
chances."

CORNELIA. "A noble mind disdaineth servitude."

CICERO. Can bondage true nobility exclude?

CORNELIA. How, if I do or suffer that I would
not?

CICERO. "True noblesse never doth the thing it
should not."

CORNELIA. Then must I die.

CICERO. Yet dying think this still;
"No fear of death should force us to do ill."

CORNELIA. If death be such, why is your fear so
rife?

CICERO. My works will show I never fear'd my
life.

CORNELIA. And yet you will not that (in our distress),
We ask death's aid to end life's wretchedness.
CICERO. "We neither ought to urge, nor ask a thing,
Wherein we see so much assurance lies.
But if perhaps some fierce, offended king,
(To fright us) set pale death before our eyes,
To force us do that goes against our heart;
'Twere more than base in us to dread his dart.
But when, for fear of an ensuing ill,
We seek to shorten our appointed race,
Then 'tis for fear that we ourselves do kill,
So fond we are to fear the world's disgrace."
CORNELIA. 'Tis not for frailty or faint cowardice,
That men (to shun mischances) seek for death;
But rather he, that seeks it, shows himself
Of certain courage 'gainst uncertain chance.
"He that retires not at the threats of death,
Is not, as are the vulgar, slightly fray'd.[1]
For heaven itself, nor hell's infectious breath,
The resolute at any time have stayed.
And (sooth to say) why fear we, when we see
The thing we fear less than the fear to be?"
Then let me die, my liberty to save;
For 'tis a death to live a tyrant's slave.
CICERO. Daughter, beware how you provoke the heavens,
Which in our bodies (as a tower of strength)
Have plac'd our souls, and fortify'd the same;
As discreet princes set their garrisons

[1] Affrighted. So, in "Wily Beguiled," 1606: "I 'll attire myself fit for the same purpose like to some hellish hag or damned fiend, and meet with Sophos wand'ring in the woods: O, I shall *fray* him terribly." *Ibid.*: "He'll make himself like a devil, and *fray* the scholar." *Ibid.*: "Why, didst thou *fray* him?"

In strongest places of their provinces.
"Now, as it is not lawful for a man,
At such a king's departure or decease,
To leave the place, and falsify his faith;
So, in this case, we ought not to surrender
That dearer part, till heaven itself command it:
For as they lent us life to do us pleasure,
So look they for return of such a treasure."

CHORUS. "Whate'er the massy earth hath fraight,
Or on her nurselike back sustains,
Upon the will of Heaven doth wait,
And doth no more than it ordains.
All fortunes, all felicities,
Upon their motion do depend:
And from the stars doth still arise
Both their beginning and their end.
The monarchies, that cover all
This earthly round with majesty,
Have both their rising and their fall
From heaven and heaven's variety.
Frail men, or man's more frail defence,
Had never power to practise stays
Of this celestial influence,
That governeth and guides our days.
No cloud but will be overcast;
And what now flourisheth, must fade;
And that that fades, revives at last,
To flourish as it first was made.
The forms of things do never die,
Because the matter that remains
Reforms another thing thereby,
That still the former shape retains.
The roundness of two bowls cross-cast,
(So they with equal pace be aim'd),
Shows their beginning by their last,
Which by old nature is new-fram'd.

So peopled cities, that of yore
 Were desert field, where none would bide,
Become forsaken as before,
 Yet after are re-edified."
Perceive we not a petty vein,
 Cut from a spring by chance or art,
Engendereth fountains, whence again
 Those fountains do to floods convert?
Those floods to waves, those waves to seas,
 That oft exceed their wonted bounds:
And yet those seas (as heavens please)
 Return to springs by under-grounds.
E'en so our city (in her prime)
 Prescribing princes every thing,
Is now subdu'd by conquering time,
 And liveth subject to a king,
And yet perhaps the sun-bright crown,
 That now the tyrant's head doth deck,
May turn to Rome with true renown,
 If fortune chance but once to check.
The stately walls that once were rear'd,
 And by a shepherd's hands erect,
(With hapless brother's blood besmear'd)
 Shall show by whom they were infect.
And once more unjust Tarquin's frown
 (With arrogance and rage inflam'd)
Shall keep the Roman valour down,
 And Rome itself a while be tam'd.
And chastest Lucrece once again
 (Because her name dishonour'd stood)
Shall by herself be careless slain,
 And make a river of her blood;
Scorning her soul a seat should build
 Within a body basely seen,
By shameless rape to be defil'd,
 That erst was clear as heaven's queen.

But, heavens, as tyranny shall yoke
 Our bastard hearts with servile thrall;
So grant your plagues (which they provoke)
 May light upon them once for all.
And let another Brutus rise,
 Bravely to fight in Rome's defence,
To free our town from tyranny,
 And tyranny's [1] proud insolence.

ACT III.

CORNELIA, CHORUS.

[CORNELIA.] The cheerful cock (the sad night's comforter)
Waiting upon the rising of the sun,
Doth sing to see how Cynthia shrinks her horn,
While Clytia takes her progress to the east;
Where, wringing wet with drops of silver dew,
Her wonted tears of love she doth renew.
The wand'ring swallow, with her broken song,
The country-wench unto her work awakes;
While Cytherea sighing walks to seek
Her murder'd love transform'd into a rose;
Whom (though she see) to crop she kindly fears;
But (kissing) sighs, and dews him with her tears:
Sweet tears of love, remembrancers to time,
Time past with me, that am to tears converted;
Whose mournful passions dull the morning's joys,
Whose sweeter sleeps are turn'd to fearful dreams:
And whose first fortunes (fill'd with all distress)
Afford no hope of future happiness.
But what disastrous or hard accident

[1] [Old copies, *tyrannous.*]

Hath bath'd your blubber'd eyes in bitter tears,
That thus consort me in my misery?
Why do you beat your breasts? Why mourn you so?
Say, gentle sisters, tell me, and believe
It grieves me that I know not why you grieve.
CHORUS. O poor Cornelia, have not we good cause,
For former wrongs to furnish us with tears?
CORNELIA. O, but I fear that Fortune seeks new flaws,
And still (unsatisfied) more hatred bears.
CHORUS. Wherein can Fortune farther injure us,
Now we have lost our conquer'd liberty,
Our commonwealth, our empire, and our honours,
Under this cruel Tarquin's tyranny?
Under this outrage now are all our goods,
Where scattered they run by land and sea
(Like exil'd us) from fertile Italy,
To proudest Spain or poorest Getuly.[1]
CORNELIA. And will the heavens, that have so oft defended
Our Roman wars from fury of fierce kings,
Not once again return our senators,
That from the Libyc plains and Spanish fields
With fearless hearts do guard our Roman hopes?
Will they not once again encourage them
To fill our fields with blood of enemies,
And bring from Afric to our Capitol,
Upon their helms the empire that is stole?
Then, home-born household gods, and ye good spirits,
To whom in doubtful things we seek access,

[1] [Getullum, in Tripoli. See Hazlitt's "Classical Gazetteer," *in v.*]

By whom our family hath been adorn'd,
And graced with the name of African;
Do ye vouchsafe that this victorious title
Be not expired in Cornelia's blood?
And that my father now (in th' Afric wars)
The selfsame style by conquest may continue!
But, wretched that I am, alas, I fear——
CHORUS. What fear you, madam?
CORNELIUS. That the frowning heavens
Oppose themselves against us in their wrath.
CHORUS. Our loss (I hope) hath satisfied their ire.
CORNELIA. O no, our loss lifts Cæsar's fortunes high'r.
CHORUS. Fortune is fickle.
CORNELIA. But hath fail'd him never.
CHORUS. The more unlike she should continue ever.
CORNELIA. My fearful dreams do my despairs redouble.
CHORUS. Why suffer your vain dreams your head to trouble?
CORNELIA. Who is not troubled with strange visions?
CHORUS. —that of our spirit are but illusions.
CORNELIA. God grant these dreams to good effect be brought!
CHORUS. We dream by night, what we by day have thought.
CORNELIA. The silent night, that long had sojourned,
Now 'gan to cast her sable mantle off,
And now the sleepy wain-man softly drove
His slow-pac'd team, that long had travelled;
When (like a slumber, if you term it so)
A dulness, that disposeth us to rest,
'Gan close the windows of my watchful eyes,

Already tir'd and loaden with my tears;
And lo (methought) came gliding by my bed
The ghost of Pompey with a ghastly look;
All pale and brawn-fall'n,[1] not in triumph borne
Amongst the conquering Romans, as we us'd,
When he (enthronis'd) at his feet beheld
Great emperors, fast-bound in chains of brass.
But all amaz'd, with fearful hollow eyes,
His hair and beard deform'd with blood and sweat,
Casting a thin coarse linsel o'er his shoulders,
That torn in pieces trail'd upon the ground,
And, gnashing of his teeth, unlock'd his jaws
Which, slightly cover'd with a scarce-seen skin,
This solemn tale he sadly did begin:
Sleep'st thou, Cornelia? sleep'st thou, gentle wife,
And seest thy father's misery and mine?
Wake, dearest sweet, and o'er our sepulchres
In pity show thy latest love to us.
Such hap as ours attendeth on my sons,
The selfsame foe and fortune following them.
Send Sextus over to some foreign nation,
Far from the common hazard of the wars;
That (being yet sav'd) he may attempt no more
To 'venge the valour that is tried before.
He said; and suddenly a trembling horror,
A chill cold shivering (settled in my veins)
Brake up my slumber; when I oped my lips
Three times to cry, but could nor cry nor speak.

[1] Similar to this expression is *chap-fallen*, still used by the vulgar. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Mad Lover," act ii., Calis says *his palate's down*, which seems to have the same signification.

It will be seen by the following quotation from Webster's "Appius and Virginia," 4to, 1654, that brawn-fall'n is something different from what Reed has described it—

"Let
Th' enemies stript arm have his crimson'd *brawns*
Up to the elbowes in your traitorous blood."—Page 9.

I mov'd mine head, and flung abroad mine arms
To entertain him; but his airy spirit
Beguiled mine embracements, and (unkind)
Left me embracing nothing but the wind.
O valiant soul, when shall this soul of mine
Come visit thee in the Elysian shades?
O dearest life, or when shall sweetest death
Dissolve the fatal trouble of my days,
And bless me with my Pompey's company?
But may my father (O extreme mishap!)
And such a number of brave regiments,
Made of so many expert soldiers,
That lov'd our liberty, and follow'd him,
Be so discomfited? O, would it were but an illusion!

CHORUS. Madam, never fear.
Nor let a senseless idol of the night
Increase a more than needful fear in you.

CORNELIA. My fear proceeds not of an idle dream,
For 'tis a truth that hath astonish'd me.
I saw great Pompey, and I heard him speak;
And, thinking to embrace him, op'd mine arms,
When drowsy sleep, that wak'd me at unwares,
Did with his flight unclose my fearful eyes
So suddenly, that yet methinks I see him.
Howbeit I cannot touch him, for he slides
More swiftly from me than the ocean glides.

CHORUS. "These are vain thoughts or melancholy shows,[1]

[1] Dryden and Lee, in their tragedy of "Oedipus," act iv. sc. 1, have the following beautiful passage, which may be compared with the present—

"When the sun sets, shadows, that show'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible;
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,

That wont to haunt and trace by cloister'd tombs:
Which eaths [1] appear in sad and strange disguises
To pensive minds, deceived with their shadows;
They counterfeit the dead in voice and figure,
Divining of our future miseries.
For when our soul the body hath disgag'd,
It seeks the common passage of the dead,
Down by the fearful gates of Acheron;
Where, when it is by Æacus adjudg'd,
It either turneth to the Stygian lake,
Or stays for ever in th' Elysian fields,
And ne'er returneth to the corse interr'd,
To walk by night, or make the wise afraid.
None but inevitable conquering death
Descends to hell, with hope to rise again;
For ghosts of men are lock'd in fiery gates,
Fast-guarded by a fell remorseless monster,
And therefore think not it was Pompey's sprite,
But some false demon that beguil'd your sight.

[*Exit.*

Enter CICERO.

CICERO. Then, O world's queen! O town that did extend

Owls, ravens, crickets seem the watch of death,
Nature's worst vermin scare her god-like sons.
Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babling ghosts, and call us to our graves:
Each molehill thought swells to a huge Olympus,
While we fantastick dreamers heave and puff,
And sweat with an imagination's weight;
As if, like Atlas, with these mortal shoulders
We could sustain the burden of the world."

[1] *i.e.*, Easy, easily. *Eath* is an old Saxon word, signifying ease. Hence *uneath* [or *unneth*] for *uneasily*, [or, rather, *scarcely*.] So, in the "Second Part of Henry VI.," act ii. sc. 4—

"*Uneath* may she endure the flinty streets."—*S.*

Again, in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," B. iv. c. 12. § 1—

"For much more *eath* to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation."

Thy conquering arms beyond the ocean,
And throng'dst thy conquests from the Libyan shores,
Down to the Scythian swift-foot fearless porters,[1]
Thou art embas'd;[2] and at this instant yield'st
Thy proud neck to a miserable yoke.
Rome, thou art tam'd, and th' earth, dew'd with thy blood,
Doth laugh to see how thou art signioris'd.
The force of heaven exceeds thy former strength:
For thou, that wont'st to tame and conquer all,
Art conquer'd now with an eternal fall.
Now shalt thou march, thy hands fast-bound behind thee,[3]

[1] Probably booters.—*S. P.*

S. P. [Dr Pegge] would read *booters;* but he ought to have known that the *Scythians* were contemptuously styled *porters*, because they *carried* their huts and families about with them in wains; omnia sua secum *portantes*. So Lucan, lib. ii. v. 641—

"Pigra palus *Scythici* patiens Mæotica *plaustri*."

Again, Horace, "Carm.," lib. iii. Od. 24—

"Campestres melius *Scythæ*,
Quorum *plaustra* vagas rite trahunt domos."

After all, what could *booters* mean? Unless S. P. designed to characterise the *Scythians*, as Homer does his countrymen, *ἐϋκνήμιδες* Ἀχαιοί, the well-*booted* Greeks. [Il. a. 17.] Free-*booters*, indeed, is used for plunderers; but I know not that *booters* is ever employed, unless in conjunction with some epithet that fixes its meaning.—*S.*

[2] Dishonoured. So in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," B. iii. sc. 1. § 12—

"Thus reconcilement was between them knitt,
Through goodly temp'rance and affection chaste;
And either vow'd with all their power and witt,
To let not other's honour be defaste,
Of friend or foe, who ever it *embaste*."

[3] Mr Steevens observes that this passage is very like the following in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," act iv. sc. 12—

Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears besprent,
Before the victor; while thy rebel son,
With crowned front triumphing follows thee.
Thy bravest captains, whose courageous hearts
(Joined with the right) did reinforce our hopes,
Now murder'd lie for fowl to feed upon.
Petreus, Cato, and Scipio, are slain,
And Juba, that amongst the Moors did reign.
Now you, whom both the gods and fortune's grace
Hath sav'd from danger in these furious broils,
Forbear to tempt the enemy again,
For fear you feel a third calamity.
Cæsar is like a brightly-flaming blaze,
That fiercely burns a house already fir'd;
And, ceaseless launching out on every side,
Consumes the more, the more you seek to quench it,
Still darting sparkles, till it find a train
To seize upon, and then it flames amain.
The men, the ships, wherewith poor Rome affronts[1] him,
All powerless give proud Cæsar's wrath free passage.

"Would'st thou be windowed in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar drawn before him branded
His baseness that ensued?"

[1] *To affront* is to meet directly. As in "Fuimus Troes," act ii. sc. 1—

"Let's then dismiss the legate with a frown;
And draw our forces toward the sea, to join
With the four kings of Kent, and so *affront*
His first arrival."

And in "Hamlet," act iii. sc. 1—

"That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia."

See Mr Steevens's note on the last passage.

Nought can resist him; all the power we raise,
Turns but to our misfortune and his praise.
'Tis thou, O Rome, that nurs'd his insolence;
'Tis thou, O Rome, that gav'st him first the sword,
Which murd'rer-like against thyself he draws,
And violates both God and Nature's laws.
Like moral Æsop's misled country swain,
That found a serpent pining in the snow,
And full of foolish pity took it up,
And kindly laid it by his household fire,
Till (waxen warm) it nimbly 'gan to stir,
And stung to death the fool that foster'd her.
O gods! that once had care of these our walls,
And fearless kept us from th' assault of foes:
Great Jupiter, to whom our Capitol
So many oxen yearly sacrific'd;
Minerva, Stator, and stout Thracian Mars,
Father to good Quirinus our first founder;
To what intent have ye preserv'd our town,
This stately town, so often hazarded
Against the Samnites, Sabines, and fierce Latins?
Why, from once footing in our fortresses
Have ye repell'd the lusty warlike Gauls?
Why from Molossus and false Hannibal
Have ye reserv'd the noble Romulists?
Or why from Cat'line's lewd conspiracies
Preserv'd ye Rome by my prevention?
To cast so soon a state, so long defended,
Into the bondage where (enthrall'd) we pine?
To serve (no stranger, but amongst us) one
That with blind frenzy buildeth up his throne?
But if in us be any vigour resting,
If yet our hearts retain one drop of blood,
Cæsar, thou shalt not vaunt thy conquest long,
Nor longer hold us in this servitude.
Nor shalt thou bathe thee longer in our blood:
For I divine, that thou must vomit it,

Like to a cur that carrion hath devour'd,
And cannot rest, until his maw be scour'd.
Think'st thou to signiorise, or be the king
Of such a number nobler than thyself?
Or think'st thou Romans bear such bastard hearts.
To let thy tyranny be unreveng'd?
No; for methinks I see the shame, the grief,
The rage, the hatred that they have conceived,
And many a Roman sword already drawn,
T' enlarge the liberty that thou usurp'st,
And thy dismember'd body (stabb'd and torn),
Dragg'd through the streets, disdained to be borne.
[*Exit.*

Enter CORNELIA [*and to her* PHILIP].

PHILIP. Amongst the rest of mine extreme mishaps,
I find my fortune not the least in this,
That I have kept my master company,
Both in his life and at his latest hour:
Pompey the great, whom I have honoured
With true devotion both alive and dead.
One selfsame ship contain'd us, when I saw
The murd'ring Egyptians bereave his life;
And when the man that had affright the earth,
Did homage to it with his dearest blood;
O'er whom I shed full many a bitter tear,
And did perform his exequies with sighs:
And on the strand upon the river-side
(Where to my sighs the water seem'd to turn),
I wove a coffin for his corse of segs,[1]
That with the wind did wave like bannerets,
And laid his body to be burn'd thereon;
Which, when it was consum'd, I kindly took,
And sadly clos'd within an earthen urn

[1] Sedges.—*S.*

The ashy relics of his hapless bones;
Which having 'scap'd the rage of wind and sea,
I bring to fair Cornelia to inter
Within his elders' tomb, that honour'd her.
CORNELIA. Ah me! what see I?
PHILIP. Pompey's tender bones,
Which (in extremes) an earthen urn containeth.
CORNELIA. O sweet, dear, deplorable cinders?
O miserable woman, living—dying!
O poor Cornelia! born to be distress'd,
Why liv'st thou toil'd, that (dead) might'st lie at rest?
O faithless hands, that under cloak of love
Did entertain him, to torment him so!
O barbarous, inhumane, hateful traitors!
This your disloyal dealing hath defam'd
Your king and his inhospitable seat
Of the extremest and most odious crime,
That 'gainst the heavens might be imagined.
For ye have basely broke the law of arms,
And outrag'd over an afflicted soul;
Murder'd a man that did submit himself,
And injur'd him that ever us'd you kindly.
For which misdeed be Egypt pestered
With battle, famine, and perpetual plagues!
Let aspics, serpents, snakes, and Libyan bears,
Tigers and lions, breed with you for ever!
And let fair Nilus (wont to nurse your corn)
Cover your land with toads and crocodiles,
That may infect, devour, and murder you!
Else earth make way, and hell receive them quick—
A hateful race, 'mongst whom there doth abide
All treason, luxury, and homicide.
PHILIP. Cease these laments.
CORNELIA. I do but what I ought
To mourn his death.
PHILIP. Alas! that profits nought.

CORNELIA. Will Heaven let treason be unpunished?

PHILIP. Heavens will perform what they have promised.

CORNELIA. I fear the heavens will not hear our prayer.

PHILIP. The plaints of men oppress'd do pierce the air.

CORNELIA. Yet Cæsar liveth still.

PHILIP. "Due punishment
Succeeds not always after an offence:
For oftentimes 'tis for our chastisement,
That Heaven doth with wicked men dispense,
That, when they list, they may with usury
For all misdeeds pay home the penalty."

CORNELIA. This is the hope that feeds my hapless days,
Else had my life been long ago expired.
I trust the gods, that see our hourly wrongs,
Will fire his shameful body with their flames;
Except some man (resolved) shall conclude
With Cæsar's death to end our servitude.
Else (God to-fore) myself may live to see
His tired corse lie toiling in his blood:
Gor'd with a thousand stabs, and round about
The wronged people leap for inward joy.
And then come, Murder: then come, ugly Death:
Then, Lethe, open thine infernal lake!
I'll down with joy: because, before I died,
Mine eyes have seen what I in heart desir'd.
Pompey may not revive, and (Pompey dead)
Let me but see the murd'rer murdered.

PHILIP. Cæsar bewail'd his death.

CORNELIA. His death he mourned,
Whom while he liv'd, to live like him he scorn'd.

PHILIP. He punished his murd'rers.

CORNELIA. Who murder'd him,

But he that followed Pompey with the sword?
He murder'd Pompey that pursued his death,
And cast the plot to catch him in the trap.
He that of his departure took the spoil,
Whose fell ambition (founded first in blood)
By nought but Pompey's life could be withstood.

PHILIP. Photin and false Achillas he beheaded.

CORNELIA. That was because that, Pompey being their friend,
They had determined once of Cæsar's end.

PHILIP. What got he by his death?

CORNELIA. Supremacy.

PHILIP. Yet Cæsar speaks of Pompey honourably.

CORNELIA. Words are but wind, nor meant he what he spoke.

PHILIP. He will not let his statues[1] to be broke.

CORNELIA. By which disguise (whate'er he doth pretend)
His own from being broke he doth defend:
And by the trains, wherewith he us allures,
His own estate more firmly he assures.

PHILIP. He took no pleasure in his death, you see.

CORNELIA. Because himself of life did not bereave him.

PHILIP. Nay, he was mov'd with former amity.

CORNELIA. He never trusted him but to deceive him.
But, had he lov'd him with a love unfeign'd,
Yet had it been a vain and trustless league:
"For there is nothing in the soul of man
So firmly grounded, as can qualify
Th' inextinguishable thirst of signiory.
Not Heaven's fear, nor country's sacred love,
Not ancient laws, nor nuptial chaste desire:
Respect of blood, or (that which most should move)

[1] See Suetonius, *Jul.* c. 75.—*S. P.*

The inward zeal that nature doth require:
All these, nor anything we can devise,
Can stop the heart resolv'd to tyrannise."

PHILIP. I fear your griefs increase with this discourse.

CORNELIA. My griefs are such, as hardly can be worse.

PHILIP. "Time calmeth all things."

CORNELIA. No time qualifies
My doleful spirit's endless miseries.
My grief is like a rock, whence ceaseless strain
Fresh springs of water at my weeping eyes,
Still fed by thoughts, like floods with winter's rain:
For when, to ease th' oppression of my heart,
I breathe an autumn forth of fiery sighs,
Yet herewithal my passion neither dies,
Nor dries the heat the moisture of mine eyes.

PHILIP. Can nothing then recure these endless tears?

CORNELIA. Yes, news of Cæsar's death that med'cine bears.

PHILIP. Madam, beware; for, should he hear of this,
His wrath against you 'twill exasperate.

CORNELIA. I neither stand in fear of him nor his.

PHILIP. 'Tis policy to fear a powerful hate.

CORNELIA. What can he do?

PHILIP. Madam, what cannot men,
That have the power to do what pleaseth them?

CORNELIA. He can do me no mischief that I dread.

PHILIP. Yes, cause your death.

CORNELIA. Thrice happy, were I dead.

PHILIP. With rigorous torments.

CORNELIA. Let him torture me,
Pull me in pieces, famish, fire me up,
Fling me alive into a lion's den:

There is no death so hard torments me so,
As his extreme triumphing in our woe.
But if he will torment me, let him then
Deprive me wholly of the hope of death;
For I had died before the fall of Rome,
And slept with Pompey in the peaceful deeps,
Save that I live in hope to see, ere long,
That Cæsar's death shall satisfy his wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS. Fortune in power imperious
Us'd o'er the world and worldlings thus
To tyrannise:
When she hath heap'd her gifts on us,
Away she flies.
Her feet more swift than is the wind,
Are more inconstant in their kind
Than autumn's blasts:
A woman's shape, a woman's mind,
That seldom lasts.
One while she bends her angry brow,
And of no labour will allow:
Another while
She fleers again, I know not how,
Still to beguile.
Fickle in our adversities,
And fickle when our fortunes rise,
She scoffs at us:
That (blind herself) can blear our eyes,
To trust her thus.
The sun that lends the earth his light,
Beheld her never over-night
Lie calmly down,
But, in the morning following, might
Perceive her frown.
She hath not only power and will
T' abuse the vulgar wanting skill;
But when she list,

To kings and clowns doth equal ill
Without resist.
Mischance, that every man abhors,
And cares for crowned emperors
She doth reserve,
As for the poorest labourers
That work or starve:
The merchant, that for private gain
Doth send his ships to pass the main,
Upon the shore,
In hope he shall his wish obtain,
Doth thee adore.
Upon the sea or on the land,
Where health or wealth, or vines do stand,
Thou canst do much,
And often help'st the helpless band:
Thy power is such.
And many times (disposed to jest)
'Gainst one whose power and cause is best
(Thy power to try):
To him that ne'er put spear in rest
Giv'st victory.
For so the Libyan monarchy,
That with Ausonian blood did dye
Our warlike field,
To one that ne'er got victory
Was urg'd to yield.
So noble Marius, Arpin's friend,
That did the Latin state defend
From Cymbrian rage,
Did prove thy fury in the end,
Which nought could 'suage.
And Pompey, whose days haply led,
So long thou seem'dst t' have favoured
In vain, 'tis said,
When the Pharsalian field he led,
Implor'd thine aid.

Now Cæsar, swoll'n with honour's heat,
Sits signiorising in her seat,
And will not see,
That Fortune can her hopes defeat,
Whate'er they be.
From chance is nothing franchised;
And till the time that they are dead,
Is no man blest;
He only, that no death doth dread,
Doth live at rest. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

CASSIUS, DECIMUS BRUTUS.

CASSIUS. Accursed Rome, that arm'st against thyself
A tyrant's rage, and mak'st a wretch thy king.
For one man's pleasure (O injurious Rome!)
Thy children 'gainst thy children thou hast arm'd:
And think'st not of the rivers of their blood,
That erst were shed to save thy liberty,
Because thou ever hatedst monarchy.
Now o'er our bodies (tumbled up on heaps,
Like cocks of hay, when July shears the field),
Thou build'st thy kingdom, and thou seat'st thy king,
And to be servile (which torments me most)
Employest our lives, and lavishest our blood.
O Rome, accursed Rome, thou murd'rest us,
And massacrest thyself in yielding thus.
Yet are there gods, yet is there heaven and earth,
That seem to fear a certain Thunderer?
No, no, there are no gods; or, if there be,
They leave to see into the world's affairs:
They care not for us, nor account of men,

For what we see is done, is done by chance.
'Tis Fortune rules; for equity and right
Have neither help nor grace in Heaven's sight.
Scipio hath wrench'd a sword into his breast,
And launch'd his bleeding wound into the sea.
Undaunted Cato tore his entrails out.
Affranius and Faustus murder'd died.
Juba and Petreus, fiercely combating,
Have each done other equal violence.
Our army's broken, and the Libyan bears
Devour the bodies of our citizens.
The conquering tyrant, high in Fortune's grace,
Doth ride triumphing o'er our commonwealth;
And mournful we behold him bravely mounted
(With stern looks) in his chariot, where he leads
The conquer'd honour of the people yok'd.
So Rome to Cæsar yields both power and pelf,
And o'er Rome Cæsar reigns in Rome itself.
But, Brutus, shall we dissolutely sit,
And see the tyrant live to tyrannise?
Or shall their ghosts, that died to do us good,
'Plain in their tombs of our base cowardice?
Shall lamed soldiers and grave grey-hair'd men
Point at us in their bitter tears, and say:
See where they go that have their race forgot!
And rather choose (unarm'd) to serve with shame,
Than (arm'd) to save their freedom and their fame?

BRUTUS. I swear by heaven, the Immortals' highest throne,
Their temples, altars, and their images,
To see (for one) that Brutus suffer not
His ancient liberty to be repress'd.
I freely march'd with Cæsar in his wars,
Not to be subject, but to aid his right.
But if (envenom'd with ambitious thoughts)
He lift his hand imperiously o'er us;
If he determine but to reign in Rome,

Or follow'd Pompey but to this effect;
Or if (these civil discords now dissolv'd)
He render not the empire back to Rome;
Then shall he see, that Brutus this day bears
The selfsame arms to be aveng'd on him;
And that this hand (though Cæsar blood abhor)
Shall toil in his, which I am sorry for.
I love, I love him dearly. "But the love,
That men their country and their birthright bear,
Exceeds all loves; and dearer is by far
Our country's love, than friends or children are."

CASSIUS. If this brave care be nourish'd in your blood,
Or if so frank a will your soul possess,
Why haste we not, even while these words are utter'd,
To sheathe our new-ground swords in Cæsar's throat?
Why spend we daylight, and why dies he not,
That by his death we wretches may revive?
We stay too long: I burn, till I be there
To see this massacre, and send his ghost
To theirs, whom (subtly) he for monarchy
Made fight to death with show of liberty.

BRUTUS. Yet haply he (as Sylla whilom did)
When he hath rooted civil war from Rome,
Will therewithal discharge the power he hath.

CASSIUS. Cæsar and Sylla, Brutus, be not like.
Sylla (assaulted by the enemy)
Did arm himself (but in his own defence)
Against both Cinna's host and Marius;
Whom when he had discomfited and chas'd,
And of his safety throughly was assur'd,
He laid apart the power that he had got,
And gave up rule, for he desired it not.
Where Cæsar, that in silence might have slept,
Nor urg'd by aught but his ambition,

Did break into the heart of Italy;
And like rude Brennus brought his men to field:
Travers'd the seas, and shortly after (back'd
With winter'd soldiers us'd to conquering),
He aim'd at us, bent to exterminate
Whoever sought to intercept his state:
Now, having got what he hath gaped for,
(Dear Brutus) think you Cæsar such a child,
Slightly to part with so great signiory?
Believe it not, he bought it dear, you know,
And travelled too far to leave it so.

BRUTUS. But, Cassius, Cæsar is not yet a king.

CASSIUS. No, but dictator; in effect as much.
He doth what pleaseth him—a princely thing.
And wherein differ they, whose power is such?

BRUTUS. He is not bloody.

CASSIUS. But by bloody jars
He hath unpeopl'd most part of the earth.
Both Gaul and Afric perish'd by his wars;
Egypt, Emathia, Italy, and Spain,
Are full of dead men's bones by Cæsar slain.
Th' infectious plague and famine's bitterness,
Or th' ocean (whom no pity can assuage),
Though they contain dead bodies numberless,
Are yet inferior to Cæsar's rage;
Who (monster-like) with his ambition
Hath left more tombs than ground to lay them on.

BRUTUS. Soldiers with such reproach should not be blam'd.

CASSIUS. He with his soldiers hath himself defam'd.

BRUTUS. Why, then, you think there is no praise in war.

CASSIUS. Yes, where the causes reasonable are.

BRUTUS. He hath enrich'd the empire with new states.

CASSIUS. Which with ambition now he ruinates.

BRUTUS. He hath reveng'd the Gauls' old injury,
And made them subject to our Roman laws.
CASSIUS. The restful Almains with his cruelty
He rashly stirr'd against us without cause;
And hazarded our city and ourselves
Against a harmless nation, kindly given;
To whom we should do well (for some amends)
To render him, and reconcile old friends.
These nations did he purposely provoke,
To make an army for his after-aid
Against the Romans, whom in policy
He train'd in war to steal their signiory.
"Like them that (striving at th' Olympian sports,
To grace themselves with honour of the game)
Anoint their sinews fit for wrestling,
And (ere they enter) use some exercise."
The Gauls were but a fore-game fetch'd about
For civil discord, wrought by Cæsar's sleights:
Whom (to be king himself) he soon remov'd:
Teaching a people hating servitude
To fight for that, that did their deaths conclude.
BRUTUS. The wars once ended, we shall quickly know,
Whether he will restore the state or no.
CASSIUS. No, Brutus, never look to see that day,
For Cæsar holdeth signiory too dear.
But know, while Cassius hath one drop of blood
To feed this worthless body that you see,
What reck I death to do so many good?
In spite of Cæsar, Cassius will be free.
BRUTUS. A generous or true ennobled spirit
Detests to learn what tastes of servitude.
CASSIUS. Brutus, I cannot serve nor see Rome yok'd;
No, let me rather die a thousand deaths.
"The stiff-neck'd horses champ not on the bit,

Nor meekly bear the rider but by force:
The sturdy oxen toil not at the plough,
Nor yield unto the yoke, but by constraint."
Shall we then, that are men and Romans born,
Submit us to unurged slavery?
Shall Rome, that hath so many overthrown,
Now make herself a subject to her own?
O base indignity! A beardless youth,
Whom king Nicomedes could overreach,
Commands the world, and bridleth all the earth,
And like a prince controls the Romulists;
Brave Roman soldiers, stern-born sons of Mars,
And none, not one, that dares to undertake
The intercepting of his tyranny.
O Brutus, speak! O say, Servilius!
Why cry you aim![1] and see us used thus?
But Brutus lives, and sees, and knows, and feels,
That there is one that curbs their country's weal.
Yet (as he were the semblance, not the son,

[1] In the former edition Mr Dodsley had substituted, instead of the words in the text, *cry you ah me!* The alteration was, however, entirely unnecessary. *To cry aim*, signified, as Dr Warburton observes, *to consent to*, or *approve of anything*. "The phrase was taken originally from archery. When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts (the perpetual diversion, as well as exercise, of that time), the standers-by used to say one to the other, *Cry aim*, *i.e.*, accept the challenge." See Dr Warburton's note on "Merry Wives of Windsor," act ii. sc. 3, where he has produced several examples of the use of the phrase. Dr Johnson says, "I once thought that it was borrowed from archery; and that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we now say, *present!* to cry *aim* had been *to incite notice*, or raise attention. But I rather think that the old word of applause was *J'aime*, *I love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the English, not easily pronouncing *je*, sunk into *aime* or *aim*." Mr Steevens is of opinion that Dr Johnson's first thought is best. See Notes on "King John," act ii. sc. 1. To the several instances produced by these gentlemen the

Of noble Brutus, his great grandfather) :
As if he wanted hands, sense, sight, or heart,
He doth, deviseth, sees, nor dareth ought,
That may extirp or raze these tyrannies.
Nor ought doth Brutus that to Brute belongs,
But still increaseth by his negligence
His own disgrace and Cæsar's violence.
The wrong is great, and overlong endur'd ;
We should have practis'd, conspir'd, conjured
A thousand ways and weapons to repress,
Or kill outright, this cause of our distress.

CHORUS. Who prodigally spends his blood
Bravely to do his country good,
And liveth to no other end,
But resolutely to attempt,
What may the innocent defend,
And bloody tyrants' rage prevent :

And he that, in his soul assur'd,
Hath water's force and fire endur'd,
And pass'd the pikes of thousand hosts,
To free the earth from tyranny,
And fearless scours on dang'rous coasts,
T' enlarge his country's liberty :

Were all the world his foes before,
Now shall they love him evermore ;
His glory, spread abroad by Fame

following may be added :—Middleton and Rowley's "Fair Quarrel," act i. sc. 1—

"How now, gallants?
Beleeve me, then, I must *give aime* no longer."

Beaumont and Fletcher's "False One," act v. sc. 4, edit. [Dyce, vi. 305]—

"By Venus, not a kiss
'Till our work be done! The traitors once despatched,
To it, and we'll *cry aim.*"

It is remarkable that Mr Seward had made the same alteration in the last passage, and consequently fallen into the same mistake as Mr Dodsley had in the text.

On wings of his posterity,
From obscure death shall free his name,
To live in endless memory.

All after-ages shall adore,
And honour him with hymns therefore.
Yearly the youth for joy shall bring
The fairest flowers that grow in Rome ;
And yearly in the summer sing,
O'er his heroic kingly tomb.

For so the two Athenians,
That from their fellow-citizens
Did freely chase vile servitude,
Shall live for valiant prowess blest ;
No sepulchre shall e'er exclude
Their glory, equal with the best.

But when the vulgar, mad and rude,
Repay good with ingratitude,
Hardly then they them reward,
That to free them from the hands
Of a tyrant, ne'er regard
In what plight their person stands.

For high Jove, that guideth all,
When he lets his just wrath fall,
To revenge proud diadems,
With huge cares did cross kings' lives,
Raising treasons in their realms
By their children, friends, or wives.

Therefore he, whom all men fear,
Feareth all men everywhere.
Fear, that doth engender hate
(Hate enforcing them thereto),
Maketh many undertake
Many things they would not do.

O, how many mighty kings
Live in fear of petty things!
For when kings have sought by wars
Stranger towns to have o'erthrown,
They have caught deserved scars,
Seeking that was not their own.

For no tyrant commonly,
Living ill, can kindly die;
But either traitorously surpris'd
Doth coward poison quail[1] their breath,
Or their people have devis'd,
On their guard, to seek their death.

He only lives most happily
That, free and far from majesty,
Can live content, although unknown;
He fearing none, none fearing him:
Meddling with nothing but his own,
While gazing eyes at crowns grow dim.

[*Exit.*

Enter CÆSAR *and* MARK ANTONY.

CÆSAR. O Rome, that with thy pride dost overpeer
The worthiest cities of the conquer'd world;
Whose honour, got by famous victories,
Hath filled heaven's fiery vaults with frightful horror!
O lofty towers! O stately battlements!
O glorious temples! O proud palaces!
And you brave walls, bright heaven's masonry,
Grac'd with a thousand kingly diadems!
Are ye not stirred with a strange delight,
To see your Cæsar's matchless victories?

[1] [Quell, or overcome.]

And how your empire and your praise begins
Through fame, which he of stranger nations wins?
O beauteous Tiber, with thine easy streams,
That glide as smoothly as a Parthian shaft!
Turn not thy crispy [1] tides like silver curl,
Back to thy grass-green banks to welcome us;
And with a gentle murmur haste to tell
The foaming seas the honour of our fight?
Trudge not thy streams to Triton's mariners,
To bruit the praises of our conquest past?
And make their vaunts to old Oceanus,
That henceforth Tiber shall salute the seas,
More fam'd than Tiger or fair Euphrates?
Now all the world (well-nigh) doth stoop to Rome:
The sea, the earth, and all is almost ours.
Be't, where the bright sun with his neighbour beams
Doth early light the pearled Indians,
Or where his chariot stays to stop the day,
Till heaven unlock the darkness of the night.
Be't, where the sea is wrapt in crystal ice,
Or where the summer doth but warm the earth.
Or here, or there, where is not Rome renown'd?
There lives no king (how great soe'er he be)
But trembleth if he once but hear of me.
Cæsar is now earth's fame and Fortune's terror,
And Cæsar's worth hath stain'd old soldiers' praises.

[1] *Crispy* is curling. So, in Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," act i. sc. 3—

> "Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
> Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
> Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
> Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
> And hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank,
> Blood-stained with these valiant combatants."

See Mr Steevens's note on this passage.

Rome, speak no more of either Scipio,
Nor of the Fabii, or Fabricians;
Here let the Decii and their glory die.
Cæsar hath tam'd more nations, ta'en more towns,
And fought more battles than the best of them.
Cæsar doth triumph over all the world,
And all they scarcely conquered a nook.
The Gauls, that came to Tiber to carouse,
Did live to see my soldiers drink at Loire;
And those brave Germans, true-born martialists,
Beheld the swift Rhine under-run mine ensigns.
The Britons (lock'd within a wat'ry realm,
And wall'd by Neptune) stoop'd to me at last.
The faithless Moor, the fierce Numidian,
Th' earth that the Euxine sea makes sometimes marsh,
The stony-hearted people that inhabit,
Where sevenfold Nilus doth disgorge itself,
Have all been urg'd to yield to my command:
Yea, even this city, that hath almost made
An universal conquest of the world;
And that brave warrior, my brother-in-law,
That (ill-advis'd) repined at my glory:
Pompey, that second Mars, whose haught'[1] renown
And noble deeds were greater than his fortunes,
Prov'd to his loss, but even in one assault
My hand, my hap, my heart exceeded his,
When the Thessalian fields were purpled o'er
With either army's murder'd soldiers' gore;

[1] This word is common to many writers. As, Shakespeare's "Third Part of Henry VI.," act ii. sc. 1—

> "The proud, insulting queen,
> With Clifford, and the *haught* Northumberland.'

See several examples in Mr Steevens's note on the last passage.

When he, to conquering accustomed,
Did conquered fly, his troops discomfited.
Now Scipio, that long'd to show himself
Descent of African (so fam'd for arms),
He durst affront me and my warlike bands
Upon the coasts of Libya, till he lost
His scatter'd army, and to shun the scorn
Of being taken captive, kill'd himself.
Now therefore let us triumph, Antony;
And, rend'ring thanks to Heaven as we go,
For bridling those that did malign our glory,
Let's to the Capitol.

ANTONY. Come on, brave Cæsar,
And crown thy head and mount thy chariot.
Th' impatient people run along the streets,
And in a rout against thy gates they rush,
To see their Cæsar after danger's past,
Made conqueror and emperor at last.

CÆSAR. I call to witness heaven's great Thunderer,
That 'gainst my will I have maintain'd this war.
Nor thirsted I for conquests bought with blood.
I joy not in the death of citizens;
But, through my self-will'd enemies' despite
And Romans' wrong, was I constrain'd to fight.

ANTONY. They sought t' eclipse thy fame; but destiny
Revers'd th' effect of their ambition;
And Cæsar's praise increas'd by their disgrace,
That reck'd not of his virtuous deeds. But thus
We see it fareth with the envious.

CÆSAR. I never had the thought to injure them.
Howbeit I never meant my greatness should
By any other's greatness be o'errul'd.
For as I am inferior to none,
So can I suffer no superiors.

ANTONY. Well, Cæsar, now they are discomfited,

And crows are feasted with their carcases;
And yet I fear you have too kindly sav'd
Those, that your kindness hardly will requite.

CÆSAR. Why, Antony, what would you wish me do?

Now shall you see that they will pack to Spain,
And, joined with the exiles there encamp'd,
Until th' ill spirit, that doth them defend,
Do bring their treasons to a bloody end.

ANTONY. I fear not those that to their weapons fly,
And keep their state in Spain, in Spain to die.

CÆSAR. Whom fear'st thou then, Mark Antony?

ANTONY. The hateful crew
That, wanting power in field to conquer you,
Have in their coward souls devised snares
To murder thee, and take thee at unwares.

CÆSAR. Will those conspire my death that live by me?

ANTONY. In conquer'd foes what credit can there be?

CÆSAR. Besides their lives, I did their goods restore.

ANTONY. O, but their country's good concerns them more.

CÆSAR. What, think they me to be their country's foe?

ANTONY. No, but that thou usurp'st the right they owe.[1]

[1] That is, the right they own or possess. So, in the "Virgin Martyr," by Massinger and Decker, act ii. sc. 2—

"Sir, he is more indebted
To you for praise, than you to him that *owes it*."

And in "Othello," act iii. sc. 3—

"Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou *ow'dst* yesterday."

CÆSAR. To Rome have I submitted mighty things.

ANTONY. Yet Rome endures not the command of kings.

CÆSAR. Who dares to contradict our empery?[1]

ANTONY. Those whom thy rule hath robb'd of liberty.

CÆSAR. I fear them not, whose death is but deferr'd.

ANTONY. I fear my foe, until he be interr'd.

CÆSAR. A man may make his foe his friend, you know.

ANTONY. A man may easier make his friend his foe.

CÆSAR. Good deeds the cruel'st heart to kindness bring.

ANTONY. But resolution is a deadly thing.

CÆSAR. If citizens my kindness have forgot,
Whom shall I then not fear?

ANTONY. Those that are not.

CÆSAR. What, shall I slay then all that I suspect?

ANTONY. Else cannot Cæsar empery endure.

CÆSAR. Rather I will my life and all neglect.
Nor labour I my vain life to assure;
But so to die, as dying I may live,
And, leaving off this earthly tomb of mine,
Ascend to heaven upon my winged deeds.
And shall I not have lived long enough,
That in so short a time am so much fam'd?
Can I too soon go taste Cocytus' flood?
No, Antony, death cannot injure us,
"For he lives long that dies victorious."

ANTONY. Thy praises show thy life is long enough,
But for thy friends and country all too short.

[1] [Empire.]

Should Cæsar live as long as Nestor did,
Yet Rome may wish his life eternised.

CÆSAR. Heaven sets our time; with heaven may nought dispense.

ANTONY. But we may shorten time with negligence.

CÆSAR. But Fortune and the heavens have care of us.

ANTONY. Fortune is fickle, heaven imperious.

CÆSAR. What shall I then do?

ANTONY. As befits your state;
Maintain a watchful guard about your gate.

CÆSAR. What more assurance may our state defend,
Than love of those that do on us attend?

ANTONY. There is no hatred more, if it be mov'd,
Than theirs whom we offend, and once belov'd.

CÆSAR. Better it is to die than be suspicious.

ANTONY. 'Tis wisdom yet not to be credulous.

CÆSAR. The quiet life, that carelessly is led,
Is not alonely happy in this world;
But death itself doth sometime pleasure us.
That death, that comes unsent for or unseen,
And suddenly doth take us at unware,
Methinks is sweetest; and, if heaven were pleas'd,
I could desire that I might die so well.
The fear of evil doth afflict us more
Than th' evil itself, though it be ne'er so sore.

[*Exeunt.*

A Chorus of CÆSAR'S *Friends.*

O fair sun, that gently smiles
From the orient-pearled isles,
Gilding these our gladsome days
With the beauty of thy rays:

Free fro' rage of civil strife,
Long preserve our Cæsar's life,
That from sable Afric brings
Conquests, whereof Europe rings.

And fair Venus, thou of whom
The Æneades are come,
Henceforth vary not thy grace
From Iulus' happy race.

Rather cause thy dearest son,
By his triumphs new-begun,
To expel fro' forth the land
Fierce war's quenchless firebrand.

That of care acquitting us
(Who at last adore him thus),
He a peaceful star appear,
From our walls all foes to clear.

And so let his warlike brows
Still be deck'd with laurel-boughs,
And his statues newly set
With many a fresh-flower'd coronet.

So in every place let be
Feasts and masques, and mirthful glee,
Strewing roses in the street,
When their emperor they meet.

He his foes hath conquered,
Never leaving till they fled,
And (abhorring blood) at last
Pardon'd all offences past.

"For high Jove the heavens among
(Their support that suffer wrong)
Doth oppose himself again'
Bloody-minded, cruel men.

"For he shorteneth their days,
Or prolongs them with dispraise:
Or (his greater wrath to show)
Gives them over to their foe."

Cæsar, a citizen so wrong'd
Of the honour him belong'd,
To defend himself from harms
Was enforc'd to take up arms.

For he saw that envy's dart
(Pricking still their poisoned heart,
For his sudden glory got),
Made his envious foe so hot.

Wicked envy, feeding still
Foolish those that do thy will;
For thy poisons in them pour
Sundry passions every hour.

And to choler doth convert
Purest blood about the heart,
Which (o'erflowing of their breast)
Suff'reth nothing to digest.

"Other men's prosperity
Is their infelicity;
And their choler then is rais'd,
When they hear another prais'd.

"Neither Phœbus' fairest eye,
Feasts nor friendly company:
Mirth, or whatsoe'er it be,
With their humour can agree.

"Day or night they never rest,
Spiteful hate so pecks their breast.
Pinching their perplexed lungs
With her fiery poison'd tongues.

"Firebrands in their breasts they bear,
As if Tisiphon were there.
And their souls are pierc'd as sore
As Prometheus' ghost, and more.

"Wretches, they are woe-begone,[1]
For their wound is always one.
Nor hath Charon power or skill
To recure them of their ill." [*Exit.*

ACT V.

MESSENGER, CORNELIA, CHORUS.

MESSENGER. Unhappy man! amongst so many wracks
As I have suffer'd both by land and sea,
That scornful destiny denies my death!
Oft have I seen the ends of mightier men,
Whose coats of steel base death hath stol'n into;
And in this direful war before mine eyes
Beheld their corses scatter'd on the plains,
And endless numbers falling by my side;
Nor those ignoble, but the noblest lords.
'Mongst whom above the rest (that moves me most)
Scipio (my dearest master) is deceas'd;
And death, that sees the noblest[2] blood so rife,

[1] Far gone in woe. Dr Warburton observes: "This word was common enough amongst the old Scottish and English poets, as G. Douglas, Chaucer, Lord Buckhurst, Fairfax. See Notes on "Second Part of Henry IV.," act i. sc. 1., by him and Mr Steevens. Again, in Erasmus's "Praise of Folie," sig. E 3: "As who before represented a kinge, being clothed all in purpre, havinge no more but shifted hymselfe. litle, shoulde shew hymselfe agayne lyke *a woo begon* myser."

[2] [Old copies, *nobles.*]

Full-gorged triumphs, and disdains my life.
CORNELIA. We are undone.
CHORUS. Scipio hath lost the day;
But hope the best, and hearken to his news.
CORNELIA. O cruel fortune!
MESSENGER. These misfortunes yet
Must I report to sad Cornelia;
Whose ceaseless grief (which I am sorry for)
Will aggravate my former misery. [*Aside.*
CORNELIA. Wretch that I am, why leave I not the world?
Or wherefore am I not already dead?
O world! O wretch!
CHORUS. Is this th' undaunted heart,
That is required in extremities?
Be more confirmed. And, madam, let not grief
Abuse your wisdom like a vulgar wit.
Haply the news is better than the noise;
Let's hear him speak.
CORNELIA. O no, for all is lost!
Farewell, dear father.
CHORUS. He is sav'd perhaps.
MESSENGER. Methinks I hear my master's daughter speak.
What sighs, what sobs, what plaints, what passions
Have we endur'd, Cornelia, for your sake?
CORNELIA. Where is thine emperor?
MESSENGER. Where our Captains are.
Where are our legions? where our men at arms?
Or where so many of our Roman souls?
The earth, the sea, the vultures, and the crows,
Lions and bears, are their best sepulchres.
CORNELIA. O miserable!
CHORUS. Now I see the heavens
Are heap'd with rage and horror 'gainst this house.
CORNELIA. O earth! why opest thou not?
CHORUS. Why wail you so?

Assure yourself that Scipio bravely died;
And such a death excels a servile life.
Say, messenger; the manner of his end
Will haply comfort this your discontent.

CORNELIA. Discourse the manner of his hard mishap,
And what disastrous accident did break
So many people, bent so much to fight.

MESSENGER. Cæsar, that wisely knew his soldiers' hearts,
And their desire to be approv'd in arms,
Sought nothing more than to encounter us.
And therefore, (faintly skirmishing) in craft
Lamely they fought, to draw us further on.
Oft (to provoke our wary, well-taught troops)
He would attempt the entrance on our bars:
Nay, even our trenches, to our great disgrace,
And call our soldiers cowards to their face.
But when he saw his wiles nor bitter words
Could draw our captains to endanger us,
Coasting along and following by the foot,
He thought to tire and weary us fro' thence;
And got his willing hosts to march by night
With heavy armour on their hard'ned backs,
Down to the sea-side, where before fair Thapsus,[1]
He made his pioneers, poor weary souls,
The selfsame day to dig and cast new trenches,
And plant strong barricades; where he encamp'd,
Resolv'd by force to hold us hard at work.
Scipio no sooner heard of his designs,
But, being afraid to lose so fit a place,
March'd on the sudden to the selfsame city;
Where few men might do much, which made him see
Of what importance such a town would be.

[1] *Thapsus*, a maritime town in Africa, where Cæsar defeated the remains of Pompey's army.—*Steevens.*

The fields are spread, and as a household-camp
Of creeping emmets in a country-farm,
That come to forage when the cold begins,
Leaving their crannies to go search about,
Cover the earth so thick, as scarce we tread,
But we shall see a thousand of them dead.
Even so our battles, scatter'd on the sand,
Did scour the plains in pursuit of the foe.
One while at Thapsus we begin t' entrench,
To ease our army, if it should retire;
Another while we softly sally forth;
And wakeful Cæsar that doth watch our being,
(When he perceives us marching o'er the plain)
Doth leap for gladness; and (to murder vow'd)
Runs to the tent, for fear we should be gone,
And quickly claps his rusty armour on.
For true it is, that Cæsar brought at first
An host of men to Afric, meanly arm'd;
But such as had brave spirits, and (combating)
Had pow'r and wit to make a wretch a king.
Well, forth to field they marched all at once,
Except some few that stay'd to guard the trench.
Them Cæsar soon and subtly sets in rank,
And every regiment, warned with a word
Bravely to fight for honour of the day.
He shows that ancient soldiers need not fear
Them that they had so oft disordered:
Them that already dream'd of death or flight;
That (tir'd) would ne'er hold out, if once they see,
That they o'erlaid them in the first assault.
Meanwhile our emperor, at all points arm'd,
Whose silver hairs and honourable front
Were (warlike) lock'd within a plumed casque,
In one hand held his targe of steel emboss'd,
And in the other grasp'd his coutelace,[1]

[1] [Cutlass.] "A cuttelas, courtelas, or short sword for a man at armes."—Cotgrave's "Dictionary," *voce coutelas.*

And with a cheerful look survey'd the camp;
Exhorting them to charge, and fight like men,
And to endure whate'er betided them.
For now, quoth he, is come that happy day,
Wherein our country shall approve our love.
Brave Romans, know this is the day and hour,
That we must all live free, or friendly die:
For my part, being an ancient senator,
An emperor and consul, I disdain
The world should see me to become a slave.
I'll either conquer, or this sword you see
(Which brightly shone) shall make an end of me.
We fight not, we, like thieves, for others' wealth:
We fight not, we, t' enlarge our scant confines:
To purchase fame to our posterities,
By stuffing of our trophies in their houses.
But 'tis for public freedom that we fight,
For Rome we fight, and those that fled for fear.
Nay more, we fight for safety of our lives,
Our goods, our honours, and our ancient laws.
As for the empire and the Roman state
(Due to the victor), thereon ruminate:
Think how this day the honourable dames,
With blubber'd eyes and hands to heaven uprear'd,
Sit invocating for us to the gods,
That they will bless our holy purposes.
Methinks I see poor Rome in horror clad,
And aged senators, in sad discourse,
Mourn for our sorrows and their servitude.
Methinks I see them while lamenting thus,
Their hearts and eyes lie hovering over us.
On then, brave men, my fellows and Rome's friends,
To show us worthy of our ancestors:
And let us fight with courage, and conceit
That we may rest the masters of the field;
That this brave tyrant, valiantly beset,
May perish in the press before our faces;

And that his troops (as touch'd with lightning flames)
May by our horse in heaps be overthrown,
And he (blood-thirsting) wallow in his own.
This said: his army crying all at once,
With joyful tokens did applaud his speech;
Whose swift, shrill noise did pierce into the clouds,
Like northern winds that beat the horned Alps.
The clatt'ring armour, buskling as they pac'd,
Rong through the forests with a frightful noise,
And every echo took the trumpet's clang.
When (like a tempest rais'd with whirlwind's rage)
They ran at ever-each[1] other hand and foot;
Wherewith the dust, as with a darksome cloud,
Arose, and over-shadow'd horse and man.
The darts and arrows on their armour glanc'd,
And with their fall the trembling earth was shaken.
The air (that thick'ned with their thund'ring cries)
With pale, wan clouds discoloured the sun.
The fire in sparks fro' forth their armour flew,
And with a duskish yellow chok'd the heavens.
The battles lock'd (with bristle-pointed spears)
Do at the half-pike freely charge each other,
And dash together like two lusty bulls,
That (jealous of some heifer in the herd)
Run head to head, and (sullen) will not yield,
Till, dead or fled, the one forsake the field.
The shiver'd lances (rattling in the air)
Fly forth as thick as motes about the sun:
When with their swords (flesh'd with the former fight)

[1] [Every-each, an uncommon form in our later literature, though constantly occurring in the old poetry and romance.]

They hew their armour, and they cleave their casques,[1]
Till streams of blood like rivers fill the downs;
That being infected with the stench thereof,
Surcloys the ground, and of a champion-land[2]
Makes it a quagmire, where (knee-deep) they stand.
Bloodthirsty Discord, with her snaky hair—
A fearful hag with her fire-darting eyes,
Runs 'cross the squadrons with a smoky brand,
And with her murd'ring whip encourageth
The over-forward hands to blood and death.
Bellona, fired with a quenchless rage,
Runs up and down, and in the thickest throng
Cuts, casts the ground, and madding makes a pool,
Which in her rage free passage doth afford,
That with our blood she may anoint her sword.
Now we of our side urge them to retreat,
And now before them we retire as fast,
As on the Alps the sharp north-northeast[3] wind,
Shaking a pine-tree with her greatest power,
One while the top doth almost touch the earth,
And then it riseth with a counterbuff.
So did the armies press and charge each other,
With selfsame courage, worth, and weapons too;
And, prodigal of life for liberty,
With burning hate let each at other fly.
Thrice did the cornets of the soldiers (clear'd)

[1] Headpieces or helmets. So, in Marston's "Sophonisba," act i. sc. 2—

> "And while our ore-toyl'd foe
> Snores on his unlac'd *cask*, all faint, though proud;
> Through his successful fight."

And *ibid.* act ii. sc. 2—"Enter Massinissa in his gorget and shirt, shield, sword, his arme transfixt with a dart; Jugurth followes with his cures and *caske*."

[2] [Old copies, *champant.*]

[3] [Old copies, *nor northeast.*

Turn to the standard to be new-supplied;
And thrice the best of both was fain to breathe;
And thrice recomforted, they bravely ran,
And fought as freshly as they first began.
Like two fierce lions fighting in a desert,
To win the love of some fair lioness,
When they have vomited their long-grown rage,
And prov'd each other's force sufficient,
Passant regardant[1] softly they retire;
Their jawbones dy'd with foaming froth and blood;
Their lungs like sponges ramm'd within their sides;
Their tongues discover'd, and their tails long-trailing;
Till jealous rage (engendered with rest)
Returns them sharper-set than at the first;
And makes them couple, when they see their prize,
With bristled backs and fire-sparkling eyes,
Till tir'd or conquer'd, one submits or flies.
Cæsar,[2] whose kinglike looks, like day-bright stars,
Both comfort and encourage his to fight,
March'd through the battle, laying still about him,
And subtly mark'd whose hand was happiest;
Who nicely did but dip his spear in blood,
And who more roughly smear'd it to his fist;
Who staggering fell with every feeble wound,
And who more strongly pac'd it through the thick'st;

[1] Terms of heraldry.—*Steevens.*

[2] This speech is in great measure translated from the 7th Book of Lucan, l. 560, &c.—

"Hic Cæsar, rabies populi, stimulusque furorum,
Ne qua parte sui pereat scelus, agmina circum
It vagus, atque ignes animis flagrantibus addit.
Inspicit et gladios, qui toti sanguine manent,
Qui niteant primo tantum mucrone cruenti,
Quæ presso tremat ense manus," &c.—*Steevens.*

Him he inflam'd and spurr'd, and fill'd with horror.
As when Alecto, in the lowest hell,
Doth breathe new heat within Orestes' breast,
Till outward rage with inward grief begins
A fresh remembrance of our former sins.
For then (as if provok'd with pricking goads)
Their warlike armies (fast lock'd foot to foot)
Stooping their heads low-bent to toss their staves,
They fiercely opened both battalions,
Cleave, break, and raging tempest-like o'erturn
Whate'er makes head to meet them in this humour.
Our men-at-arms (in brief) begin to fly,
And neither prayers, entreaty, nor example
Of any of their leaders left alive
Had power to stay them in this strange career;
Straggling, as in the fair Calabrian fields,
When wolves, for hunger ranging fro' the wood,
Make forth amongst the flock, that scattered flies
Before the shepherd, that resistless lies.

CORNELIA. O cruel fortune!

MESSENGER. None resisting now,
The field was filled with all confusion,
Of murder, death, and direful massacres.
The feeble bands, that yet were left entire,
Had more desire to sleep than seek for spoil.
No place was free from sorrow; everywhere
Lay armed men, o'ertrodden with their horses;
Dismember'd bodies drowning in their blood,
And wretched heaps lie mourning of their maims,
Whose blood, as from a sponge, or bunch of grapes
Crush'd in a wine-press, gusheth out so fast,
As with the sight doth make the sound aghast.
Some should you see that had their heads half-cloven,
And on the earth their brains lie trembling.
Here one new-wounded helps another dying.
Here lay an arm, and there a leg lay shiver'd.

Here horse and man (o'erturned) for mercy cried,
With hands extended to the merciless,
That stopp'd their ears, and would not hear a word,
But put them all (remorseless) to the sword.
He that had hap to 'scape, doth help afresh
To reinforce the side whereon he serv'd.
But seeing that there the murd'ring enemy,
Pesle-mesle [1] pursued them like a storm of hail,
They 'gan retire, where Juba was encamp'd;
But there had Cæsar eftsoons tyrannis'd:
So that, despairing to defend themselves,
They laid aside their armour, and at last
Offer'd to yield unto the enemy;
Whose stony heart, that ne'er did Roman good,
Would melt with nothing but their dearest blood.
And Scipio thy father, when he beheld
His people so discomfited and scorn'd:
When he perceived the labour profitless,
To seek by new-encouraging his men
To come upon them with a fresh alarm:
And when he saw the enemies pursuit,
To beat them down as fierce as thund'ring flints,
And lay them level with the charged earth,
Like ears of corn with rage of windy show'rs,
Their battles scatter'd and their ensigns taken;
And (to conclude) his men dismay'd to see
The passage chok'd with bodies of the dead,
(Incessantly lamenting th' extreme loss
And suspirable death of so brave soldiers)
He spurs his horse, and (breaking through the press)
Trots to the haven, where his ships he finds,

[1] "Pell-mell. Confusedly, hand over head, all in a heap one with another" — Cotgrave, voce *Pesle-mesle*. So, in Marston's "Sophonisba," act i. sc. 2—

> "We gave the signe of battaile: shouts are rais'd
> That shook the heavens: *Pell-mell* our armies joyn
> Horse, targets, pikes, all against each opposed."

And (hopeless) trusteth to the trustless winds.
Now had he thought to have arriv'd in Spain,
To raise new forces, and return to field;
But as one mischief draws another on,
A sudden tempest takes him by the way,
And casts him up near to the coasts of Hippon,[1]
Where th' adverse navy, sent to scour the seas,
Did hourly keep their ordinary course;
Where seeing himself at anchor slightly shipp'd:
Besieg'd, betray'd by wind, by land, by sea
(All raging-mad to rig his better vessels,
The little while this naval conflict lasted),
Behold, his own was fiercely set upon,
Which being sore beaten, till it brake again,
Ended the lives of his best fighting-men.
There did the remnant of our Roman nobles,
Before the foe and in their captain's presence,
Die bravely with their falchions in their fists.
When Scipio, that saw his ships through-gall'd,
And by the foe fulfill'd with fire and blood:
His people put to sword: sea, earth, and hell,
And heaven itself conjur'd to injure him—
Steps to the poop, and with a princely visage
Looking upon his weapon dy'd with blood,
Sighing he sets it to his breast, and said:
Since all our hopes are by the gods beguil'd,
What refuge now remains for my distress,
But thee, my dearest ne'er-deceiving sword?
Yea, thee, my latest fortune's firmest hope,
By whom I am assur'd this hap to have,
That, being freeborn, I shall not die a slave!
Scarce had he said, but, cruelly resolv'd,
He drench'd it to the pommel through his sides,
That fro' the wound the smoky blood ran bubbling.
Wherewith he stagger'd; and I stepp'd to him

[1] [Hipponium. See Smith's "Dict. of Geogr." *in v.*]

To have embrac'd him: but he, being afraid
T' attend the mercy of his murd'ring foe,
That still pursued him, and oppress'd his ships,
Crawl'd to the deck, and, life with death to ease,
Headlong he threw himself into the seas.

CORNELIA. O cruel gods! O heaven! O direful fates!
O radiant sun, that slightly gild'st our days!
O night-stars, full of infelicities!
O triple-titled Hecate, queen and goddess,
Bereave my life, or living strangle me!
Confound me quick, or let me sink to hell!
Thrust me fro' forth the world, that 'mongst the spirits
Th' infernal lakes may ring with my laments!
O miserable, desolate, distressful wretch,
Worn in mishaps, yet in mishaps abounding!
What shall I do, or whither shall I fly,
To venge this outrage, or revenge my wrongs?
Come, wrathful furies, with your ebon locks,
And feed yourselves with mine enflamed blood!
Ixion's torment, Sisyph's rolling stone,
And th' eagle tiring [1] on Prometheus,
Be my eternal tasks; that th' extreme fire
Within my heart may from my heart retire.

[1] So both the ancient editions. Mr Dodsley altered it to *tearing* unnecessarily and improperly. *To tire* is a term in falconry, and signifies to prey on, or tear in pieces.

So in Ben Jonson's "Poetaster," act iv. sc. 3—

"What, and be *tir'd* on by yond' vulture?"

In "The Honest Man's Fortune," by Beaumont and Fletcher, [edit. Dyce, iii. 383]—

"Ye dregs of baseness, vultures amongst men,
That *tire* upon the hearts of generous spirits."

And in Dekker's "Match me in London"—

"The vulture *tires*
Upon the eagle's heart."

I suffer more, more sorrows I endure,
Than all the captives in th' infernal court.
O troubled fate! O fatal misery!
That unprovoked deal'st so partially.
Say, fretful heavens, what fault have I committed,
Or wherein could mine innocence offend you,
When (being but young) I lost my first love,
Crassus?
Or wherein did I merit so much wrong,
To see my second husband, Pompey, slain?
But 'mongst the rest, what horrible offence,
What hateful thing, unthought of, have I done,
That, in the midst of this my mournful state,
Nought but my father's death could expiate?
Thy death, dear Scipio, Rome's eternal loss,
Whose hopeful life preserv'd our happiness;
Whose silver hairs encouraged the weak;
Whose resolutions did confirm the rest:
Whose end, sith it hath ended all my joys,
O heavens, at least permit of all these plagues
That I may finish the catastrophe;
Sith in this widowhood of all my hopes
I cannot look for further happiness.
For, both my husbands and my father gone,
What have I else to wreak your wrath upon?
Now as for happy thee, to whom sweet death
Hath given blessed rest for life's bereaving;
O envious Julia, in thy jealous heart
Venge not thy wrong upon Cornelia.
But, sacred ghost, appease thine ire, and see
My hard mishap in marrying after thee.
O, see mine anguish! haply seeing it,
'Twill move compassion in thee of my pains,
And urge thee, if thy heart be not of flint,
Or drunk with rigour, to repent thyself,
That thou enflam'dst so cruel a revenge
In Cæsar's heart upon so slight a cause;

And mad'st him raise so many mournful tombs.
Because thy husband did revive the lights
Of thy forsaken bed; unworthily
Opposing of thy fretful jealousy
'Gainst his mishap, as it my help had been,
Or as if second marriage were a sin.
Was never city, where calamity
Hath sojourn'd with such sorrow as in this?
Was never state, wherein the people stood
So careless of their conquer'd liberty,
And careful of another's tyranny?
O gods, that erst of Carthage took some care,
Which by our fathers pitiless was spoil'd;
When thwarting destiny at Afric walls
Did topside-turvey turn their commonwealth;
When forceful weapons fiercely took away
Their soldiers, sent to nourish up those wars;
When (fir'd) their golden palaces fell down;
When through the slaughter th' Afric seas were dy'd,
And sacred temples quenchlessly enflam'd.
Now is our hapless time of hopes expir'd.
Then satisfy yourself with this revenge,
Content to count the ghosts of those great captains,
Which (conquer'd) perish'd by the Roman swords.
The Hannos, the Hamilcars, Hasdrubals,
Especially that proudest Hannibal,
That made the fair Thrasymene so desert:
For even those fields that mourn'd to bear their bodies,
Now (loaden) groan to feel the Roman corses.
Their earth we purple o'er, and on their tombs
We heap our bodies, equalling their ruin.
And as a Scipio did reverse their power,
They have a Scipio to revenge them on.
Weep therefore, Roman dames, and from henceforth

Vailing your crystal eyes to your fair bosoms,
Rain showers of grief upon your roselike cheeks,
And dew yourselves with spring-tides of your tears.
Weep, ladies, weep, and with your reeking sighs
Thicken the passage of the purest clouds,
And press the air with your continual plaints.
Beat at your ivory breasts, and let your robes
(Defac'd and rent) be witness of your sorrows.
And let your hair, that wont be wreath'd in tresses,
Now hang neglectly, dangling down your shoulders,
Careless of art or rich accoutrements,
That with the gold and pearl we us'd before
Our mournful habits may be deck'd no more.
Alas! what shall I do? O dear companions,
Shall I, O, shall I live in these laments?
Widow'd of all my hopes, my haps, my husbands,
And last, not least, bereft of my best father;
And of the joys mine ancestors enjoy'd,
When they enjoy'd their lives and liberty?
And must I live to see great Pompey's house,
A house of honour and antiquity,
Usurp'd in wrong by lawless Antony?
Shall I behold the sumptuous ornaments,
Which both the world and fortune heap'd on him,
Adorn and grace his graceless enemy?
Or see the wealth that Pompey gain'd in war,
Sold at a pike,[1] and borne away by strangers?
Die, rather, die, Cornelia; and to spare
Thy worthless life, that yet must one day perish,
Let not these captains vainly lie interr'd,
Or Cæsar triumph in thine infamy,
That wert the wife to th' one, and th' other's daughter.
But if I die, before I have entomb'd

[1] *i.e.*, Venalis sub hastâ.—*Steevens.* See also note on "The Parson's Wedding."

My drowned father in some sepulchre,
Who will perform that care in kindness for me?
Shall his poor wand'ring limbs lie still tormented,
Toss'd with the salt waves of the wasteful seas?
No, lovely father and my dearest husband,
Cornelia must live (though life she hateth)
To make your tombs, and mourn upon your hearses;
Where, languishing, my famous faithful tears
May trickling bathe your generous sweet cinders;
And afterward, both wanting strength and moisture,
Fulfilling with my latest sighs and gasps
The happy vessels that enclose your bones,
I will surrender my surcharged life;
And, when my soul earth's prison shall forego,
Increase the number of the ghosts below.

Non prosunt Domino, quæ prosunt omnibus, artes.

THO. KYD.

FINIS.

SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

EDITION.

The Tragedye of Solyman and Perseda. Wherein is laid open Loues constancy, Fortunes inconstancy, and Deaths Triumphs. At London. Printed by Edward Allde for Edward White, and are to be solde at the little North doore of Paules Church at the signe of the Gun. [1599.] 4º.

Some copies are dated 1599, and Dr Bliss's purported on the title-page to be "newly corrected and amended," but there was only one impression, which received no fewer than three title-pages. Compare Hazlitt, p. 468.

Though not printed till 1599, the introduction of a part of the story into Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," licensed in 1592, may seem to show that the play had been written, partly or wholly, several years before.

[HAWKINS'S PREFACE.]

THE "Tragedy of Soliman and Perseda" is given from Mr Garrick's copy, printed by Edward Allde, 1599. The author having concealed his name, we cannot pronounce by whom it was written; though, might the editor be allowed to indulge a conjecture, he would ascribe it to Kyd, as it carries with it many internal marks of that author's manner of composition. The plan is similar to that of "The Spanish Tragedy," and the same phrases frequently occur in both. It is farther observable, that in "The Spanish Tragedy" the story of "Erastus and Perseda" is introduced by Hieronimo, in order, it should seem, to bespeak the attention of the audience to a more regular and a more perfect representation of their tragical catastrophe. Shakespeare has frequently quoted passages out of this play, as the reader will occasionally observe. It is not divided into acts—at least, they are not particularly marked; but there is no doubt that the author intended each act should close with the Chorus, and it is therefore divided accordingly.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Soliman, *Emperor of the Turks.*

Haleb, } *his brothers.*
Amurath, }

Brusor, *his general.*

Janissaries.

Lord Marshal.

Philippo, *Governor of Rhodes.*

Prince of Cyprus.[1]

Erastus, *in love with Perseda.*

Guelpio, } *his friends.*
Julio, }

Piston, *his servant.*

Ferdinando, *in love with Lucina.*

Basilisco, *a vainglorious knight.*

A Captain.

Knights.

Witnesses.

A Messenger.

Perseda, *beloved of Erastus.*

Lucina, *beloved of Ferdinando.*

Ladies.

Chorus—*Love, Fortune, Death.*

[1] Cipris, *passim.*

THE TRAGEDY

OF

SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

ACT I.

Enter LOVE, FORTUNE, DEATH.

LOVE.

What, Death and Fortune cross the way of Love?

FORTUNE.

Why, what is Love but Fortune's tennis-ball?

DEATH.

Nay, what are you both, but subjects unto Death?
And I command you to forbear this place;
For here the mouth of sad Melpomene
Is wholly bent to tragedy's discourse:
And what are tragedies but acts of death?
Here means the wrathful muse, in seas of tears
And loud laments, to tell a dismal tale—

A tale, wherein she lately hath bestow'd
The husky humour of her bloody quill,
And now for tables takes her to her tongue.

LOVE.

Why, thinks Death Love knows not the history
Of brave Erastus and his Rhodian dame?
'Twas I that made their hearts consent to love;
And therefore come I now as fittest person
To serve for chorus to this tragedy:
Had I not been, they had not died so soon.

DEATH.

Had I not been, they had not died so soon.

FORTUNE.

Nay then, it seems, you both do miss the mark:
Did not I change long love to sudden hate;
And then rechange their hatred into love;
And then from love deliver them to death?
Fortune is Chorus; Love and Death, begone!

DEATH.

I tell thee, Fortune, and thee, wanton Love,
I will not down to everlasting night,
Till I have moralis'd this tragedy,
Whose chiefest actor was my sable dart.

LOVE.

Nor will I up unto the brightsome sphere
From whence I sprang, till in the chorus' place
I make it known to you and to the world,
What interest Love hath in tragedies.

FORTUNE.

Nay then, though Fortune have delight in change,
I'll stay my flight, and cease to turn my wheel,
Till I have shown by demonstration,
What int'rest I have in a tragedy:
Tush! Fortune can do more than Love or Death.

LOVE.

Why stay we, then? let's give the actors leave;
And, as occasion serves, make our return. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ERASTUS *and* PERSEDA.

ERASTUS.

Why when, Perseda? wilt thou not assure me,
But shall I, like a mastless ship at sea,
Go ev'ry way, and not the way I would?
My love hath lasted from mine infancy,
And still increased, as I grew myself.
When did Perseda pastime in the streets,
But her Erastus over-ey'd her sport?
When didst thou, with thy sampler in the sun,
Sit sewing with thy pheers, but I was by,
Marking thy lily hand's dexterity;
Comparing it to twenty gracious things?
When didst thou sing a note that I could hear,
But I have fram'd a ditty to the tune,
Figuring Perseda twenty kind of ways?
When didst thou go to church on holidays,
But I have waited on thee to and fro,
Marking my times, as falcons watch their flight?
When I have miss'd thee, how I have lamented,
As if my thoughts had been assured true!
Thus in my youth; now, since I grew a man,

I have persevered to let thee know
The meaning of my true heart's constancy,
Then be not nice, Perseda, as women wont
To hasty lovers, whose fancy soon is fled;
My love is of a long continuance,
And merits not a stranger's recompense.

PERSEDA.

Enough, Erastus, thy Perseda knows;
She whom thou wouldst have thine, Erastus, knows.

ERASTUS.

Nay, my Perseda knows, and then 'tis well.

PERSEDA.

Ay, watch you[r] vantages? thine be it then—
I have forgot the rest, but that's th' effect;
Which to effect, accept this carcanet:
My grandam on her deathbed gave it me,
And there, ev'n there, I vow'd unto myself
To keep the same, until my wand'ring eye
Should find a harbour for my heart to dwell.
Ev'n in thy breast do I elect my rest;
Let in my heart to keep thine company.

ERASTUS.

And, sweet Perseda, accept this ring
To equal it: receive my heart to boot;
It is no boot, for that was thine before:
And far more welcome is this change to me,
Than sunny days to naked savages,
Or news of pardon to a wretch condemn'd,
That waiteth for the fearful stroke of death:

As careful will I be to keep this chain,
As doth the mother keep her children
From water-pits or falling in the fire.
Over mine armour will I hang this chain;
And, when long combat makes my body faint,
The sight of this shall show Perseda's name,
And add fresh courage to my fainting limbs.
This day the eager Turk of Tripolis,
The knight of Malta, honour'd for his worth,
And he that's titled by the golden spur,
The Moor upon his hot Barbarian horse,
The fiery Spaniard, bearing in his face
The impress of a noble warrior,
The sudden Frenchman and the big-bon'd Dane,
And English archers, hardy men-at-arms,
I-cleped Lions of the western world:
Each one of these approved combatants,
Assembled from sev'ral corners of the world,
Are hither come to try their force in arms,
In honour of the Prince of Cyprus' nuptials.
Amongst these worthies will Erastus troop,
Though like a gnat amongst a hive of bees:
Know me by this thy precious carcanet:
And, if I thrive in valour, as the glass,
That takes the sunbeams burning with his force,
I'll be the glass, and thou that heav'nly sun,
From whence I'll borrow what I do achieve:
And, sweet Perseda, unnoted though I be,
Thy beauty yet shall make me known ere night.

PERSEDA.

Young slips are never graff'd in windy days;
Young scholars never enter'd with the rod.
Ah, my Erastus, these[1] are Europe's knights,

[1] [Old copies, *there.*]

That carry honour graven in their helms,
And they must win it dear, that win it thence:
Let not my beauty prick thee to thy bane;
Better sit still than rise and overta'en.

ERASTUS.

Counsel me not, for my intent is sworn,
And be my fortune, as my love deserves!

PERSEDA.

So be thy fortune, as thy features serve,
And then Erastus lives without compare.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Here comes a messenger to haste me hence.—
I know your message, hath the princess
Sent for me?

MESSENGER.

She hath, and
Desires you to consort her to the triumphs. [*Exit.*

Enter PISTON.

PISTON.

Who saw my master? O sir, are you here?
The prince and all th' outlandish[1] gentlemen
Are ready to go to the triumphs;
They stay for you.

ERASTUS.

Go, sirrah,
Bid my men bring my horse, and a dozen staves.

[1] [Foreign.]

PISTON.

You shall have your horses, and two dozen of staves. [*Exit* PISTON.

ERASTUS.

Wish me good hap, Perseda, and I'll win
Such glory, as no time shall e'er rase out;
Or end the period of my youth in blood.

PERSEDA.

Such fortune as the good Andromache
Wish'd valiant Hector, 'rounded[1] with the Greeks,
I wish Erastus in his maiden wars:
O'ercome with valour these high-minded knights,
As with thy virtue thou hast conquer'd me.
Heav'ns hear my hearty prayer, and it effect.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILIPPO, *the* PRINCE OF CYPRUS, BASILISCO, *and all the* KNIGHTS.

PHILIPPO.

Brave knights of Christendom, and Turkish both,
Assembled here in thirsty honour's cause,
To be enrolled in the brass-leav'd book
Of never-wasting perpetuity,
Put lamblike mildness to your lion's strength,
And be our tilting like two brothers' sports,
That exercise their war with friendly blows.
Brave prince of Cyprus and our son-in-law,
Welcome these worthies by their sev'ral countries;
For in thy honour hither are they come,
To grace thy nuptials with their deeds at arms.

[1] [Old copy, *wounded*. In the margin of the copy used by Hawkins, this emendation was suggested in MS.]

CYPRUS.

First, welcome, thrice renowned Englishman,
Graced by thy country, but ten times more
By thy approved valour in the field;
Upon the onset of the enemy,
What is thy motto, when thou spurr'st thy horse?

ENGLISHMAN.

In Scotland was I made a knight-at-arms,
Where for my country's cause I charg'd my lance:
In France I took the standard from the king,
And gave the flower of Gallia in my crest:
Against the lightfoot Irish have I serv'd,
And in my skin bear tokens of their Kerns.
Our word of courage all the world hath heard,
Saint George for England, and Saint George for me!

CYPRUS.

Like welcome unto thee, fair knight of France,
Well-fam'd thou art for discipline in war:
Upon th' encounter of thine enemy,
What is thy mot, renowned knight of France?

FRENCHMAN.

In Italy I put my knighthood on,
Where in my shirt but with a single rapier
I combated a Roman much renown'd,
His weapon's point empoison'd for my bane,
And yet my stars did bode my victory.
Saint Denis is for France, and that for me!

CYPRUS.

Welcome, Castilian, too, amongst the rest;
For fame doth sound thy valour with the best:[1]

[1] [Old copy, *rest.*]

Upon the first encounter of thy foe,
What is thy word of courage, brave man of Spain?

SPANIARD.

At fourteen years of age was I made knight,
When twenty thousand Spaniards were in field,
What time a daring rutter[1] made a challenge,
To change a bullet with our swift-flight shot;
And I with single heed and level hit
The haughty challenger, and struck him dead:
The golden fleece is that we cry upon,
And Jaques, Jaques! is the Spaniard's choice.

CYPRUS.

Next, welcome unto thee, renowned Turk,
Not for thy lay, but for thy worth in arms:
Upon the first brave of thine enemy,
What is thy noted word of charge, brave Turk?

BRUSOR.

Against the Sophy in three pitched fields,
Under the conduct of great Soliman,
Have I been chief commander of an host,
And put the flint-heart Persians to the sword;
The desert plains of Afric have I stain'd
With blood of Moors, and there in three set battles fought,
March'd conqueror through Asia,
Along the coasts held by the Portuguese;[2]
Ev'n to the verge of gold, aboarding[3] Spain,

[1] [Horse-soldier, trooper.]
[2] [Old copy, *Portinguize.*]
[3] Coming to the coast. Fr. *Aboarder.*

Hath Brusor led a valiant troop of Turks,
And made some Christians kneel to Mahomet:
Him we adore, and in his name I cry,
Mahomet for me and Soliman!

CYPRUS.

Now, Signior Basilisco, you we know,
And therefore give not you a stranger's welcome;
You are a rutter born in Germany:
Upon the first encounter of your foe,
What is your brave upon the enemy?

BASILISCO.

I fight not with my tongue; this is my oratrix.
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*

CYPRUS.

Why, Signior Basilisco, is it a she-sword?

BASILISCO.

Ay, and so are all blades with me: behold my instance;
Perdè, each female is the weaker vessel,
And the vigour of this arm infringeth
The temper of any blade, quoth my assertion,
And thereby gather that this blade,
Being approved weaker than this limb,
May very well bear a feminine epitheton.

CYPRUS.

'Tis well prov'd; but what's the word that glories your country?

BASILISCO.

Sooth to say, the earth is my country,
As the air to the fowl or the marine moisture
To the red-gill'd fish: I repute myself no coward;
For humility shall mount: I keep no table
To character my forepassed conflicts.
As I remember, there happened a sore drought
In some part of Belgia, that the juicy grass
Was sear'd with the Sun-God's element:
I held it policy to put the men-children
Of that climate to the sword,
That the mother's tears might relieve the parched earth.
The men died, the women wept, and the grass grew;
Else had my Friesland horse perished,
Whose loss would have more grieved me
Than the ruin of that whole country.
Upon a time in Ireland I fought
On horseback with an hundred Kerns
From Titan's eastern uprise to his western downfal;
Insomuch that my steed began to faint:
I, conjecturing the cause to be want of water, dismounted,
In which place there was no such element;
Enraged therefore, [I] with this scimitar,
All on foot, like an Herculean offspring,
Endured some three or four hours' combat,
In which process my body distill'd such dewy showers of sweat,
That from the warlike wrinkles of my front
My palfrey cool'd his thirst.
My mercy in conquest is equal with my manhood in fight,
The tear of an infant hath been the ransom of a conquer'd city;

Whereby I purchased the surname of *Pity's Adamant.*
Rough words blow my choler,
As the wind doth Mulciber's workhouse:
I have no word, because no country:
Each place is my habitation;
Therefore each country's word mine to pronounce.
Princes, what would you? I have seen much, heard more,
But done most: to be brief, he that will try me,
Let him waft me with his arm; I am his for some five lances:
Although it go against my stars to jest,
Yet to gratulate this benign prince,
I will suppress my condition.

PHILIPPO.

He is beholding to you greatly, sir:
Mount, ye brave lordings, forwards to the tilt;
Myself will censure of your chivalry,
And with impartial eyes behold your deeds:
Forward, brave ladies, place you to behold
The fair demeanour of these warlike knights.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet BASILISCO.

BASILISCO.

I am melancholy: an humour of Venus beleaguereth me.
I have rejected with contemptible frowns
The sweet glances of many amorous girls, or rather ladies:
But, certès, I am now captivated with the reflecting eye
Of that admirable comet Perseda.

I will place her to behold my triumphs,
And do wonders in her sight:
O heav'ns! she comes, accompanied with a child,
Whose chin bears no impression of manhood,
Not an hair, not an excrement.

Enter ERASTUS, PERSEDA, *and* PISTON.

ERASTUS.

My sweet Perseda!

BASILISCO.

Peace, infant; thou blasphemest.
[*Exeunt* ERASTUS *and* PERSEDA.

PISTON.

You are deceived, sir; he swore not.

BASILISCO.

I tell thee, jester, he did worse; he call'd that lady his.

PISTON.

Jester! *O extempore, O flores.*[1]

BASILISCO.

O harsh, uneducate, illiterate peasant!
Thou abusest the phrase of the Latin.

[1] [An intentional blunder for *O tempora, O mores.*]

PISTON.

By God's fish, friend, take you the Latin's part, I'll
abuse you too.

BASILISCO.

What, *sance* dread of our indignation?

PISTON.

Sance? what language is that?
I think thou art a word-maker by thine occupation.

BASILISCO.

Ay? termest thou me of an occupation?
Nay, then, this fiery humour of choler is suppress'd
By the thought of love. Fair lady——

PISTON.

Now, by my troth, she is gone.

BASILISCO.

Ay? hath the infant transported her hence?
He saw my anger figured in my brow,
And at his best advantage stole away;
But I will follow for revenge.

PISTON.

Nay, but hear you, sir;
I must talk with you, before you go.
[PISTON *gets on his back, and pulls him down.*

BASILISCO.

O, if thou be'st magnanimous, come before me.

PISTON.

Nay, if thou be'st a right warrior, get from under me.

BASILISCO.

What, wouldst thou have me a Typhon,
To bear up Pelion or Ossa?

PISTON.

Typhon me no Typhons,
But swear upon my dudgeon-dagger,
Not to go, till I give thee leave;
But stay with me, and look upon the tilters.

BASILISCO.

O, thou seekest thereby to dim my glory.

PISTON.

I care not for that; wilt thou not swear?

BASILISCO.

O, I swear, I swear.

[*He sweareth him on his dagger.*

PISTON.

By the contents of this blade,—

BASILISCO.

By the contents of this blade,—

PISTON.

I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—

BASILISCO.

I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—
Knight, good fellow; knight, knight.

PISTON.

Knave, good fellow; knave, knave:
Will not offer to go from the side of Piston,—

BASILISCO.

Will not offer to go from the side of Piston,—

PISTON.

Without the leave of the said Piston obtained.

BASILISCO.

Without the leave of the said Piston licensed,
Obtain'd, and granted.

PISTON.

Enjoy thy life, and live; I give it thee.

BASILISCO.

I enjoy my life at thy hands, I confess it:
I am up; but that I am religious in mine oath,—

PISTON.

What would you do, sir? what would you do?
Will you up the ladder, sir, and see the tilting?
[*Then they go up the ladders, and they sound within to the first course.*

BASILISCO.

Better a dog fawn on me than bark. [*Aside.*

PISTON.

Now, sir, how lik'st thou this course?

BASILISCO.

Their lances were couch'd too high,
And their steeds ill-borne.

PISTON.

It may be so, it may be so:
[*Sound to the second course.*
Now, sir, how like you this course?

BASILISCO.

Pretty, pretty, but not famous;
Well for a learner, but not for a warrior.

PISTON.

By my faith, methought it was excellent.

BASILISCO.

Ay, in the eye of an infant a peacock's tail is glorious. [*Sound to the third course.*

PISTON.

O, well-run; the bay horse with the blue tail
And the silver knight are both down:
By cock and pie,[1] and mouse-foot,
The Englishman is a fine knight.

BASILISCO.

Now, by the marble face of the welkin,
He is a brave warrior.

PISTON.

What an oath is there! fie upon thee, extortioner!

BASILISCO.

Now comes in the infant, that courts my mistress.
[*Sound to the fourth course.*
O, that my lance were in my rest,
And my beaver clos'd for this encounter.

PISTON.

O, well-run; my master hath overthrown the Turk.

BASILISCO.

Now fie upon the Turk;
To be dismounted by a child, it vexeth me.
[*Sound to the fifth course.*

PISTON.

O, well-run, master; he hath overthrown the Frenchman.

[1] [See Dyce's Glossary to his second edition of Shakespeare *in v.*].

BASILISCO.

It is the fury of his horse, not the strength of his arm.
I would thou wouldst remit my oath,
That I might assail thy master.

PISTON.

I give thee leave, go to thy destruction :
But, sirrah, where's thy horse ?

BASILISCO.

Why, my page stands holding him by the bridle.

PISTON.

Well, go, mount thee, go.

BASILISCO.

I go, and fortune guide my lance.
[*Exit* BASILISCO.

PISTON.

Take the bragging'st knave in Christendom with thee—
Truly, I am sorry for him :
He just like a knight ! he'll just like a jade.
It is a world to hear the fool prate and brag ;
He will jet as if it were a goose on a green :
He goes many times supperless to bed,
And yet he takes physic to make him lean.
Last night he was bidden to a gentlewoman's to supper,
And, because he would not be put to carve,

He wore his hand in a scarf, and said he was wounded.
He wears a colour'd lath in his scabbard,
And, when 'twas found upon him, he said he was wrathful,
He might not wear iron: he wears civet,
And, when it was ask'd him where he had that musk,
He said all his kindred smelt so.
Is not this a counterfeit fool?
Well; I'll up, and see how he speeds.
[*Sound the sixth course.*
Now, by the faith of a 'squire, he is a very faint knight;
Why, my master hath overthrown him
And his curtal both to the ground:
I shall have old laughing,
It will be better than the fox-in-the-hole[1] for me.
[*Sound.*

Enter PHILIPPO, PRINCE OF CYPRUS, ERASTUS, FERDINANDO, LUCINA, *and all the Knights.*

CYPRUS.

Brave gentlemen, by all your free consents,
This knight unknown hath best demean'd himself:
According to the proclamation made,
The prize and honour of the day is his;—
But now unmask thyself that we may see
What warlike wrinkles time hath charactered
With age's print upon thy warlike face.

ENGLISHMAN.

Accord to his request, brave man-at-arms,
And let me see the face that vanquish'd me.

[1] [A popular game so called.]

FRENCHMAN.

Unmask thyself, thou well-approved knight.

TURK.

I long to see thy face, brave warrior.

LUCINA.

Nay, valiant sir, we may not be denied,
Fair ladies should be coy to show their faces,
Lest that the sun should tan them with his beams:
I'll be your page this once for to disarm you.

PISTON.

That's the reason, that he shall help
Your husband to arm his head.
O, the policy of this age is wonderful.

PHILIPPO.

What, young Erastus! is it possible?

CYPRUS.

Erastus, be thou honour'd for this deed.

ENGLISHMAN.

So young, and of such good accomplishment!
Thrive, fair beginner, as this time doth promise,
In virtue, valour, and all worthiness:
Give me thy hand, I vow myself thy friend.

ERASTUS.

Thanks, worthy sir, whose favourable hand
Hath enter'd such a youngling in the war;
And thanks unto you all, brave worthy sirs:
Impose me task, how I may do you good;
Erastus will be dutiful in all.

PHILIPPO.

Leave protestations now, and let us hie
To tread *lavolto*, that is women's walk;
There spend we the remainder of the day.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* FERDINANDO.

FERDINANDO.

Though overborne, and foiled in my course,
Yet have I partners in mine infamy.
'Tis wondrous, that so young a toward warrior
Should bide the shock of such approved knights,
As he this day hath match'd and mated too:
But virtue should not envy good desert,
Therefore, Erastus, happy laud thy fortune:
But my Lucina, how she chang'd her colour,
When at th' encounter I did lose a stirrup;
Hanging her head, as partner of my shame.
Therefore now will I go visit her,
And please her with this carcanet of worth,
Which by good fortune I have found to-day;
When valour fails, then must gold make the way.
[*Exit.*

Enter BASILISCO, *riding of a mule.*

BASILISCO.

O cursed fortune, enemy to fame,
Thus to disgrace thy honoured name,

By overthrowing him that far hath spread thy praise,
Beyond the course of Titan's burning rays.

Enter PISTON.

Page, set aside the gesture of my enemy;
Give him a fiddler's fee, and send him packing.

PISTON.

Ho, God save you, sir! have you burst your shin?

BASILISCO.

Ay, villain; I have broken my shin-bone,
My backbone, my channel[1]-bone, and my thigh-bone,
Beside two dozen of small inferior bones.

PISTON.

A shrewd loss, by my faith, sir:
But where's your courser's tail?

BASILISCO.

He lost the same in service.

PISTON.

There was a hot piece of service where he lost his tail;
But how chanc'd[2] it his nose is slit?

[1] [Collar (?)]

[2] [Old copies, *chance*.]

BASILISCO.

For presumption, for covering the emperor's mare.

PISTON.

Marry, a foul fault; but why are his ears cut?

BASILISCO.

For neighing in the emperor's court.

PISTON.

Why, then, thy horse hath been a colt in his time.

BASILISCO.

True thou hast said.
O, touch not the cheek of my palfrey,
Lest he dismount me while my wounds are green:
Page, run, bid the surgeon bring his incision:
Yet, stay, I'll ride along with thee myself. [*Exit.*

PISTON.

And I'll bear you company.

[PISTON *getteth up on his ass, and rideth with him to the door, and meeteth the* CRIER.

Enter the CRIER.

Come, sirrah, let me see how finely
You'll cry this chain.

CRIER.

Why, what was it worth?

PISTON.

It was worth more than thou and all thy kin are worth.

CRIER.

It may be so ; but what must he have that finds it ?

PISTON.

Why, a hundred crowns.

CRIER.

Why, then, I'll have ten for the crying of it.

PISTON.

Ten crowns ! and had but sixpence
For crying a little wench of thirty years old and upwards
That had lost herself betwixt a tavern and a baudy-house.

CRIER.

Ay, that was a wench, and this is gold ;
She was poor, but this is rich.

PISTON.

Why, then, by this reck'ning, a hackney-man
Should have ten shillings for horsing a gentlewoman,
Where he hath but tenpence of a beggar.

CRIER.

Why, and reason good ;
Let them pay that best may,
As the lawyers use their rich clients,
When they let the poor go under *forma pauperis*.

PISTON.

Why then, I pray thee, cry the chain for me
Sub forma pauperis:
For money goes very low with me at this time.

CRIER.

Ay, sir, but your master is, though you be not.

PISTON.

Ay, but he must not know that thou cry'st the chain for me:
I do but use thee to save me a labour,
That am to make inquiry after it.

CRIER.

Well, sir, you'll see me consider'd, will you not?

PISTON.

Ay, marry, will I; why, what lighter payment
Can there be than consideration? [*Aside.*

CRIER.

O yes!

Enter ERASTUS.

ERASTUS.

How now, sirrah? what are you crying?

CRIER.

A chain, sir, a chain, that your man bad me cry.

ERASTUS.

Get you away, sirrah, I advise you,
Meddle with no chains of mine. [*Exit* CRIER.
You paltry knave, how durst thou be so bold
To cry the chain, when I bid thou shouldst not?
Did I not bid thee only underhand
Make privy inquiry for it through the town,
Lest public rumour might advertise her,
Whose knowledge were to me a second death?

PISTON.

Why, would you have me run up and down the town,
And my shoes are done?

ERASTUS.

What you want in shoes, I'll give you in blows.
[*Beats him.*

PISTON.

I pray you, sir, hold your hands,
And as I am an honest man,
I'll do the best I can to find your chain.
[*Exit.* PISTON.

ERASTUS.

Ah, treacherous fortune! enemy to love,
Didst thou advance me for my greater fall?
In dallying war I lost my chiefest peace;
In hunting after praise I lost my love,
And in love's shipwreck will my life miscarry.
Take thou the honour, and give me the chain,
Wherein was link'd the sum of my delight.
When she deliver'd me the carcanet,

Keep it, quoth she, as thou wouldst keep myself.
I kept it not, and therefore she is lost;
And lost with her is all my happiness;
And loss of happiness is worse than death.
Come therefore, gentle death, and ease my grief.
Cut short what malice Fortune misintends;
But stay a while, good death, and let me live;
Time may restore what Fortune took from me:
Ah, no! great losses seldom are restored.
What, if my chain shall never be restored?
My innocence shall clear my negligence.
Ah, but my love is ceremonious,
And looks for justice at her lover's hand:
Within forc'd furrows of her clouding brow,
As storms that fall amid a sunshine day,
I read her just desires and my decay. [*Exit.*

Enter SOLIMAN, HALEB, AMURATH, *and Janissaries.*

SOLIMAN.

I long, till Brusor be return'd from Rhodes,
To know how he hath borne him 'gainst the Christians
That are assembled there to try their valour;
But more, to be well assured by him,
How Rhodes is fenc'd, and how I best may lay
My never-failing siege to win that plot.
For by the holy Alcoran I swear,
I'll call my soldiers home from Persia,
And let the Sophy breathe, and from the Russian broils
Call home my hardy, dauntless janissaries,
And from the other skirts of Christendom,
Call home my bashaws and my men of war,
And so beleaguer Rhodes by sea and land.

That key will serve to open all the gates,
Through which our passage cannot find a stop,
Till it have prick'd the heart of Christendom,
Which now that paltry island keeps from scathe.
Say, brother Amurath, and, Haleb, say,
What think you of our resolution?

AMURATH.

Great Soliman, heav'n's only substitute,
And earth's commander under Mahomet,
So counsel I, as thou thyself hast said.

HALEB.

Pardon me, dread sov'reign, I hold it not
Good policy to call your forces home
From Persia and Polonia, bending them
Upon a paltry isle of small defence:
A common press of base, superfluous Turks
May soon be levied for so slight a task.
Ah, Soliman! whose name hath shak'd thy foes,
As withered leaves with autumn thrown down,
Fog not thy glory with so foul eclipse;
Let not thy soldiers sound a base retire,
Till Persia stoop, and thou be conqueror.
What scandal were it to thy mightiness,
After so many valiant bashaws slain,
Whose blood hath been manured to their earth,
Whose bones hath made their deep ways passable,
To sound a homeward, dull, and harsh retreat,
Without a conquest or a mean[1] revenge?
Strive not for Rhodes by letting Persia slip;
The one's a lion almost brought to death,

[1] [Moderate.]

Whose skin will countervail the hunter's toil:
The other is a wasp with threat'ning sting,
Whose honey is not worth the taking up.

AMURATH.

Why, Haleb, didst thou not hear our brother swear
Upon the Alcoran religiously,
That he would make an universal camp
Of all his scatter'd legions? and dar'st thou
Infer a reason why it is not meet,
After his highness swears it shall be so?
Were it not thou art my father's son,
And striving kindness wrestled not with ire,
I would not hence till I had let thee know,
What 'twere to thwart a monarch's holy oath.

HALEB.

Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind,
And did discharge a faithful subject's love:
Thou, Aristippus[1]-like, didst flatter him,
Not like my brother or a man of worth.
And for his highness' vow I cross'd it not;
But gave my censure, as his highness bad.
Now for thy chastisement know, Amurath,
I scorn them, as a reckless lion scorns
The humming of a gnat in summer's night.

AMURATH.

I take it, Haleb, thou art friend to Rhodes.

[1] [The author had in his mind the character of this name in the play of "Damon and Pithias," printed in our fourth volume.]

HALEB.

Not half so much am I a friend to Rhodes,
As thou art enemy to thy sovereign.

AMURATH.

I charge thee, say wherein; or else, by Mahomet,
I'll hazard duty in my sovereign's presence.

HALEB.

Not for thy threats, but for myself I say,
It is not meet that one so base as thou
Should'st come about the person of a king.

SOLIMAN.

Must I give aim to this presumption?

AMURATH.

Your highness knows, I spake in duteous love.

HALEB.

Your highness knows, I spake at your command,
And to the purpose, far from flattery.

AMURATH.

Think'st thou, I flatter? now I flatter not.
[*He kills* HALEB.

SOLIMAN.

What dismal planet guides this fatal hour?
Villain, thy brother's groans do call for thee,
[SOLIMAN *kills* AMURATH.
To wander with them through eternal night.

AMURATH.

O Soliman, for loving thee I die.

SOLIMAN.

No, Amurath, for murthering him thou diest.
O Haleb, how shall I begin to mourn,
Or how shall I begin to shed salt tears,
For whom no words nor tears can well suffice?
Ah, that my rich imperial diadem
Could satisfy thy cruel destiny!
Or that a thousand of our Turkish souls,
Or twenty thousand millions of our foes,
Could ransom thee from fell death's tyranny!
To win thy life would Soliman be poor,
And live in servile bondage all my days.
Accursed Amurath, that for a worthless cause
In blood hath shortened our sweet Haleb's days!
Ah, what is dearer bond than brotherhood?
Yet, Amurath, thou wert my brother too,
If wilful folly did not blind mine eyes;
Ay, ay, and thou as virtuous as Haleb,
And I as dear to thee as unto Haleb,
And thou as near to me as Haleb was.
Ah, Amurath! why wert thou so unkind
To him for uttering but a thwarting word?
And, Haleb, why did not thy heart's counsel
Bridle the fond intemperance of thy tongue?
Nay, wretched Soliman, why didst not thou
Withhold thy hand from heaping blood on blood?
Might I not better spare one joy than both?
If love of Haleb forc'd me on to wrath,
Curs'd be that wrath that is the way to death!
If justice forc'd me on, curs'd be that justice,
That makes the brother butcher of his brother!—
Come, Janissaries, and help me to lament,

And bear my joys on either side of me—
Ay, late my joys, but now my lasting sorrow.
Thus, thus, let Soliman pass on his way,
Bearing in either hand his heart's decay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

LOVE.

Now, Death and Fortune, which of all us three
Hath in the actors shown the greatest power?
Have not I taught Erastus and Perseda
By mutual tokens to seal up their loves?

FORTUNE.

Ay, but those tokens, the ring and carcanet,
Were Fortune's gifts; Love gives no gold or jewels.

LOVE.

Why, what is jewels, or what is gold, but earth;
An humour knit together by compression,
And by the world's bright eye first brought to light,
Only to feed men's eyes with vain delight?
Love's works are more than of a mortal temper,
I couple minds together by consent:
Who gave Rhodes' princess to the Cyprian prince,
But Love?

FORTUNE.

Fortune, that first by chance brought them together;
For, till by Fortune persons meet each other,
Thou canst not teach their eyes to wound their hearts.

LOVE.

I made those knights, of several sect[s] and countries,
Each one by arms to honour his beloved.

FORTUNE.

Nay, one alone to honour his beloved:
The rest, by turning of my tickle wheel,
Came short in reaching of fair honour's mark:
I gave Erastus only that day's prize,
A sweet renown, but mix'd with bitter sorrow;
For, in conclusion of his happiness,
I made him lose the precious carcanet,
Whereon depended all his hope and joy.

DEATH.

And more than so; for he, that found the chain,
Even for that chain shall be depriv'd of life.

LOVE.

Besides, Love hath enforc'd a fool—
The fond braggado—to presume to arms.

FORTUNE.

Ay, but thou see'st, how he was overthrown
By Fortune's high displeasure.

DEATH.

Ay, and by Death had been surpris'd,
If fates had giv'n me leave;
But what I miss'd in him and in the rest,
I did accomplish on Haleb and Amurath,

The worthy brethren of great Soliman:
But wherefore stay we? let the sequel prove,
Who is the greatest: Fortune, Death, or Love.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter FERDINANDO *and* LUCINA.

FERDINANDO.

As fits the time, so now well fits the place,
To cool affection with our words and looks,
If in our thoughts be semblant[1] sympathy.

LUCINA.

My words, my looks, my thoughts, are all on thee:
Ferdinando is Lucina's only joy.

FERDINANDO.

What pledge thereof?

LUCINA.

An oath, a hand, a kiss.

FERDINANDO.

O holy oath, fair hand, and sugar'd kiss!
O, never may Ferdinando lack such bliss!
But say, my dear, when shall the gates of heaven
Stand all wide open for celestial gods,

[1] [Old copy, *semblance.*]

With gladsome looks to gaze at Hymen's robes?
When shall the graces or Lucina's hand
With rosy chaplets deck my golden tresses;
And Cupid bring me to thy nuptial bed,
Where thou in joy and pleasure must attend
A blissful war with me, thy chiefest friend?

LUCINA.

Full fraught with love, and burning with desire,
I long have long'd for sight[1] of Hymen's lights.

FERDINANDO.

Then that same day, whose warm and pleasant sight
Brings in the spring with many gladsome flowers,
Be our first day of joy and perfect peace:
Till when receive this precious carcanet,
In sign that as the links are interlaced,
So both our hearts are still combin'd in one,
Which never can be parted but by death.

Enter BASILISCO *and* PERSEDA.

LUCINA.

And if I live, this shall not be forgot:
But see, Ferdinando, where Perseda comes,
Whom women love for virtue, men for beauty;
All the world loves, none hates but envy.

BASILISCO.

All hail, brave cavalier: good morrow, madam,
The fairest shine that shall this day be seen,
Except Perseda's beauteous excellence,
Shame to love's queen, and empress of my thoughts.

[1] [Old copy, *light.*]

FERDINANDO.

Marry, thrice happy is Perseda's chance,
To have so brave a champion to her 'squire.

BASILISCO.

Her 'squire? her knight! and whoso else denies,
Shall feel the rigour of my sword and lance.

FERDINANDO.

O, sir, not I.

LUCINA.

Here is none but friends; yet let me challenge you,
For gracing me with a malignant style,
That I was fairest, and yet Perseda fairer;
We ladies stand upon our beauties much.

PERSEDA.

Herein, Lucina, let me buckler him.

BASILISCO.

Not Mars himself had e'er so fair a buckler.

PERSEDA.

Love makes him blind; and blind can judge no colour.[1]

LUCINA.

Why, then, the mends is made, and we still friends.

[1] [A common proverb. See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 91.]

PERSEDA.

Thou foolish coward! flies? Erastus lives,
The fairest shap'd,[1] but foulest-minded man,
That ere sun saw within our hemisphere:
My tongue to tell my woes is all too weak,
I must unclasp me, or my heart will break;
But inward cares are most pent-in with grief,
Unclasping, therefore, yields me no relief.
Ah, that my moist and cloud-compacted brain
Could spend my cares in show'rs of weeping rain!
But scalding sighs, like blasts of boist'rous winds,
Hinder my tears from falling on the ground,
And I must die by closure of my wound.
Ah, false Erastus! how had I misdone,
That thou shouldst quit my love with such a scorn!

Enter ERASTUS.

Here comes the Sinon of my heart:
I'll frame myself to his dissembling art.

ERASTUS.

Desire persuades me on, fear pulls me back:
Tush! I will to her; innocence is bold. [*Aside.*
How fares Perseda, my sweet second self?

PERSEDA.

Well now, Erastus, my heart's only joy,
Is come to join both hearts in union.

ERASTUS.

And till I came, whereas my love did dwell,
My pleasure was but pain, my solace woe.

[1] [Old copy, *shape.*]

PERSEDA.

What love means, my Erastus, pray thee tell?

ERASTUS.

Matchless Perseda, she that gave me strength
To win late conquests from many victor's hands,
Thy name was conqueror, not my chivalry;
Thy looks did arm me, not my coat of steel;
Thy beauty did defend me, not my force;
Thy favours bore me, not my light-foot steed;
Therefore to thee I owe both love and life;
But wherefore makes Perseda such a doubt,
As if Erastus could forget himself;
Which if I do, all vengeance light on me!

PERSEDA.

Ay me, how graceless are these wicked men!
I can no longer hold my patience. [*Aside.*
Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
And feign deep oaths, to wound poor silly maids!
Are there no honest drops in all thy cheeks,
To check thy fraudful countenance with a blush?
Call'st thou me love, and lov'st another better?
If heav'ns were just, thy teeth would tear thy tongue
For this thy perjur'd false disloyalty:
If heav'ns were just, men should have open breasts,
That we therein might read their guileful thoughts:
If heav'ns were just, that power that forceth love
Would never couple wolves and lambs together:
Yes, heav'ns are just, but thou art so corrupt,
That in thee all their influence doth change,
As in the spider good things turn to poison.
Ah, false Erastus, how had I misdone,

That thou shouldst pawn my true affection's pledge
To her, whose worth will never equal mine?
What, is Lucina's wealth exceeding mine?
Yet mine sufficient to encounter thine.
Is she more fair than I? that's not my fault,
Nor her desert: what's beauty but a blast,
Soon cropp'd with age or with infirmities?
Is she more wise? her years are more than mine.
Whate'er she be, my love was more than hers;
And for her chastity let others judge.
But what talk I of her? the fault is thine:
If I were so disgracious in thine eye,
That she must needs enjoy my interest,
Why didst thou deck her with my ornament?
Could nothing serve her but the carcanet
Which, as my life, I gave to thee in charge?
Couldst thou abuse my true simplicity,
Whose greatest fault was overloving thee?
I'll keep no tokens of thy perjury:
Here, give her this; Perseda now is free,
And all my former love is turn'd to hate.

ERASTUS.

Ah! stay, my sweet Perseda; hear me speak.

PERSEDA.

What are thy words, but Siren's guileful songs,
That please the ear, but seek to spoil the heart.

ERASTUS.

Then view my tears, that plead for innocence.

PERSEDA.

What are thy tears, but Circe's magic seas,
Where none 'scape wreck'd but blindfold mariners?

ERASTUS.

If words and tears displease, then view my looks,
That plead for mercy at thy rigorous hands.

PERSEDA.

What are thy looks, but like the cockatrice,
That seeks to wound poor silly passengers?

ERASTUS.

If words, nor tears, nor looks may win remorse,
What then remains? for my perplexed heart
Hath no interpreters but words, or tears, or looks.

PERSEDA.

And they are all as false as thou thyself. [*Exit.*

ERASTUS.

Hard doom of death, before my case be known;
My judge unjust, and yet I cannot blame her,
Since love and jealousy misled her thus,
Myself in fault, and yet not worthy blame,
Because that fortune made the fault, not love.
The ground of her unkindness grows, because
I lost the precious carcanet she gave me:[1]
Lucina hath it, as her words import;
But how she got it, heav'n knows, not I.
Yet this is some allevement to my sorrow:
That if I can but get the chain again,
I boldly then shall let Perseda know

[1] [Old copy reads—

"Because I lost
The precious carcanet she gave to me."]

That she hath wrong'd Erastus and her friend.
Ah, love! and if thou be'st of heav'nly power,
Inspire me with some present stratagem:
It must be so; Lucina's a frank gamester,
And like it is in play she'll hazard it;
For if report but blazon her aright,
She's a frank gamester, and inclin'd to play.
Ho! Piston!

Enter PISTON.

PISTON.

Here, sir, what would you with me?

ERASTUS.

Desire Guelpio and Signior Julio come speak with me,
And bid them bring some store of crowns with them;
And, sirrah, provide me four vizards,
Four gowns, a box, and a drum;
For I intend to go in mummery.

PISTON.

I will, sir. [*Exit* PISTON.

ERASTUS.

Ah, virtuous lamps of ever-turning heavens,
Incline her mind to play, and mine to win!
Nor do I covet but what is mine own:
Then shall I let Perseda understand,
How jealousy had arm'd her tongue with malice.
Ah! were she not Perseda, whom my heart
No more can fly, than iron can adamant,
Her late unkindness would have chang'd my mind.

Enter GUELPIO *and* JULIO, *with* PISTON.

GUELPIO.

How now, Erastus? wherein may we pleasure thee?

ERASTUS.

Sirs, thus it is: we must in mummery
Unto Lucina, neither for love nor hate;
But, if we can, to win the chain she wears:
For, though I have some interest therein,
Fortune may make me master of mine own,
Rather than I'll seek justice 'gainst the dame.
But this assure yourselves, it must be mine,
By game or change, by one device or other:
The rest I'll tell you, when our sport is done.

JULIO.

Why, then, let's make us ready, and about it.

ERASTUS.

What store of crowns have you brought?

GUELPIO.

Fear not for money, man, I'll bear the box!

JULIO.

I have some little relay,[1] if need require.

[1] [Old copy, *reply.*]

PISTON.

Ay, but hear you, master, was not he a fool,
That went to shoot, and left his arrows behind him?

ERASTUS.

Yes, but what of that?

PISTON.

Marry, that you may lose your money, and go
Without the chain, unless you carry false dice.

GUELPIO.

'Mass, the fool says true; let's have some got.

PISTON.

Nay, I use not to go without a pair of false dice;
Here are tall men and little men.

JULIO.

High men and low men,[1] thou wouldst say.

ERASTUS.

Come, sirs, let's go. Drumsler, pray for me,
And I'll reward thee. And, sirrah Piston,
Mar not our sport with your foolery.

[1] So Shakespeare, "Merry Wives of Windsor," act i. sc. 8: "*Pist.* And *high* and *low* beguiles the rich and poor," *i.e.*, *high and low men*—false dice so called.

PISTON.

I warrant you, sir, they get not one wise word of me. [*Sound up the drum to* LUCINA'S *door.*

Enter LUCINA.

LUCINA.

Ay, marry, this shows that Charlemagne[1] is come.
What, shall we play here? content,
Since Signor Ferdinand will have it so.
[*Then they play; and when she hath lost her gold,* ERASTUS *pointeth to her chain, and then she says—*
Ay, were it Cleopatra's union![2]
[*Then* ERASTUS *winneth the chain, and loseth his gold.*

LUCINA.

Signor Ferdinando, I am sure 'tis you!
And, gentlemen, unmask, ere you depart,
That I may know to whom my thanks are due
For this so courteous and unlook'd-for sport.
No! will't not be? then sup with me to-morrow?
Well, then, I'll look for you; till then, farewell.
[*Exit* LUCINA.

ERASTUS.

Gentlemen, each thing hath sorted to our wish;
She took me for Ferdinando, mark'd you that?
Your gold shall be repaired with double thanks;
And, fellow drumsler, I'll reward you well.

[1] [Lucina probably called Ferdinando by this name in sport.]

[2] [Pearl. See Nares, 1859, *in v.*]

PISTON.

But is there no reward for my false dice

ERASTUS.

Yes, sir, a guarded suit from top to toe.

Enter FERDINANDO.

Dazzle mine eyes, or is't Lucina's chain?—
False treacher, lay down the chain that thou hast stolen.

ERASTUS.

He lewdly lies that calls me treacherous.

FERDINANDO.

That lie my weapon shall put down thy throat.
[*Then* ERASTUS *slays* FERDINANDO.

JULIO.

Fly, Erastus, ere the governor have any news,
Whose near ally he was and chief delight.

ERASTUS.

Nay, gentlemen, fly you and save yourselves,
Lest you partake the hardness of my fortune.
[*Exeunt* GUELPIO *and* JULIO.
Ah, fickle and blind guidress of the world!
What pleasure hast thou in my misery?
Was't not enough, when I had lost the chain,
Thou didst bereave me of my dearest love;
But now, when I should repossess the same,
To cross me with this hapless accident?

Ah, if but time and place would give me leave,
Great ease it were for me to purge myself,
And to accuse fell Fortune, Love, and Death;
For all these three conspire my tragedy:
But danger waits upon my words and steps.
I dare not stay; for if the governor
Surprise me here, I die by martial law,
Therefore I go: but whither shall I go?
If into any stay adjoining Rhodes,
They will betray me to Philippo's hands,
For love, or gain, or flattery.
To Turkey must I go; the passage short,
The people warlike, and the king renown'd,
For all heroical and kingly virtues.
Ah, hard attempt, to tempt a foe for aid!
Necessity yet says it must be so,
Or suffer death for Ferdinando's death;
Whom honour's title forc'd me to misdo,
By checking his outrageous insolence.—
Piston, here take this chain, and give it to Perseda;
And let her know what hath befallen me:
When thou'st deliver'd it, take ship and follow me,
I will be in Constantinople.—
Farewell, my country, dearer than my life;
Farewell, dear friends, dearer than country soil;
Farewell, Perseda, dearest of them all,
Dearer to me than all the world besides.

[*Exit* ERASTUS.

PISTON.

Now am I growing into a doubtful agony,
What I were best to do—to run away with this chain,
Or deliver it, and follow my master?

If I deliver it, and follow my master, I shall have thanks;
But they will make me never the fatter:
If I run away with it, I may live upon credit,
All the while I wear this chain;
Or domineer with the money when I have sold it.
Hitherto all goes well; but, if I be taken—
Ay, marry, sir, then the case is alter'd; ay, and halter'd too:
Of all things, I do not love to preach
With a halter about my neck:
Therefore for this once I'll be honest against my will;
Perseda shall have it: but, before I go, I'll be so bold
As to dive into the gentleman's pocket for good luck sake,
If he deny me not. How say you, sir? are you content?—
A plain case: *Qui tacet consitiri*[1] *videtur.*

[*Robs* FERDINANDO.

Enter PHILIPPO *and* JULIO [*behind*].

See where his body lies.

PHILIPPO.

Ay, ay; I see his body all too soon:
What barb'rous villain is't that rifles him?
Ah, Ferdinando! the stay of my old age
And chief remainder of our progeny.
Ah, loving cousin! how art thou misdone
By false Erastus? ah no, by treachery;
For well thy valour hath been often tried.

[1] He means to say *consentire.*

But whilst I stand and weep, and spend the time
In fruitless plaints, the murd'rer will escape
Without revenge, sole salve for such a sore—
Say, villain, wherefore didst thou rifle him?

PISTON.

'Faith, sir, for pure good-will.
Seeing he was going towards heaven,
I thought to see if he had a passport to Saint
Nicholas, or no.

PHILIPPO.

Some sot he seems to be, 'twere pity to hurt him.
[*Aside.*
Sirrah, canst thou tell who slew this man?

PISTON.

Ay, sir, very well; it was my master Erastus.

PHILIPPO.

Thy master? and whither is he gone now?

PISTON.

To fetch the sexton to bury him, I think.

PHILIPPO.

'Twere pity to imprison such a sot.

PISTON.

Now it fits my wisdom to counterfeit the fool.
[*Aside.*

PHILIPPO.

Come hither, sirrah; thou knowest me
For the governor of the city, dost thou not?

PISTON.

Ay, forsooth, sir.

PHILIPPO.

Thou art a bondman, and wouldst fain be free?

PISTON.

Ay, forsooth, sir.

PHILIPPO.

Then do but this, and I will make thee free,
And rich withal; learn where Erastus is,
And bring me word, and I'll reward thee well.

PISTON.

That I will, sir; I shall find you at the castle,
shall I not?

PHILIPPO.

Yes.

PISTON.

Why, I'll be here, as soon as ever I come again.
[*Exit* PISTON.

PHILIPPO.

But for assurance that he may not 'scape,
We'll lay the ports and havens round about;
And let proclamation straight be made,
That he that can bring forth the murderer,
Shall have three thousand ducats for his pain:

Myself will see the body borne from hence,
And honoured with balm and funeral. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PISTON.

God sends fortune to fools:
Did you ever see wise men escape as I have done?
I must betray my master! Ay, but when, can
you tell?

Enter PERSEDA.

See where Perseda comes, to save me a labour.—
After my most hearty commendations,
This is to let you understand, that my master
Was in good health at the sending hereof?
Yours for ever, and ever, and ever,
In most humble wise, Piston.
[*Then he delivers her the chain.*

PERSEDA.

This makes me think that I have been too
cruel:— [*Aside.*
How got he this from off Lucina's arm?

PISTON.

'Faith, in a mummery and a pair of false dice;
I was one of the mummers myself, simple as I
stand here.

PERSEDA.

I rather think it cost him very dear.

PISTON.

Ay, so it did; for it cost Ferdinando his life.

PERSEDA.

How so?

PISTON.

After we had got the chain in mummery,
And lost our box in counter-cambio,
My master wore the chain about his neck;
Then Ferdinando met us on the way,
And revil'd my master, saying he stole the chain:
With that they drew, and there Ferdinando had
the prickado.

PERSEDA.

And whither fled my poor Erastus then?

PISTON.

To Constantinople, whither I must follow him.—
But ere he went, with many sighs and tears
He deliver'd me the chain, and bad me give it you
For perfect argument that he was true,
And you too credulous.

PERSEDA.

Ah, stay no more,
For I can hear no more.

PISTON.

And I can sing no more.

PERSEDA.

My heart had arm'd my tongue with injury,
To wrong my friend, whose thoughts were ever
true.

Ah, poor Erastus ! how thy stars malign !
Thou great commander of the swift-wing'd winds
And dreadful Neptune, bring him back again :
But, Æolus and Neptune, let him go ;
For here is nothing but revenge and death :
Then, let him go ; I'll shortly follow him,
Now with slow sails, but with love's golden wings :
My ship shall be borne with tears, and blown with sighs ;
So will I soar about the Turkish land,
Until I meet Erastus, my sweet friend :
And then and there fall down amid his arms,
And in his bosom there pour forth my soul,
For satisfaction of my trespass past.

Enter BASILISCO *armed.*

BASILISCO.

Fair love, according unto thy command,
I seek Erastus, and will combat him.

PERSEDA.

Ay, seek him, find him, bring him to my sight ;
For till we meet, my heart shall want delight.
[*Exit* PERSEDA.

BASILISCO.

My pretty fellow, where hast thou hid thy master ?

PISTON.

Marry, sir, in an armourer's shop,
Where you had not best go to him.

BASILISCO.

Why so? I am in honour bound to combat him.

PISTON.

Ay, sir; but he, knowing your fierce conditions,
Hath planted a double cannon in the door,
Ready to discharge it upon you when you go by.
I tell you for pure good-will.

BASILISCO.

In knightly courtesy, I thank thee:
But hopes the coystrel to escape me so?
Thinks he bare cannon-shot can keep me back?
Why, wherefore serves my targe of proof but for
the bullet
That, once put by, I roughly come upon him,
Like to the wings of lightning from above;
I with a martial look astonish him,
Then falls he down, poor wretch! upon his knee,
And all too late repents his surquedry:
Then do I take him on my finger's point,
And thus I bear him thorough every street,
To be a laughing-stock to all the town:
That done, I lay him at my mistress' feet,
For her to give him doom of life or death.

PISTON.

Ay, but hear you, sir; I am bound,
In pain of my master's displeasure,
To have a bout at cuffs, afore you and I part.

BASILISCO.

Ha, ha, ha! eagles are challeng'd by paltry flies:
Thy folly gives thee privilege; be gone, be gone.

PISTON.

No, no, sir: I must have a bout with you, sir,
that's flat;
Lest my master turn me out of service.

BASILISCO.

Why, art thou weary of thy life?

PISTON.

No, by my faith, sir.

BASILISCO.

Then fetch thy weapons; and with my single fist
I'll combat thee, my body all unarm'd.

PISTON.

Why, lend me thine, and save me a labour.

BASILISCO.

I tell thee, if Alcides liv'd this day,
He could not wield my weapons.

PISTON.

Why, wilt thou stay, till I come again?

BASILISCO.

Ay, upon my honour.

PISTON.

That shall be, when I come from Turkey.
[*Exit* PISTON.

BASILISCO.

Is this little desperate fellow gone?
Doubtless, he is a very tall fellow;
And yet it were a disgrace to all my chivalry
To combat one so base:
I'll send some crane to combat with the pigmy;
Not that I fear, but that I scorn to fight.
[*Exit* BASILISCO.

Enter CHORUS.

LOVE.

Fortune, thou madest Ferdinando find the chain:
But yet by Love's instruction he was taught
To make a present of it to his mistress.

FORTUNE.

But Fortune would not let her keep it long.

LOVE.

Nay, rather, Love, by whose suggested power
Erastus us'd such dice as, being false,
Ran not by Fortune, but necessity.

FORTUNE.

Meantime, I brought Ferdinando on the way,
To see and challenge what Lucina lost.

DEATH.

And by that challenge I abridg'd his life,
And forc'd Erastus into banishment,
Parting him from his love, in spite of Love.

LOVE.

But with my golden wings I'll follow him,
And give him aid and succour in distress.

FORTUNE.

And doubt not too, but Fortune will be there,
And cross him too, and sometimes flatter him,
And lift him up, and throw him down again.

DEATH.

And here and there in ambush Death will stand,
To mar what Love or Fortune takes in hand.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter SOLIMAN *and* BRUSOR, *with Janissaries.*

SOLIMAN.

How long shall Soliman spend his time,
And waste his days in fruitless obsequies?
Perhaps my grief and long-continual moan
Adds but a trouble to my brothers' ghost[s],
Which, but for me, would now have took their rest:
Then, farewell sorrow; and now, revenge, draw near.
In controversy touching the isle of Rhodes,
My brothers died; on Rhodes I'll be reveng'd:
Now tell me, Brusor, what's the news at Rhodes?
Hath the young Prince of Cyprus married
Cornelia, daughter to the governor?

BRUSOR.

He hath, my lord, with the greatest pomp,
That e'er I saw at such a festival.

SOLIMAN.

What, greater than at our coronation?

BRUSOR.

Inferior to that only.

SOLIMAN.

At tilt who won the honour of the day?

BRUSOR.

A worthy knight of Rhodes, a matchless man,
His name Erastus, not twenty years of age,
Not tall, but well-proportion'd in his limbs:
I never saw, except your excellence,
A man whose presence more delighted me;
And, had he worshipp'd Mahomet for Christ,
He might have borne me thoroughout all the world,
So well I lov'd and honoured the man.

SOLIMAN.

These praises, Brusor, touch me to the heart,
And make me wish that I had been at Rhodes
Under the habit of some errant knight,
Both to have seen and tried his valour.

BRUSOR.

You should have seen him foil and overthrow
All the knights that there encountered him.

SOLIMAN.

Whate'er he be, ev'n for his virtue's sake,
I wish that fortune of our holy wars
Would yield him prisoner unto Soliman,
That for retaining one so virtuous
We may ourselves be fam'd for virtues.
But let him pass; and, Brusor, tell me now,
How did the Christians use our knights?

BRUSOR.

As if that we and they had been one sect.

SOLIMAN.

What think'st thou of their valour and demeanour?

BRUSOR.

Brave men at arms, and friendly out of arms;
Courteous in peace, in battle dangerous;
Kind to their foes, and liberal to their friends;
And, all in all, their deeds heroical.

SOLIMAN.

Then tell me, Brusor, how is Rhodes fenced?
For either Rhodes shall be brave Soliman's,
Or cost me more brave soldiers
Than all that isle will bear.

BRUSOR.

Their fleet is weak;
Their horse, I deem them fifty thousand strong;
Their footmen more, well exercised in war;
And, as it seems, they want no needful victual.

SOLIMAN.

However Rhodes be fenc'd by sea or land,
It either shall be mine, or bury me.

Enter ERASTUS.

What is he that thus boldly enters in?
His habit argues him a Christian.

ERASTUS.

Ay, worthy lord, a forlorn Christian.

SOLIMAN.

Tell me, man, what madness brought thee hither?

ERASTUS.

Thy virtuous fame and mine own misery.

SOLIMAN.

What misery? speak; for though you Christians
Account our Turkish race but barbarous,
Yet have we ears to hear a just complaint,
And justice to defend the innocent,
And pity to such as are in poverty,
And liberal hands to such as merit bounty.

BRUSOR.

My gracious sov'reign, as this knight
Seems by grief tied to silence,
So his deserts bind me to speak for him:
This is Erastus, the Rhodian worthy,
The flow'r of chivalry and courtesy.

SOLIMAN.

Is this the man that thou hast so described?
Stand up, fair knight, that what my heart desires,
Mine eyes may view with pleasure and delight.
This face of thine should harbour no deceit.
Erastus, I'll not yet urge to know the cause
That brought thee hither, lest
With the discourse thou shouldst afflict thyself,
And cross the fulness of my joyful passion.
But that we are assured,
Heav'n's brought thee hither for our benefit,
Know thou that Rhodes, nor all that Rhodes contains,
Shall win thee from the side of Soliman,
If we but find thee well-inclin'd to us.

ERASTUS.

If any ignoble or dishonourable thoughts
Should dare attempt or but creep near my heart,
Honour should force disdain to root it out!
As air-bred eagles,[1] if they once perceive
That any of their brood but close their sight
When they should gaze against the glorious sun,
They straightway seize upon him with their talents,[2]
That on the earth it may untimely die,
For looking but askew at heav'n's bright eye.

[1] Naturalists tell us the eagle holds up its brood, as soon as 'tis hatched, to the sun, to prove whether they are genuine or not. To this Shakespeare alludes, "Henry VI.," Third Part, act ii. sc. 1—

"RICHARD.

"Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent *by gazing 'gainst the sun.*"

[2] [Talons.]

SOLIMAN.

Erastus, to make thee well-assured
How well thy speech and presence liketh us,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be granted thee.

ERASTUS.

Then this, my gracious lord, is all I crave
That, being banish'd from my native soil,
I may have liberty to live a Christian.

SOLIMAN.

Ay, that, or anything thou shalt desire;
Thou shalt be captain of our Janissaries,
And in our council shalt thou sit with us,
And be great Soliman's adopted friend.

ERASTUS.

The least of these surpass my best desert,
Unless true loyalty may seem desert.

SOLIMAN.

Erastus, now thou hast obtained thy boon,
Deny not Soliman this one request;
A virtuous envy pricks me with desire
To try thy valour: say, art thou content?

ERASTUS.

Ay, if my sov'reign say content, I yield.

SOLIMAN.

Then give us swords and targets:
And now, Erastus, think thee mine enemy,

But ever after thy continual friend;
And spare me not, for then thou wrong'st my honour.

[*Then they fight, and* ERASTUS *overcomes* SOLIMAN.

Nay, nay, Erastus, throw not down thy weapons,
As if thy force did fail; it is enough
That thou hast conquer'd Soliman by strength:
By courtesy let Soliman conquer thee.
And now from arms to council sit thee down.
Before thy coming I vow'd to conquer Rhodes:
Say, wilt thou be our lieutenant there,
And further us in manage of these wars?

ERASTUS.

My gracious sovereign, without presumption,
If poor Erastus may once more entreat,
Let not great Soliman's command,
To whose behest I vow obedience,
Enforce me sheathe my slaught'ring blade
In the dear bowels of my countrymen:
And, were it not that Soliman hath sworn,
My tears should plead for pardon in that place.
I speak not this to shrink away for fear,
Or hide my head in time of dangerous storms:
Employ me elsewhere in thy foreign wars;
Against the Persians or the barbarous Moor,
Erastus will be foremost in the battle.

SOLIMAN.

Why favour'st thou thy countrymen so much,
By whose cruelty thou art exil'd?

ERASTUS.

'Tis not my country, but Philippo's wrath

(It must be told) for Ferdinando's death,
Whom I in honour's cause have reft of life.

SOLIMAN.

Nor suffer this or that to trouble thee:
Thou shalt not need Philippo nor his isle;
Nor shalt thou war against thy countrymen:
I like thy virtue in refusing it.
But, that our oath may have his current course,
Brusor, go levy men;
Prepare a fleet t' assault and conquer Rhodes.
Meantime Erastus and I will strive
By mutual kindness to excel each other.
Brusor, begone; and see not Soliman,
Till thou hast brought Rhodes in subjection.
[*Exit* BRUSOR.
And now, Erastus, come and follow me,
Where thou shalt see what pleasures and what sports
My minions and my eunuchs can devise
To drive away this melancholy mood.
[*Exit* SOLIMAN.

Enter PISTON.

PISTON.

O master, see where I am.

ERASTUS.

Say, Piston, what's the news at Rhodes?

PISTON.

Cold and comfortless for you:
Will you have them all at once?

ERASTUS.

Ay.

PISTON.

Why, the governor will hang you, and he catch you:
Ferdinando is buried; your friends commend them to you;
Perseda hath the chain, and is like to die for sorrow.

ERASTUS.

Ay, that's the grief, that we are parted thus:
Come, follow me, and I will hear the rest;
For now I must attend the emperor. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PERSEDA, LUCINA, *and* BASILISCO.

PERSEDA.

Accursed chain! unfortunate Perseda!

LUCINA.

Accursed chain! unfortunate Lucina!
My friend is gone, and I am desolate.

PERSEDA.

My friend is gone, and I am desolate:—
Return him back, fair stars, or let me die.

LUCINA.

Return him back, fair heav'ns, or let me die:
For what was he but comfort of my life?

PERSEDA.

For what was he but comfort of my life ?
But why was I so careful of the chain ?

LUCINA.

But why was I so careless of the chain ?
Had I not lost it, my friend had not been slain.

PERSEDA.

Had I not ask'd it, my friend had not departed ;
His parting is my death.

LUCINA.

His death's my life's departing ;
And here my tongue doth stay with swoll'n heart's grief.

PERSEDA.

And here my swoll'n heart's grief doth stay my tongue.

BASILISCO.

For whom weep you ?

LUCINA.

Ah, for Ferdinando's dying.

BASILISCO.

For whom mourn you ?

PERSEDA.

Ah, for Erastus' flying.

BASILISCO.

Why, lady, is not Basilisco here?
Why, lady, doth not Basilisco live?
Am not I worth both these for whom you mourn?
Then take each one half of me, and cease to weep;
Or if you gladly would enjoy me both,
I'll serve the one by day, the other by night:
And I will pay you both your sound delight.

LUCINA.

Ah, how unpleasant is mirth to melancholy!

PERSEDA.

My heart is full; I cannot laugh at folly.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

BASILISCO.

See, see, Lucina hates me like a toad,
Because that, when Erastus spake my name,
Her love Ferdinando died at the same:
So dreadful is our name to cowardice.
On the other side, Perseda takes it unkindly
That, ere he went, I brought not bound unto her
Erastus, that faint-hearted runaway.
Alas! how could I? for his man no sooner
Inform'd him that I sought him up and down,
But he was gone in twinkling of an eye.
But I will after my delicious love;
For well I wot, though she dissemble thus,
And cloak affection with her modesty,
With love of me her thoughts are overgone,
More than was Phillis with her Demophon. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILIPPO, *the* PRINCE OF CYPRUS, *with other Soldiers.*

PHILIPPO.

Brave Prince of Cyprus, and our son-in-law,
Now there is little time to stand and talk;
The Turks have pass'd our gallies, and are landed:
You with some men-at-arms shall take the tower;
I with the rest will down into the strand:[1]
If we be beaten back, we'll come to you;
And here, in spite of damned Turks, we'll gain
A glorious death or famous victory.

CYPRUS.

About it, then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BRUSOR *and his Soldiers.*

BRUSOR.

Drum, sound a parley to the citizens.
[*The* PRINCE OF CYPRUS *on the walls.*

CYPRUS.

What parley craves the Turkish at our hands?

BRUSOR.

We come with mighty Soliman's command,
Monarch and mighty emperor of the world,
From east to west, from south to septentrion.
If you resist, expect what war affords—
Mischief, murder, blood, and extremity.

[1] [Old copy, *straue.*]

What, wilt thou yield, and try our clemency?
Say, ay or no; for we are peremptory.

CYPRUS.

Your lord usurps in all that he possesseth:
And that great God, which we do truly worship,
Shall strengthen us against your insolence.

BRUSOR.

Now, if you plead for mercy, 'tis too late.
Come, fellow-soldiers, let us to the breach,
That's made already on the other side.
[*Exeunt to the battle.* PHILIPPO *and* CYPRUS *are both slain.*

Enter BRUSOR *with Soldiers, having* GUELPIO *and* JULIO, *and* BASILISCO, *with* PERSEDA *and* LUCINA, *prisoners.*

BRUSOR.

Now Rhodes is yok'd, and stoops to Soliman;
There lies the governor, and there his son: now let
Their souls tell sorry tidings to their ancestors,
What millions of men opprest with ruin and scathe
The Turkish armies did in Christendom.
What say these pris'ners? will they turn Turk or no?

JULIO.

First Julio will die ten thousand deaths.

GUELPIO.

And Guelpio, rather than deny his Christ.

BRUSOR.

Then stab the slaves, and send their souls to hell.
[*They stab* JULIO *and* GUELPIO.

BASILISCO.

I turn, I turn; O, save my life, I turn.

BRUSOR.

Forbear to hurt him: when we land in Turkey,
He shall be circumcis'd, and have his rites.

BASILISCO.

Think you I turn Turk for fear of servile death?
That's but a sport: i' faith, sir, no;
'Tis for Perseda, whom I love so well,
That I would follow her, though she went to hell.

BRUSOR.

Now for these ladies: their life's privilege
Hangs on their beauty; they shall be preserved
To be presented to great Soliman,
The greatest honour fortune could afford.

PERSEDA.

The most dishonour that could e'er befall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

LOVE.

Now, Fortune, what hast thou done in this latter Passage?

FORTUNE.

I plac'd Erastus in the favour
Of Soliman the Turkish emperor.

LOVE.

Nay, that was Love, for I couched myself
In poor Erastus' eye, and with a look,
O'erspread with tears, bewitched Soliman:
Beside, I sat on valiant Brusor's tongue
To guide the praises of the Rhodian[1] knight;
Then in the ladies' passions I show'd my power:
And lastly, Love made Basilisco's tongue
To countercheck his heart by turning Turk,
And save his life, in spite of Death's despite.

DEATH.

How chanc'd[2] it then, that Love and Fortune's power
Could neither save Philippo nor his son,
Nor Guelpio, nor Signior Julio,
Nor rescue Rhodes from out the hands of Death?

FORTUNE.

Why, Brusor's victory was Fortune's gift.

[1] [Old copy, *herodian.*] [2] [Old copy, *chance.*]

DEATH.

But had I slept, his conquest had been small.

LOVE.

Wherefore stay we? there's more behind,
Which proves that, though Love wink, Love's not
stark blind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter ERASTUS *and* PISTON.

PISTON.

Faith, master, methinks you are unwise
That you wear not the high sugarloaf hat
And the gilded gown the emperor gave you.

ERASTUS.

Peace, fool! a sable weed fits discontent:
Away, be gone.

PISTON.

I'll go provide your supper:
A shoulder of mutton and never a salad.
[*Exit* PISTON.

ERASTUS.

I must confess that Soliman is kind
Past all compare, and more than my desert:
But what helps gay garments, when the mind's
oppress'd?
What pleaseth the eye, when the sense is alter'd?

My heart is overwhelm'd with thousand woes,
And melancholy leads my soul in triumph;
No marvel, then, if I have little mind
Of rich embroidery or costly ornaments:
Of honour's titles, or of wealth, or gain:
Of music, viands, or of dainty dames.
No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroy'd:
If not destroy'd, yet bound and captivate;
If captivate, then forc'd from holy faith;
If forc'd from faith, for ever miserable:
For what is misery but want of God?
And God is lost, if faith be overthrown.

Enter SOLIMAN.

SOLIMAN.

Why, how now, Erastus, always in thy dumps?
Still in black habit, fitting funeral?
Cannot my love persuade thee from this mood,
Nor all my fair entreats and blandishments?
Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump with mine;
For what are friends, but one mind in two bodies?
Perhaps thou doubt'st my friendship's constancy;
Then dost thou wrong the measure of my love,
Which hath no measure, and shall never end.
Come, Erastus, sit thee down by me,
And I'll impart to thee our Brusor's news;
News to our honour and to thy content:
The governor is slain, that sought thy death.

ERASTUS.

A worthy man, though not Erastus' friend.

SOLIMAN.

The Prince of Cyprus, too, is likewise slain.

ERASTUS.

Fair blossom, likely to have prov'd good fruit.

SOLIMAN.

Rhodes is taken, and all the men are slain,
Except some few that turn to Mahomet.

ERASTUS.

Ay, there it is: now all my friends are slain,
And fair Perseda murder'd or deflowr'd:
Ah, gracious Soliman! now show thy love
In not denying thy poor suppliant;
Suffer me not to stay here in thy presence,
But by myself lament me once for all:
Here if I stay, I must suppress my tears,
And tears suppress'd will but increase my sorrow.

SOLIMAN.

Go, then, go spend thy mournings all at once,
That in thy presence Soliman may joy;
For hitherto have I reap'd little pleasure.
[*Exit* ERASTUS.
Well, well, Erastus, Rhodes may bless thy birth:
For his sake only will I spare them more,
From spoil, pillage, and oppression,
Than Alexander spared warlike Thebes
For Pindarus; or than Augustus
Spared rich Alexandria for Arias' sake.

Enter BRUSOR, PERSEDA, *and* LUCINA.

BRUSOR.

My gracious lord, rejoice in happiness :
All Rhodes is yok'd, and stoops to Soliman.

SOLIMAN.

First, thanks to heav'n ; and next, to Brusor's valour,
Which I'll not guerdon with large promises ;
But straight reward thee with a bounteous largess.
But what two Christian virgins have we here ?

BRUSOR.

Part of the spoil of Rhodes, which were preserved
To be presented to your mightiness.

SOLIMAN.

This present pleaseth more than all the rest ;
And, were their garments turn'd from black to white,
I should have deem'd them Juno's goodly swans,
Or Venus' milkwhite doves : so mild they are,
And so adorn'd with beauty's miracle.
Here, Brusor, this kind turtle shall be thine ;
Take her, and use her at thy pleasure :
But this kind turtle is for Soliman,
That her captivity may turn to bliss.
Fair looks, resembling Phœbus' radiant beams ;
Smooth forehead, like the table of high Jove ;
Small pencill'd eyebrows, like two glorious rainbows ;

Quick lamplike eyes, like heav'n's two brightest orbs;
Lips of pure coral, breathing ambrosy;
Cheeks, where the rose and lily are in combat;
Neck, whiter than the snowy Apenines,
Breasts, like two overflowing fountains,
'Twixt which a vale leads to th' Elysian shades,
Where under covert lies the fount of pleasure,
Which thoughts may guess, but tongue must not profane;
A sweeter creature nature never made:
Love never tainted Soliman till now.
Now, fair virgin, let me hear thee speak.

PERSEDA.

What can my tongue utter but grief and death?

SOLIMAN.

The sound is honey, but the sense is gall:
Then, sweeting, bless me with a cheerful look.

PERSEDA.

How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look,
When they are stopp'd with floods of flowing tears?

SOLIMAN.

If tongue with grief, and eyes with tears be fill'd,
Say, virgin, how doeth thy heart admit
The pure affection of great Soliman?

PERSEDA.

My thoughts are like pillars of adamant,
Too hard to take a new impression.

SOLIMAN.

Nay, then, I see, my stooping makes her proud;
She is my vassal, and I will command.
Coy virgin, know'st thou what offence it is
To thwart the will and pleasure of a king?
Why, thy life is done, if I but say the word.

PERSEDA.

Why, that's the period that my heart desires.

SOLIMAN.

And die thou shalt, unless thou change thy mind.

PERSEDA.

Nay, then, Perseda grows resolute:
Soliman's thoughts and mine resemble
Lines parallel,[1] that never can be join'd.

SOLIMAN.

Then kneel thee down,
And at my hands receive the stroke of death,
Doom'd to thyself by thine own wilfulness.

PERSEDA.

Strike, strike; thy words pierce deeper than thy blows.

SOLIMAN.

Brusor, hide her; for her looks withhold me.
[*Then* BRUSOR *hides her with a lawn.*

[1] [Old copy, *Lives paralise.*]

O Brusor, thou hast not hid her lips;
For there sits Venus with Cupid on her knee,
And all the graces smiling round about her,
So craving pardon, that I cannot strike.

BRUSOR.

Her face is cover'd over quite, my lord.

SOLIMAN.

Why, so: O Brusor, seest thou not
Her milkwhite neck, that alabaster tower?
'Twill break the edge of my keen scimitar,
And pieces, flying back, will wound myself.

BRUSOR.

Now she is all covered, my lord.

SOLIMAN.

Why now at last she dies.

PERSEDA.

O Christ, receive my soul!

SOLIMAN.

Hark, Brusor; she calls on Christ:
I will not send her to him. Her words are music;
The selfsame music that in ancient days
Brought Alexander from war to banqueting.
And made him fall from skirmishing to kissing.
No, my dear love would not let me kill thee,
Though majesty would turn desire to wrath:
There lies my sword, humbled at thy feet;

And I myself, that govern many kings,
Entreat a pardon for my rash misdeed.

PERSEDA.

Now Soliman wrongs his imperial state;
But if thou love me, and have hope to win,
Grant me one boon that I shall crave of thee.

SOLIMAN.

Whate'er it be, Perseda, I grant it thee.

PERSEDA.

Then let me live a Christian virgin still,
Unless my state shall alter by my will.

SOLIMAN.

My word is past, and I recall my passions:
What should he do with crowns and empery,
That cannot govern private, fond affections?
Yet give me leave in honest sort to court thee,
To ease, though not to cure, my malady!
Come, sit thee down upon my right hand here;
This seat I keep void for another friend.—
Go, Janissaries, call in your governor;
So shall I joy between two captive friends,
And yet myself be captive to them both,
If friendship's yoke were not at liberty:—
See where he comes, my other best-beloved.

Enter ERASTUS.

PERSEDA.

My sweet and best-beloved!

ERASTUS.

My sweet and best-beloved !

PERSEDA.

For thee, my dear Erastus, have I liv'd.

ERASTUS.

And I for thee, or else I had not liv'd.

SOLIMAN.

What words in affection do I see ?

ERASTUS.

Ah, pardon me, great Soliman ; for this is she
For whom I mourn'd more than for all Rhodes,
And from whose absence I derived my sorrow.

PERSEDA.

And pardon me, my lord ; for this is he
For whom I thwarted Soliman's entreats,
And for whose exile I lamented thus.

ERASTUS.

Ev'n from my childhood have I tender'd thee ;
Witness the heavens of my unfeigned love.

SOLIMAN.

By this one accident I well perceive,
That heav'ns and heav'nly powers do manage love.
I love them both, I know not which the better :

They love each other best. What then should follow,
But that I conquer both by my deserts,
And join their hands, whose hearts are knit already?—
Erastus and Perseda, come you hither,
And both give me your hands.—
Erastus, none but thou couldst win Perseda:
Perseda, none but thou couldst win Erastus—
From great Soliman; so well I love you both.
And now, to turn late promises to good effect,
Be thou, Erastus, governor of Rhodes:
By this thou shalt dismiss my garrison.

BRUSOR.

Must he reap that, for which I took the toil?
Come envy, then, and sit in friendship's seat;
How can I love him that enjoys my right? [*Aside.*

SOLIMAN.

Give me a crown to crown the bride withal.—
[*Then he crowns* PERSEDA.
Perseda, for my sake, wear this crown.—
Now is she fairer than she was before;
This title so augments her beauty, as the fire
That lay, with honour's hand rak'd up in ashes,
Revives again to flames: the force is such.
Remove the cause, then the effect will die;
They must depart, or I shall not be quiet. [*Aside.*
Erastus and Perseda, marvel not,
That all in haste I wish you to depart;
There is an urgent cause, but privy to myself:
Command my shipping for to waft you over.

ERASTUS.

My gracious lord, when Erastus doth forget
This favour, then let him live abandoned and forlorn.

PERSEDA.

Nor will Perseda slack ev'n in her prayers;
But still solicit God for Soliman,
Whose mind hath prov'd so good and gracious.
[*Exeunt.*

SOLIMAN.

Farewell, Erastus: Perseda, farewell too!
Methinks, I should not part with two such friends,
The one so renowned for arms and courtesy,
The other so adorned with grace and modesty:
Yet of the two Perseda moves me most,
Ay, and so moves me, that I now repent,
That e'er I gave away my heart's desire;
What was it but abuse of fortune's gift?
And therefore fortune now will be reveng'd;
What was it but abuse of love's command?
And therefore mighty love will be reveng'd.
Heav'ns, love, and fortune, all three have decreed,
That I shall love her still, and lack her still:
Like ever-thirsting, wretched Tantalus.
Foolish Soliman, why did I strive
To do him kindness, and undo myself?
Well-govern'd friends do first regard themselves.

BRUSOR.

Ay, now occasion serves to stumble him,
That thrust his sickle in my harvest-corn.— [*Aside.*
Pleaseth your majesty to hear Brusor speak?

SOLIMAN.

To one past cure good counsel comes too late—
Yet say thy mind.

BRUSOR.

With secret letters woo her, and with gifts.

SOLIMAN.

My lines and gifts will but return my shame.

LUCINA.

Hear me, my lord; let me go over to Rhodes,
That I may plead in your affection's cause:
One woman may do much to win another.

SOLIMAN.

Indeed, Lucina, were her husband from her,
She happily might be won by thy persuades;
But whilst he lives, there is no hope in her.

BRUSOR.

Why lives he then to grieve great Soliman?
This only remains, that you consider,
In two extremes the least is to be chosen.
If so your life depend upon her love,
And that her love depends upon his life,
Is it not better that Erastus die
Ten thousand deaths, than Soliman should perish?

SOLIMAN.

Ay, say'st thou so? why, then, it shall be so:
But by what means shall poor Erastus die?

BRUSOR.

This shall be the means: I'll fetch him back again
Under colour of great consequence;
No sooner shall he land upon our shore,
But witness shall be ready to accuse him
Of treason done against your mightiness,
And then he shall be doom'd by martial law.

SOLIMAN.

O fine device! Brusor, get thee gone:
Come thou again; but let the lady stay
To win Perseda to my will: meanwhile,
Will I prepare the judge and witnesses;
And if this take effect, thou shalt be viceroy,
And fair Lucina queen of Tripoli:
Brusor, be gone; for, till thou come, I languish.
[*Exeunt* BRUSOR *and* LUCINA.
And now, to ease my troubled thoughts at last,
I will go sit among my learned eunuchs,
And hear them play, and see my minions dance;
For till that Brusor bring me my desire,
I may assuage, but never quench, love's fire. [*Exit.*

Enter BASILISCO.

BASILISCO.

Since the expugnation of the Rhodian isle,
Methinks a thousand years are overpass'd,
More for the lack of my Perseda's presence,
Than for the loss of Rhodes, that paltry isle,
Or for my friends that there were murdered.
My valour everywhere shall purchase friends;
And where a man lives well, there is his country.[1]

[1] [A common proverb.]

Alas! the Christians are but very shallow
In giving judgment of a man at arms—
A man of my desert and excellence:
The Turks, whom they account for barbarous,
Having foreheard of Basilisco's worth,
A number underprop me with their shoulders,
And in procession bear me to the church,
As I had been a second Mahomet.
I, fearing they would adore me for a god,
Wisely inform'd them that I was but man,
Although in time, perhaps, I might aspire
To purchase godhead, as did Hercules;
I mean, by doing wonders in the world.
Amidst their church they bound me to a pillar,
And to make trial of my valiancy,
They lopp'd a collop off my tenderest member;
But think you Basilisco squich'd[1] for that?
Ev'n as a cow for tickling in the horn!
That done, they set me on a milkwhite ass,
Compassing me with goodly ceremonies.
That day, methought I sat in Pompey's chair,
And view'd the capitol, and was Rome's greatest
glory.

Enter PISTON.

PISTON.

I would my master had left
Some other to be his agent here:
'Faith, I am weary of the office already—
What, signor Tremomundo,
That rid a pilgrimage to beg cake-bread?

[1] [In the last edition of Nares, the present passage is cited for this rare word. The sense is obviously *winced*.]

BASILISCO.

O, take me not unprovided; let me fetch my weapon.

PISTON.

Why, I meant nothing but a *basolus manus*,[1]

BASILISCO.

No? didst thou not mean to give me the privy stab?

PISTON.

No, by my troth, sir.

BASILISCO.

Nay, if thou hadst, I had not fear'd thee, I;
I tell thee, my skin holds out pistol-proof.

PISTON.

Pistol-proof? I'll try if it will hold out pin-proof.
[*Then he pricks him with a pin.*

BASILISCO.

O, shoot no more; great god, I yield to thee.

PISTON.

I see his skin is pistol-proof, but[2] from
The girdle upward. What sudden agony was that?

[1] He means to say, *beso los manos.*
[2] [Old copies, *but pistol-proof.*]

BASILISCO.

Why, saw'st thou not how Cupid, god of love,
Not daring look me in the martial face,
Came like a coward, stealing after me,
And with his pointed dart prick'd my posteriors?

PISTON.

Then hear my opinion concerning that point:
The ladies of Rhodes, hearing that you have lost
A capital part of your lady-ware,
Have made their petition to Cupid
To plague you above all other,
As one prejudicial to their muliebrity.
Now, sir, Cupid seeing you already hurt before,
Thinks it a greater punishment to hurt you behind;
Therefore I would wish you to have an eye to the back-door.

BASILISCO.

'Sooth, thou say'st, I must be fenc'd behind;
I'll hang my target there.

PISTON.

Indeed, that will serve to bear off some blows,
When you run away in a fray.

BASILISCO.

Sirrah, sirrah, what art thou,
That thus encroachest upon my familiarity
Without special admittance?

PISTON.

Why, do you not know me? I am Erastus' man.

BASILISCO.

What, art thou that petty pigmy,
That challeng'd me at Rhodes,
Whom I refus'd to combat for his minority?
Where is Erastus? I owe him chastisement in Perseda's quarrel.

PISTON.

Do not you know, that they are all friends,
And Erastus married to Perseda,
And Erastus made governor of Rhodes,
And I left here to be their agent?

BASILISCO.

O cælum, O terra, O maria, Neptune!
Did I turn Turk to follow her so far?

PISTON.

The more shame for you.

BASILISCO.

And is she link'd in liking with my foe?

PISTON.

That's because you were out of the way.

BASILISCO.

O wicked Turk, for to steal her hence!

PISTON.

O wicked turncoat, that would have her stay!

BASILISCO.

The truth is, I will be a Turk no more.

PISTON.

And I fear thou wilt never prove good Christian.

BASILISCO.

I will after to take revenge.

PISTON.

And I'll stay here about my master's business.

BASILISCO.

Farewell, Constantinople; I will to Rhodes. [*Exit.*

PISTON.

Farewell, counterfeit fool!
God send him good shipping: 'tis nois'd about that Brusor
Is sent to fetch my master back again;
I cannot be well, till I hear the rest of the news,
Therefore I'll about it straight. [*Exit.*

Enter CHORUS.

LOVE.

Now, Fortune, what hast thou done in this latter act?

FORTUNE.

I brought Perseda to the presence

Of Soliman, the Turkish Emperor,
And gave Lucina into Brusor's hands.

LOVE.

And first I stang them with consenting love;
And made great Soliman, sweet beauty's thrall,
Humble himself at fair Perseda's feet,
And made him praise love and captive beauty.
Again I made him to recall his passions,
And give Perseda to Erastus' hands,
And after make repentance of the deed.

FORTUNE.

Meantime, I fill'd Erastus' sails with wind,
And brought him home unto his native land.

DEATH.

And I suborn'd Brusor with envious rage
To counsel Soliman to slay his friend.
Brusor is sent to fetch him back again.
Mark well what follows; for the history
Proves me chief actor in this tragedy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter ERASTUS *and* PERSEDA.

ERASTUS.

Perseda, these days are our days of joy:
What could I more desire than thee to wife?
And that I have: or than to govern Rhodes?
And that I do, thanks to great Soliman.

PERSEDA.

And thanks to gracious heav'ns, that so
Brought Soliman from worse to better;
For though I never told it thee till now,
His heart was purpos'd once to do thee wrong.

ERASTUS.

Ay, that was before he knew thee to be mine;
But now, Perseda, let's forget old griefs,
And let our studies wholly be employ'd
To work each other's bliss and heart's delight.

PERSEDA.

Our present joys will be so much the greater,
When as we call to mind forepassed griefs:
So sings the mariner upon the shore,
When he hath pass'd the dangerous time of storms;
But if my love will have old griefs forgot,
They shall lay buried in Perseda's breast.

Enter BRUSOR *and* LUCINA.

ERASTUS.

Welcome, lord Brusor.

PERSEDA.

And Lucina too.

BRUSOR.

Thanks, lord governor.

LUCINA.

And thanks to you, madam.

ERASTUS.

What hasty news brings you so soon to Rhodes?
Although to me you never come too soon.

BRUSOR.

So it is, my lord, that upon great affairs,
Importuning health and wealth of Soliman,
His highness by me entreateth you,
As ever you respect his future love,
Or have regard unto his courtesy,
To come yourself in person, and visit him,
Without inquiry what should be the cause.

ERASTUS.

Were there no ships to cross the seas withal,
Mine arms should frame me[1] oars to cross the seas;
And, should the seas turn tide to force me back,
Desire should frame me wings to fly to him.
I go, Perseda: thou must give me leave.

PERSEDA.

Though loth, yet Soliman's command prevails.

LUCINA.

And, sweet Perseda, I will stay with you
From Brusor my beloved; and I'll want[2] him,
Till he bring back Erastus unto you.

ERASTUS.

Lord Brusor, come; 'tis time that we were gone.

[1] [Old copy, *mine.*] [2] [Dispense with him.]

BRUSOR.

Perseda, farewell; be not angry,
For that I carry thy beloved from thee;
We will return with all speed possible.
And thou, Lucina, use Perseda so,
That for my carrying of Erastus hence
She curse me not; and so farewell to both.
[*Exeunt.*

PERSEDA.

Come, Lucina, let's in; my heart is full. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SOLIMAN, LORD MARSHAL, *the Two Witnesses, and Janissaries.*

SOLIMAN.

Lord Marshal, see you handle it cunningly:
And, when Erastus comes, our perjur'd friend,
See he be condemned by martial law;
Here will I stand to see, and not be seen.

MARSHAL.

Come, fellows, see when this matter comes in question
You stagger not: and, Janissaries,
See that your strangling cords be ready.

SOLIMAN.

Ah, that Perseda were not half so fair,
Or that Soliman were not so fond,
Or that Perseda had some other love,
Whose death might save my poor Erastus' life.

Enter BRUSOR *and* ERASTUS.

See where he comes, whom though I dearly love,
Yet must his blood be spill'd for my behoof:
Such is the force of marrow-burning[1] love.

MARSHAL.

Erastus, lord governor of Rhodes,
I arrest you in the king's name.

ERASTUS.

What thinks Lord Brusor of this strange arrest?
Hast thou entrapp'd me to this treachery?
Intended, well I wot, without the leave
Or licence of my lord, great Soliman.

BRUSOR.

Why then appeal to him, where thou shalt know,
And be assur'd, that I betray thee not.

SOLIMAN.

Yes, thou and I, and all of us betray him. [*Aside.*

MARSHAL.

No, no; in this case no appeal shall serve.

ERASTUS.

Why, then, to thee or unto any else
I here protest by heav'ns unto you all,
That never was there man more true or just,

[1] [Old copy, *morrow burning.*]

Or in his deeds more loyal and upright,
Or more loving or more innocent,
Than I have been to gracious Soliman,
Since first I set my feet on Turkish land.

SOLIMAN.

Myself would be his witness, if I durst;
But bright Perseda's beauty stops my tongue.
[*Aside.*

MARSHAL.

Why, sirs, why face to face express you not
The treasons you reveal'd to Soliman?

1 WITNESS.

That very day Erastus went from hence,
He sent for me into his cabinet,
And for that man that is of my profession.

ERASTUS.

I never saw them, I, until this day.

1 WITNESS.

His cabin door fast shut, he first began
To question us of all sorts of fireworks;
Wherein when we had fully resolved him
What might be done, he, spreading on the board
A huge heap of our imperial coin;
All this is yours, quoth he, if you consent
To leave great Soliman and serve in Rhodes.

MARSHAL.

Why, that was treason—but onward with the rest.

Enter PISTON.

PISTON.

What have we here? my master before the Marshal?
[*Aside.*

1 WITNESS.

We said not ay, nor durst we say him nay,
Because we were already in his gallies;
But seem'd content to fly with him to Rhodes:
With that he purs'd the gold, and gave it us.
The rest I dare not speak, it is so bad.

ERASTUS.

Heav'ns, hear you this, and drop [1] not vengeance on them?

2 WITNESS.

The rest and worse will I discourse in brief—
Will you consent, quoth he, to fire the fleet,
That lies hard by us here in Bosphorus?
For be it spoke in secret here, quoth he,
Rhodes must no longer bear the Turkish yoke.
We said the task might easily be perform'd,
But that we lack'd such drugs to mix with powder,
As were not in his gallies to be got.
At this he leap'd for joy, swearing and promising,
That our reward should be redoubled.
We came a-land, not minding to return,
And as our duty and allegiance bound us,
We made all known unto great Soliman;
But ere we could summon him a-land,
His ships were past a-kenning [2] from the shore:
Belike he thought we had betray'd his treasons.

[1] [Old copy, *drops.*] [2] [Distinguishing, discerning.]

MARSHAL.

That all is true, that here you have declar'd,
Both lay your hands upon the Alcoran.

1 WITNESS.

Foul death betide me, if I swear not true!

2 WITNESS.

And mischief light on me, if I swear false!

SOLIMAN.

Mischief and death shall light upon you both.
[*Aside.*

MARSHAL.

Erastus, thou see'st what witness hath produc'd against thee:
What answer'st thou unto their accusation?

ERASTUS.

That these are Sinons, and myself poor Troy.

MARSHAL.

Now it resteth I appoint thy death;
Wherein thou shalt confess, I'll favour thee,
For that thou wert belov'd of Soliman:
Thou shalt forthwith be bound unto that post,
And strangled, as our Turkish order is.

PISTON.

Such favour send all Turks, I pray God. [*Aside.*

ERASTUS.

I see this train was plotted, ere I came:
What boots complaining, where's no remedy?
Yet give me leave, before my life shall end,
To moan Perseda, and accuse my friend.

SOLIMAN.

O unjust Soliman! O wicked time!
Where filthy lust must murder honest love. [*Aside.*

MARSHAL.

Despatch, for our time limited is past.

ERASTUS.

Alas, how can he but be short, whose tongue
Is fast tied with galling sorrow?
Farewell, Perseda; no more but that for her:
Inconstant Soliman, no more but that for him:
Unfortunate Erastus, no more but that for me:
Lo, this is all; and thus I leave to speak.
[*Then they strangle him.*

PISTON.

Marry, sir, this is
A fair warning for me to get me gone.
[*Exit* PISTON.

SOLIMAN.

O, save his life, if it be possible;
I will not lose him for my kingdom's worth.
Ah, poor Erastus! art thou dead already?
What bold presumer durst be so resolved
For to bereave Erastus' life from him,
Whose life to me was dearer than mine own?

Was't thou? and thou?—Lord Marshal, bring
them hither;
And at Erastus' hand let them receive
The stroke of death, whom they have spoil'd of
life.
What, is thy hand too weak? then mine shall help
To send them down to everlasting night,
To wait upon thee through eternal shade;
Thy soul shall not go mourning hence alone:
Thus die, and thus; for thus you murther'd him.

[*Then he kills the two Janissaries that killed* ERASTUS.

But soft! methinks he is not satisfied:
The breath doth murmur softly from his lips,
And bids me kill those bloody witnesses,
By whose treachery Erastus died.
Lord Marshal, hale them to the tower's top,
And throw them headlong down into the valley;
So let their treasons with their lives have end.

1 WITNESS.

Yourself procur'd us.

2 WITNESS.

Is this our hire?

[*Then the* MARSHAL *bears them to the tower-top.*

SOLIMAN.

Speak not a word, lest in my wrathful fury
I doom you to ten thousand direful torments!
And, Brusor, see Erastus be interr'd
With honour in a kingly sepulchre:
Why, when, Lord Marshal?[1] Great Hector's son,

[1] [An exclamation of impatience, because the witnesses are not despatched.]

Although his age did plead for innocence,
Was sooner tumbled from the fatal tower,
Than are those perjur'd wicked witnesses.
[*Then they are both tumbled down.*
Why, now Erastus' ghost is satisfied:
Ay, but yet the wicked judge survives,
By whom Erastus was condemned to die.
Brusor, as thou lov'st me, stab too the[1] Marshal,
Lest he detect us unto the world,
By making known our bloody practices;
And then will thou and I hoist sail to Rhodes,
Where thy Lucina and my Perseda lives.

BRUSOR.

I will, my lord. Lord Marshal, it is his highness' pleasure,
That you commend him to Erastus' soul.
[*Then he kills the* MARSHAL.

SOLIMAN.

Here ends my dear Erastus' tragedy,
And now begins my pleasant comedy;
But if Perseda understand these news,
Our scene will prove but tragicomical.

BRUSOR.

Fear not, my lord, Lucina plays her part,
And wooes apace in Soliman's behalf.

SOLIMAN.

Then, Brusor, come; and with some few men
Let's sail to Rhodes with all convenient speed:

[1] [Old copy, *in the.*]

For, till I fold Perseda in mine arms,
My troubled ears are deaf'd with love's alarms.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PERSEDA, LUCINA, *and* BASILISCO.

PERSEDA.

Now, Signor Basilisco, which like you,
The Turkish or our nation best?

BASILISCO.

That which your ladyship will have me like.

LUCINA.

I am deceiv'd, but you were circumcis'd?

BASILISCO.

Indeed, but I was little cut in the prepuce.[1]

PERSEDA.

What means made you to steal back to Rhodes?

BASILISCO.

The mighty pinky-ey'd,[2] brand-bearing god,
To whom I am so long true servitor,
When he espied my weeping floods of tears
For your depart, he bade me follow him:
I follow'd him; he with his firebrand
Parted the seas, and we came over dryshod.

[1] [Old copy, *porpuse;* but there is no reason to suppose that the speaker was intended to blunder.]

[2] [Old copy, *pinck-anyed.* See Nares and Halliwell *in v.*]

LUCINA.

A matter not unlikely: but how chance[th],
Your Turkish bonnet is not on your head?

BASILISCO.

Because I now am Christian again,
And that by natural means; for, as
The old canon says very prettily,
Nihil est tam naturale, quod eo modo colligatum est,
And so forth: so I became a Turk to follow her:
To follow her, am now return'd a Christian.

Enter PISTON.

PISTON.

O lady and mistress, weep and lament,
And wring your hands; for my master
Is condemn'd and executed.

LUCINA.

Be patient, sweet Perseda; the fool but jests.

PERSEDA.

Ah no; my nightly dreams foretold me this,
Which, foolish woman! fondly I neglected.
But say, what death died my poor Erastus?

PISTON.

Nay, God be prais'd, his death was reasonable;
He was but strangled.

PERSEDA.

But strangled? ah, double death to me:
But say, wherefore was he condemn'd to die?

PISTON.

For nothing but high treason.

PERSEDA.

What treason, or by whom was he condemn'd?

PISTON.

'Faith, two great knights of the post swore upon
The Alcoran, that he would have fir'd the Turks'
fleet.

PERSEDA.

Was Brusor by?

PISTON.

Ay.

PERSEDA.

And Soliman?

PISTON.

No; but I saw where he stood,
To hear, and see the matter well convey'd.

PERSEDA.

Accursed Soliman! profane Alcoran!
Lucina, came thy husband to this end,
To lead a lamb unto the slaughter-house?
Hast thou for this, in Soliman's behalf,

With cunning words tempted my chastity?
Thou shalt aby for both your treacheries.
It must be so.
Basilisco, dost thou love me? speak.

BASILISCO.

Ay, more than I love either life or soul:
What, shall I stab the emperor for thy sake?

PERSEDA.

No, but Lucina; if thou lov'st me, kill her.
[*Then* BASILISCO *takes a dagger, and feels upon the point of it.*

BASILISCO.

The point will mar her skin.

PERSEDA.

What, dar'st thou not? Give me the dagger then—
There's a reward for all thy treasons past.
[*Then* PERSEDA *kills* LUCINA.

BASILISCO.

Yet dare I bear her hence to do thee good.

PERSEDA.

No; let her lie, a prey to rav'ning birds;
Nor shall her death alone suffice for his,
Rhodes now shall be no longer Soliman's:
We'll fortify our walls, and keep the town,
In spite of proud, insulting Soliman.
I know the lecher hopes to have my love;

And first Perseda shall with this hand die,
Than yield to him, and live in infamy.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* BASILISCO.

BASILISCO.

I will ruminate: Death, which the poets
Feign to be pale and meagre, hath depriv'd
Erastus' trunk from breathing vitality:
A brave cavalier, but my approved foeman.
Let me see: where is that Alcides, surnam'd Hercules,
The only clubman of his time? Dead.
Where is the eldest son of Priam,
That Abraham-colour'd Trojan? Dead.
Where is the leader of the myrmidons,
That well-knit Achilles? Dead.
Where is that furious Ajax, the son of Telamon,
Or that fraudful squire of Ithaca, i-clipp'd Ulysses? Dead.
Where is tipsy Alexander, that great cup-conqueror,
Or Pompey, that brave warrior? Dead.
I am myself strong, but I confess
Death to be stronger: I am valiant, but mortal;
I am adorn'd with nature's gifts,
A giddy goddess, that now giveth, and anon taketh;
I am wise, but quiddits will not answer death:
To conclude in a word: to be captious, virtuous, ingenious,
Are[1] to be nothing, when it pleaseth Death to be envious.
The great Turk, whose seat is Constantinople,
Hath beleaguer'd Rhodes, whose chieftain is a woman.
I could take the rule upon me;

[1] [Old copy, *or.*]

But the shrub is safe when the cedar shaketh.
I love Perseda, as one worthy;
But I love Basilisco, as one I hold more worthy—
My father's son, my mother's solace, my proper self.
'Faith, he can do little, that cannot speak;
And he can do less, that cannot run away:
Then, sith man's life is as a glass, and a filip may crack it,
Mine is no more, and a bullet may pierce it;
Therefore I will play least in sight. [*Exit.*

Enter SOLIMAN *and* BRUSOR, *with Janissaries.*

SOLIMAN.

The gates are shut; which proves that Rhodes revolts,
And that Perseda is not Soliman's.
Ah, Brusor! see where thy Lucina lies,
Butcher'd despitefully without the walls.

BRUSOR.

Unkind Perseda, couldst thou use her so?
And yet we us'd Perseda little better.

SOLIMAN.

Nay, gentle Brusor, stay thy tears a while,
Lest with thy woes thou spoil my comedy,
And all too soon be turn'd to tragedies.
Go, Brusor, bear her to thy private tent,
Where we at leisure will lament her death,
And with our[1] tears bewail her obsequies;

[1] [Old copy, *her.*]

For yet Perseda lives for Soliman.—
Drum, sound a parley.—Were it not for her
I would sack the town, ere I would sound a parley.

[*The drum sounds a parley.* PERSEDA *comes upon the walls in man's apparel.* BASILISCO *and* PISTON [*also*] *upon the walls.*

PERSEDA.

At whose entreaty is this parley sounded?

SOLIMAN.

At our entreaty; therefore yield the town.

PERSEDA.

Why, what art thou, that boldly bidd'st me yield?

SOLIMAN.

Great Soliman, lord of all the world.

PERSEDA.

Thou art not lord of all: Rhodes is not thine.

SOLIMAN.

It was and shall be, maugre who says no.

PERSEDA.

I, that say no, will never see it thine.

SOLIMAN.

Why, what art thou, that dar'st resist my force?

PERSEDA.

A gentleman and thy mortal enemy,
And one that dares thee to the single combat.

SOLIMAN.

First tell me, doth Perseda live or no?

PERSEDA.

She lives to see the wreck of Soliman.

SOLIMAN.

Then I will combat thee, whate'er thou art.

PERSEDA.

And in Erastus' name I'll combat thee;
And here I promise thee on my Christian faith,
Then will I yield Perseda to thy hands,
That, if thy strength shall overmatch my right,
To use as to thy liking it shall seem best.
But ere I come to enter single fight,
First let my tongue utter my heart's despite;
And thus my tale begins: Thou wicked tyrant!
Thou murderer! accursed homicide!
For whom hell gapes, and all the ugly fiends
Do wait for to receive thee in their jaws!
Ah, perjur'd and inhumane Soliman!
How could thy heart harbour a wicked thought
Against the spotless life of poor Erastus?
Was he not true? would thou hadst been as just!
Was he not valiant? would thou hadst been as virtuous!
Was he not loyal? would thou hadst been as loving?
Ah, wicked tyrant! in that one man's death

Thou hast betray'd the flower of Christendom.
Died he, because his worth obscured thine?
In slaught'ring him thy virtues are defam'd:
Didst thou misdo him in hope to win Perseda?
Ah, foolish man! therein thou art deceiv'd:
For though she live, yet will she ne'er live thine;
Which to approve I'll come to combat thee.

SOLIMAN.

Injurious, foul-mouth'd knight, my wrathful arm
Shall chastise and rebuke these injuries.
[*Then* PERSEDA *comes down to* SOLIMAN, [*with*] BASILISCO *and* PISTON.

PISTON.

Ay, but hear you, are you so foolish to fight with him?

BASILISCO.

Ay, sirrah; why not, as long as I stand by?

SOLIMAN.

I'll not defend Erastus' innocence,
But thee in maintaining Perseda's beauty.
[*Then they fight.* SOLIMAN *kills* PERSEDA.

PERSEDA.

Ay, now I lay Perseda at thy feet;
But with thy hand first wounded to the death:
Now shall the world report that Soliman
Slew Erastus in hope to win Perseda,
And murder'd her for loving of her husband.

SOLIMAN.

What, my Perseda! all that have I done:
Yet kiss me, gentle love, before thou die.

PERSEDA.

A kiss I grant thee, though I hate thee deadly.

SOLIMAN.

I lov'd thee dearly, and accept thy kiss.
Why didst thou love Erastus more than me?
Or why didst thou not give Soliman a kiss
Ere this unhappy time? Then hadst thou liv'd.

BASILISCO.

Ah! let me kiss thee too, before I die.

SOLIMAN.

Nay, die thou shalt for thy presumption,
For kissing her whom I do hold so dear.
[*Then* SOLIMAN *kills* BASILISCO.

PISTON.

I will not kiss her, sir; but give me leave
To weep over her; for, while she liv'd,
She lov'd me dearly, and I loved her.

SOLIMAN.

If thou didst love her, villain, as thou sayest,[1]
Then wait on her thorough eternal night.
[*Then* SOLIMAN *kills* PISTON.

[1] [Old copy, *said'st.*]

Ah, Perseda! how shall I mourn for thee?
Fair-springing rose, ill-pluck'd before thy time!
Ah, heav'ns! that hitherto have smil'd on me,
Why do you unkindly low'r on Soliman?
The loss of half my realms, nay, crown's decay,
Could not have prick'd so near unto my heart,
As doth the loss of my Perseda's life.
And with her life I likewise lose my love;
And with her love my heart's felicity:
Ev'n for Erastus' death the heav'ns have plagued me;
Ah, no, the heav'ns did never more accurse me,
Than when they made me butcher of my love.
Yet justly how can I condemn myself,
When Brusor lives that was the cause of all?—
Come, Brusor, help to lift her body up:
Is she not fair?

BRUSOR.

Ev'n in the hour of death.

SOLIMAN.

Was she not constant?

BRUSOR.

As firm as are the poles whereon heav'n lies.

SOLIMAN.

Was she not chaste?

BRUSOR.

As is Pandora's or Diana's thoughts.

SOLIMAN.

Then tell me, his treasons set aside,
What was Erastus in thy opinion?

BRUSOR.

Fair-spoken, wise, courteous, and liberal;
Kind even to his foes, gentle, and affable;
And, all in all, his deeds heroical.

SOLIMAN.

Ah! was he so? how durst thou then, ungracious
councillor,
First cause me murder such a worthy man,
And after tempt so virtuous a woman?
Be this therefore the last that e'er thou speak.
Janissaries, take him straight unto the block;
Off with his head, and suffer him not to speak.
[*Exit* BRUSOR.
And now, Perseda, here I lay me down,
And on thy beauty still contemplate,
Until mine eyes shall surfeit by my gazing.
But stay, let me see what paper is this.
[*Then he takes up a paper, and reads in it as followeth—*
Tyrant, my lips were sauc'd[1] with deadly poison.
To plague thy heart that is so full of poison.

What, am I poison'd? Then, Janissaries,
Let me see Rhodes recover'd ere I die.
Soldiers, assault the town on ev'ry side;
Spoil all, kill all; let none escape your fury.
[*Sound an alarm to the fight.*
Say, Captain, is Rhodes recovered again?

[1] Old copy, *Sawst.*

CAPTAIN.

It is, my lord, and stoops to Soliman.

SOLIMAN.

Yet that allays the fury of my pain,
Before I die, for doubtless die I must.
Ay, fates, injurious fates have so decreed:
For now I feel the poison 'gins to work,
And I am weak, ev'n to the very death;
Yet something more contentedly I die,
For that my death was wrought by her device
Who, living, was my joy, whose death my woe.
Ah, Janissaries! now dies your emperor,
Before his age hath seen his mellow'd years;
And, if you ever lov'd your emperor,
Affright me not with sorrows and laments:
And, when my soul from body shall depart,
Trouble me not; but let me pass in peace,
And in your silence let your love be shown.
My last request, for I command no more,
Is that my body with Perseda's be
Interr'd, where my Erastus lies entomb'd,
And let one epitaph contain us all.
Ah! now I feel the paper told me true;
The poison is dispers'd through ev'ry vein,
And boils, like Ætna, in my frying guts.
Forgive me, dear Erastus, my unkindness;
I have reveng'd thy death with many deaths:
And, sweet Perseda, fly not Soliman,
When as my gliding ghost shall follow thee
With eager mood thorough eternal night.
And now pale death sits on my panting soul,
And with revenging ire doth tyrannise,
And says: for Soliman's too much amiss
This day shall be the period of my bliss.

[*Then* SOLIMAN *dies, and they carry him forth with silence. Exeunt omnes.*

Enter CHORUS.

FORTUNE.

I gave Erastus woe and misery
Amidst his greatest joy and jollity.

LOVE.

But I that have power in earth and heav'n above,
Stang them both with never-failing love.

DEATH.

But I bereft them both of love and life.

LOVE.

Of life, but not of love ; for ev'n in death
Their souls are knit, though bodies be disjoin'd :
Thou didst but wound their flesh, their minds are free,
Their bodies buried, yet they honour me.

DEATH.

Hence, foolish Fortune ! and thou, wanton Love !
Your deeds are trifles, mine of consequence.

FORTUNE.

I give world's happiness and woe's increase.

LOVE.

By joining persons, I increase the world.

DEATH.

By wasting all I conquer all the world:
And now, to end our difference at last,
In this last act note but the deeds of Death.
Where is Erastus now, but in my triumph?
Where are the murtherers, but in my triumph?
Where's judge and witness, but in my triumph?
Where's false Lucina, but in my triumph?
Where's fair Perseda, but in my triumph?
Where's Basilisco, but in my triumph?
Where's faithful Piston, but in my triumph?
Where's valiant Brusor, but in my triumph?
And where's great Soliman, but in my triumph?
Their loves and fortune ended with their lives,
And they must wait upon the car of death.
Pack, Love and Fortune! play in comedies:
For powerful Death best fitteth tragedies.

LOVE.

I go, yet Love shall never yield to Death.
[*Exit* LOVE.

DEATH.

But Fortune shall; for when I waste the world,
Then times' and kingdoms' fortunes shall decay.

FORTUNE.

Meantime will Fortune govern, as she may.
[*Exit* FORTUNE.

DEATH.

Ay, now will Death, in his most haughty pride,
Fetch his imperial car from deepest hell,
And ride in triumph through the wicked world;

Sparing none but sacred Cynthia's friend,[1]
Whom death did fear, before her life began:
For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,
That Death shall die, if he attempt her end,
Whose life is heav'n's delight, and Cynthia's friend.
[*Exit.*

[1] [Queen Elizabeth.]

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

JACK STRAW.

EDITIONS.

The Life and Death of Iack Strawe, a notable Rebell in England: who was kild in Smithfield by the Lord Maior of London. Printed at London by Iohn Danter, and are to be solde by William Barley at his shop in Gratious-street ouer against Leaden-Hall, 1593. [In the colophon, 1594.] 4°. Black letter.

The Life and Death of Iacke Straw. Printed at London for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be sold at his shop at the entring into the Exchange. 1604. 4°.

Both these editions are of the highest rarity, the copy of the former in the Garrick Collection being the only one which has occurred to notice, and of the latter, the Malone and Heber copies being all that seem to be known.

This not ill-written drama, which is built on the familiar historical episode of Wat Tyler, as narrated in the chronicles, is chiefly in blank verse, but occasionally in rhyme, and consists of four acts only. Mr Collier does not appear to notice it in his "Dramatic Annals." It is now reprinted for the first time.

There are passages in "The Life and Death of Jack Straw" which lead us to suspect that it might prove to be an early work of some distinguished dramatist; it is a question if it was ever revised after its original composition, as it bears many marks of carelessness and inexperience.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

The King [Richard II.]
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Lord Treasurer.
Secretary of State.
The Earl of Salisbury.
Sir John Morton, *Governor of Rochester.*
Sir John Newton.
Lord Mayor of London [Walworth.]
Jack Straw, *a rebel.*
Wat Tyler, *a rebel.*
Tom Miller, *the clown.*
John Ball, *a parson.*
Hob Carter, *a rustic.*
Nobs, *a boy.*
A Bishop.
A Fleming.
Messenger.
The Queen-Mother.

[1] [Not in the old copies.]

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

JACK STRAW.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

COLLECTOR, JACK STRAW.

COLL. Now such a murmuring to rise, upon so trifling a thing,
In all my life never saw I before:
And yet I have been officer this seven year and more.
The Tiler and his wife are in a great rage,
Affirming their daughter to be under age.
J. S. Art thou the collector of the king's task?[1]
COLL. I am, Jack Straw;[2] why dost thou ask?
J. S. Because thou goest beyond the commission of the king;
We grant to his highness pleasure in everything.
Thou hast thy task-money for all that be here,
My daughter is not fourteen years old, therefore she goes clear.

[1] [Tax.]
[2] [Old copy, *Tyler;* but he is not on the stage.]

COLL. And because thou sayest so, I should believe thee?

J. S. Choose whether thou wilt or no, thou gettest no more of me;

For I am sure thy office doth not arm thee with such authority,

Thus to abuse the poor people of the country.

But chiefest of all, vile villain as thou art,

To play so unmanly and beastly a part,

As to search my daughter thus in my presence!

COLL. Why, base villain, wilt thou teach me what to do?

Wilt thou prescribe me mine office, and what belongs thereto? [*Offers to strike him.*

J. S. What, villain, dost strike me? I swear by the rood,

As I am Jack Straw, thou shalt buy it with thy blood.

There lie, and be well paid for thy pain.

[*Throws him on the ground.*

COLL. O help, help, the king's officer is slain! [*Dies.*

Enter PARSON BALL, WAT TYLER, NOBS, TOM MILLER *the clown.*

W. T. How now, Jack Straw, doth anybody abuse thee?

J. S. Alas, Wat! I have killed the king's officer in striking rashly.

T. M. A small matter to recover a man that is slain:

Blow wind in his tail, and fetch him again?

PAR. Content thee, 'tis no matter, and Jack Straw, God-a-mercy,

Herein thou hast done good service to thy country:

Were all inhuman slaves so served as he,

England would be civil, and from all such dealings
free.
NOBS. By Gog's blood, my master, we will not
put up this so quietly;
We owe God a death, and we can but die:
And though the fairest end of a rebel is the gallows,
Yet, if you will be ruled by me,
We'll so deal of ourselves as we'll revenge this
villainy.
J. S. The king, God wot, knows not what's
done by[1] such poor men as we,
But we'll make him know it, if you will be ruled
by me.
Here's Parson Ball, an honest priest, and tells us
that in charity
We may stick together in such quarrels honestly.
T. M. What, is he an honest man? The devil
he is! he is the parson of the town;
You think there's no knavery hid under a black
gown?
Find him in a pulpit but twice in the year,
And I'll find him forty times in the ale-house
tasting strong beer.
PAR. Neighbours, neighbours! the weakest now-
a-days goes to the wall;
But mark my words, and follow the counsel of
John Ball.
England is grown to such a pass of late,
That rich men triumph to see the poor beg at
their gate.
But I am able, by good Scripture, before you to
prove
That God doth not this dealing allow nor love.
But when Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?

[1] [*i.e.*, To such poor men.]

Brethren, brethren, it were better to have this
community,
Than to have this difference in degrees:
The landlord his rent, the lawyer his fees.
So quickly the poor man's substance is spent,
But merrily with the world it went,
When men ate berries of the hawthorn-tree:
And thou help me, I'll help thee:
There was no place for surgery,
And old men knew not usury.
Now 'tis come to a woful pass,
The widow, that hath but a pan of brass,
And scarce a house to hide her head;
Sometimes no penny to buy her bread,
Must pay her landlord many a groat,
Or 'twill be pulled out of her throat.
Brethren mine, so might I thrive,
As I wish not to be alive,
To see such dealings with extremity,
The rich have all, the poor live in misery:
But follow the counsel of John Ball.
I promise you, I love ye all;
And make division equally
Of each man's goods indifferently,
And rightly may you follow arms
To rid you from these civil harms.

J. S. Well said, parson, so may it be,
As we purpose to prefer thee:
We will have all the rich men displaced,
And all the bravery of them defaced;
And as rightly as I am Jack Straw,
In spite of all the men of law,
Make thee Archbishop of Canterbury
And Chancellor of England, or I'll die.
How sayest thou, Wat, shall it be so?

W. T. Ay, Jack Straw, or else I'll bide many
a foul blow.

It shall be no other but he,
That thus favours the commonalty.
Stay we no longer prating here,
But let us roundly to this gear.
'Tis more than time that we were gone,
We'll be lords, my masters, every one.

T. M. And I, my masters, will make one,
To fight when all our foes be gone;
Well shall they see, before we'll lack,
We'll stuff the gallows till it crack.

J. S. I hope we shall have men enou',
To aid us herein, Wat; how thinkest thou?

PAR. Tag and rag, thou needst not doubt.

W. T. But who shall be captain of the rout?

PAR. That shall you two, for all our Kentish men.

J. S. Fellow-captain, welcome, let's about it.

W. T. Agreed, fellow-captain; to London.

[*Exeunt all but Nobbs.*

NOBBS. Here's even work towards for the hangman: did you ever see such a crew.
After so bad a beginning, what's like to ensue?
Faith, even the common reward for rebels, Swingledom.
Swangledom, you know as well as I.
But what care they? ye hear them say they owe God a death, and they can but die.
'Tis dishonour for such as they to die in their bed,
And credit to caper under the gallows, all save the head;
And yet, by my fay, the beginning of this riot
May chance cost many a man's life, before all be at quiet:
And i' faith I'll be amongst them, as forward as the best,
And if ought fall out but well, I shall shift amongst the rest,

And being but a boy, may hide me in the throng.
Tyburn, stand fast; I fear you will be loden, ere
it be long. [*Exit.*

Enter LORD TREASURER, LORD ARCHBISHOP, *and* SECRETARY, *with others.*

L. T. And yet, Lord Archbishop, your grace doth know
That, since the latest time of parliament,
Wherein this task was granted to the king
By general consent of either house,
To help his wars, which he intends to France,
For wreak and just recovery of his right,
How slow their payment is in every place,
That better a king not to command at all,
Than be beholding to ungrateful minds.

ARCH. Lord Treasurer, it seemeth strange to me,
That, being won with reason and regard
Of true-succeeding prince, the common sort
Should be so slack to give, or grudge the gift
That is to be employed for their behoof.
Hard and unnatural be the thoughts of theirs
That suck the milk, and will not help the well.
The king himself, being now but young of age,
If things should fall out otherwise than well,
The blame doth fall upon the councillor.
And if I take my aim not all awry,
The Multitude, a beast of many heads,
Of misconceiving and misconstruing minds,
Reputes this last benevolence to the king,
Given at high court of parliament,
A matter more required for private good,
Than help or benefit of commonweal,
Wherein how much they wrong the better sort,
My conscience beareth witness in the cause.

SEC. My lords, because your words not worthless are,
Because they stand on reason's surest ground,
And tend unto the profit of the king,
Whose profit is the profit of the land.
You give me leave, in reverence to the cause,
To speak my mind touching this question:
When such as we do see the people's hearts,
Expressed as far as time will give them leave,
With heartiness of their benevolence,
Methinks it were for others' happiness,
That hearts and purses should together go:
Misdeem not, good my lords, of this my speech,
Sith well I wot the noble and the slave,
And all, do live but for a commonweal,
Which commonweal, in other terms, is the king's.

MESSENGER. The Justices and Sheriffs of Kent
Sends greetings to your Honours here by me.
[*Delivers a letter.*

ARCH. My lords,[1] this brief doth openly unfold
A dangerous task to us and all our trains,
With speed let us impart the news
Unto my lord the king, the fearful news
That, whilst the flame doth but begin,
Sad policy may serve to quench the fire:
The Commons now are up in Kent; let us not
Suffer this first attempt too far.

TREAS. My friend, what power have they assembled in the field?

MESS. My lord, a twenty thousand men or thereabout.

SEC. See here the peril, that was late foreseen,
Ready to fall on this unhappy land!
What barbarous minds for grievance more than needs

[1] [Letter.]

Unnaturally seek wreak on[1] their lord,
Their true, anointed prince, their lawful king;
So dare this blind, unshamefac'd multitude
Lay violent hands, they wot not why nor where:
But be thou still, as best becometh thee,
To stand in quarrel with thy natural liege,
The sun may sometimes be eclips'd with clouds,
But hardly may the twinkling stars obscure,
Or put him out, of whom they borrow light.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter JACK STRAW, WAT TYLER, HOB CARTER, TOM MILLER, *and* NOBS.

J. S. Ay, marry, Wat, this is another matter; methinks the world is changed of late,
Who would live like a beggar, and may be in this estate?

W. T. We are here four captains just, Jack Straw, Wat Tyler, Hob Carter, and Tom Miller:
Search me all England, and find four such captains, and by Gog's blood, I'll be hanged.

NOBS. So you will be nevertheless, I stand in great doubt. [*Aside.*

H. C. Captain Straw and Captain Tyler, I think I have brought a company of Essex men for my train,
That will never yield, but kill, or else be slain.

T. M. And for a little captain I have the advantage of you all,
For while you are fighting, I can creep into a quart pot, I am so small.

NOBS. But, masters, what answer made Sir John Morton at Rochester?

[1] [Old copy, *upon.*]

I heard say he would keep the castle still for the King's use?

J. S. So he did, till I fetch'd him out by force; and I have his wife and children pledges for his speedy return from the king, to whom he is gone with our message.

T. M. Let him take heed he bring a wise answer to our worships, or else his pledges goes to the pot.

H. C. Captain Straw, how many men have we in the field?

J. S. Marry, Captain Carter, about fifty thousand men.

H. C. Where shall we pitch our tents to lie in safety?

J. S. Marry, Hob, upon Blackheath beside Greenwich, there we'll lie;
And if the king will come thither to know our pleasure, so it is; if not, I know what we'll do.

W. T. Gog's blood, Jack, have we the cards in our hands?
Let's take it upon us, while we have it.

[*Exeunt, except* NOBS.

NOBS. Ay, marry, for you know not how long you shall hold it,
Fifty thousand men they have already in arms that will draw together;
If we hang together as fast, some of us shall repent it. [*Exit.*

Enter the QUEEN-MOTHER, *the* COUNTY[1] OF SALISBURY, *and a* GENTLEMAN-USHER.

Q. M. This strange, unwelcome, and unhappy news,
Of these unnatural rebels and unjust,

[1] [*i.e.*, Earl.]

That threaten wrack unto this wretched land;
Ay me, affrights my woman's 'mazed mind,
Burdens my heart, and interrupts my sleep,
That now, unless some better tidings come
Unto my son, their true anointed king,
My heavy heart, I fear, will break in twain,
Surcharged with a heavy load of thoughts.

E. OF S. Madam, your grace's care in this I much commend,
For, though your son, my lord the king, be young,
Yet he will see so well unto himself,
That he will make the proudest rebel know
What 'tis to move or to displease a king;
And though his looks bewray such lenity,[1]
Yet at advantage he can use extremity:
Your grace may call to mind that, being a king,
He will not put up any injury,
Especially of base and common men,
Which are not worthy but with reverence
To look into the princely state of kings.
A king sometimes will make a show of courtesy,
Only to fit a following policy:
And it may be the king determines so,
That he will try, before he trust, a foe.

USHER. True, madam; for your grace's son the King
Is so well ruled by divers of his peers,
As that I think the proudest foe he hath
Shall find more work than he will take in hand,
That seeks the downfal of his Majesty.
I hope the Council are too wise for that,
To suffer rebels in aspiring pride,
That purpose treason to the prince and state.
In good time see where my lord the king

[1] [Softness or gentleness.]

Doth come, accompanied with the Bishop and Lord Treasurer.

KING. I marvel much, my lords, what rage it is
That moves my people, whom I love so dear,
Under a show of quarrel good and just,
To rise against us thus in mutinies,
With threat'ning force against our state and us:
But if it be, as we are given to know
By letters and by credible report,
A little spark hath kindled all this fire,
Which must be quench'd with circumspect regard,
Before we feel the violence of the flame.
Meanwhile, sweet lady mother, be content,
And think their malice shall not injure you;
For we have tools to crop and cut them off,
Ere they presume to touch our royal self,
And thus resolve, that you secure shall be,
What hard mishap soever fall to me.

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. Health and good hap befall your Majesty!

USHER. My lord, here is a messenger from Kent,
That craves access unto your Majesty.

KING. Admit him near, for we will hear him speak:
'Tis hard, when 'twixt the people and the king
Such terms of threats and parlies must be had!
Would any gentleman or man of worth
Be seen in such a cause, without offence
Both to his God, his country, and his prince,
Except he were enforced thereunto?

QUEEN. I cannot think so good a gentleman
As is that knight, Sir John Morton I mean,

Would entertain so base and vile a thought:
Nor can it sink into my woman's head
That, were it not for fear or policy,
So true a bird would file so fair a nest;
But here he comes. O, so my longing mind
Desires to know the tidings he doth bring.

Enter SIR JOHN MORTON.

MOR. The Commons of Kent salute your Majesty,
And I am made their unhappy messenger:
My lord, a crew of rebels are in field,
And they have made commotions late in Kent,
And drawn your people to a mutiny;
And if your grace see not to it in time,
Your land will come to ruin by their means.
Yet may your grace find remedy in time,
To qualify their pride, that thus presume.

BISHOP. Who are the captains of this rebel rout,
That thus do rise 'gainst their anointed king?
What, be they men of any worth, or no?
If men of worth, I cannot choose but pity them.

MOR. No, my good lord,
They be men of no great account, for they
Be none but tilers, thatchers, millers, and such like,
That in their lives did never come in field,
Before this mutiny did call them forth;
And for security of my back-return,
Upon this message which I showed the king,
They keep my wife and children for a pledge,
And hold me out from forth my castle at Rochester,
And swore me there to come unto your Majesty;
And, having told you their minds,
I hope your grace will pardon me for all:

In that I am enforced thereunto.

KING. How many men have they assembled in the field?

MOR. I think, my lord, about twenty thousand men;

But, if your grace would follow my advice,
Thus would I deal with these rebellious men:
I would find time to parley with some of them,
And know what in their minds they do intend,
For being armed with such treacherous thoughts,
They may perform more than your grace expects.

KING. With speed return to those unnatural men,
And see, Sir John, you greet them thus from us:
Tell them that we ourselves will come to them,
To understand their meaning and their minds;
And tell them, if they have any evil sustained,
Ourselves will see sufficient recompense:
Go, good Sir John, and tell them upon the Thames
Ourselves will meet with them, there to confer
Concerning their avail;[1] do so, Sir John,
And kindly recommend us to them all.

MOR. We shall fulfil your grace's mind in this:
And thus I take my *congé* of your majesty,
Wishing your grace thrice Nestor's years to reign,
To keep your land, and guard your royal train.

QUEEN. Farewell, good knight, and as thou darest,
Remember them, though they forget themselves.

[*Exit* MORTON.

BISHOP. Your grace herein is very well advised.
With resolution fitting your degree,
Your grace must show yourself to be a king,
And rule like God's vicegerent here on earth,

[1] [Interest, advantage.]

The looks of kings do lend both life and death,
And when a king doth set down his decree,
His sentence should be irrevocable.
Your grace herein hath shown your princely mind,
In that you hate to prey on carrion flesh;
Such prey befits not kings to prey upon,
That may command and countermand their own.
I hope, my lord, this message so will prove,
That public hate will turn to private love.
And therefore I say, my lord, you have answered well,
The task was given your grace by Act of Parliament,
And you have reason to demand your due.

KING. My lord, I hope we shall not need to fear
To meet those men, that thus do threaten us.
We will, my lord to-morrow meet with them,
And hear, my lord, what 'tis that they demand.
Mother, your grace shall need to take no care,
For you shall in our Tower of London stay
Till we return from Kent to you again.
My lord, see everything prepared for us;
And, mother, thus I leave your majesty,
You to the Tower, and I must hence to Kent.

TREAS. My lord, if so you please, take my advice herein,
That speaks in love and duty to your grace:
I shall in every matter privilege
Your majesty and all your lordly train.
I mean against your manor of Greenwich town,
And so amidst the stream may hover safe,
Meanwhile they send some few and chosen men,
To give your grace to understand their minds,
And thus, my lords, I have adventured
To show your majesty my mind herein. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter TOM MILLER, *with a goose.*

T. M. It is good to make provision; for peradventure
We shall lack victuals, and we lie in camp
On Blackheath long.
And, in faith, as long as this goose lasts we'll not starve:
And as many good fellows as will come
To the eating of her, come, and welcome.
For, in faith, I came lightly by her,
And lightly come, lightly gone.
We captains are Lords within ourselves, and if
The world hold out, we shall be kings shortly.

[*Enter* NOBS, *and cut away the goose while he talketh, leave the head behind him,*[1] *and exit.*

T. M. The rest of my fellow-captains are gone
Before to Greenwich to meet the king:
That comes to know our minds,
And while they be about it:
I'll make good cheer with my goose here—
What! is the goose flown away without her head?

[*Exit.*

Re-enter TOM MILLER, *with* JACK STRAW, WAT TYLER, HOB CARTER, SIR JOHN MORTON, *and their crew.*[2]

J. S. Here's a stir more than needs;
What means the king thus to abuse us?

[1] [Old copy, *behind him, with them and Morton;* but Morton does not enter till a little later.]

[2] [This direction is very imperfectly given in the old copy.]

And make us run about [at] his pleasure, and to no end?
He promised us to meet us on the water,
And by [our] Lady, as soon as we came at the waterside,
He fair and flat turns his barge, and away he goes to London.
I tell thee, Wat, we will not put up this abuse.

W. T. By Gog's blood, Captain Straw, we will
Remove our camp, and away to London roundly,
And there we'll speak with him, or we'll
Know why we shall not.

J. S. God a-mercy, Wat; and ere we have done.
We will be lords every one.

HOB. Gentle Jack Straw,
In one line let us draw,
And we'll not leave a man of law,
Nor a paper worth a haw,
And make him worse than a daw,
That shall stand against Jack Straw.

MOR. Methinks you might do well to answer the king, in the name of the whole company: some dozen or twenty men for the nonce, that may deliver the minds of you all in few words.

J. S. Sir John Morton, you are an ass to tell us what we have to do;
Hold your prating, you were best.

W. T. I tell thee, Sir John, thou abusest us;
But let's to London as fast as we can. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING, ARCHBISHOP, TREASURER, SECRETARY, SIR JOHN NEWTON, *and* SPENCER, *a bargeman.*

KING. My lords,
If all our men are come unto the shore,
Let us return again into the town.

These people are not to be talk'd withal,
Much less with reason to be ordered,
That so unorderly, with shrieks[1] and cries,
Make show as though they would invade us all.
I have not heard, nor read of any king,
So ungently of his people entertained.

[*Exeunt* KING *and his train, save* NEWTON *and* SPENCER.

SPEN. Sir John, what was the cause the king returned so soon,
And with such haste so quickly took the shore?

NEW. Bargeman, the king had reason for the same,
I warrant thee he was not ill-advised.

SPEN. I think he meant to have commenced some talk
With that unruly crew.

NEW. He meant so, indeed, Spencer; but you heard how it fell out?

SPEN. Not well; I held my stern so hard.

NEW. 'Twas thus; the king and all his company,
Being rowed with oars so far as Greenwich town,
It was a world to see what troops of men,
Like bees that swarm about the honeyhive,
'Gan strew the gravel ground and sandy plain,
That filled the air with cries and fearful noise;
And from the water did an echo rise,
That pierced the ears of our renowned king:
Affrighting so his heart with strong conceit
Of some unhappy, grievous stratagem,
That (trust me) with my ears I heard him say,
He thought they would have all, like spaniels,
Ta'en water desp'rately, and boarded him.
So did they all i-fare like frantic men,
That time he thought to speed away apace,

[1] [Old copy, *strike.*]

And take the best advantage of the place.

SPEN. Indeed I could not greatly blame his majesty,
Myself was not so scared this seven years:
Methought there was sufficient months enough,
At highest tide t' have drawen the Thames dry.

NEW. Spencer, ere it flow thrice at London bridge,
London, I fear, will hear of worser news.

[*Exeunt* AMBO.

Enter JACK STRAW, WAT TYLER, HOB CARTER, TOM MILLER, NOBS, MORTON, *and Southwarkmen.*

SOUTH. Neighbours, you that keep the gates, let the king's liege people in, or we must be fain to aid them with balls of wildfire, or some other device; for they have spoiled all Southwark, let out all the prisoners, broke up the Marshalsea and the King's Bench, and made great havoc in the borough here.

Therefore, I pray you, let them in.

W. T. Porter, open the gate; if thou lovest thyself, or thine own life, open the gate.

T. M. You have a certain spare goose came in to be roasted:
She is enough by this. [*Exeunt all but* MORTON.

MOR. What means these wretched miscreants,
To make a spoil of their own countrymen?
Unnatural rebels: whatsoe'er
By foreign foes may seem no whit so strange,
As Englishmen to trouble England thus.
Well may I term it incest to the land,
Like that foul lawless force and violence,
Which Cyniras did offer to his child.
O happy time, from all such troubles free,

What now, alas, is like to be the end
Of this attempt, but that so long as they
Are glutted all with blood, they bathe therein.
[*Exit.*

Enter NOBS *with a Fleming.*

Sirrah, here it is set down by our captains
That as many of you as cannot say bread and cheese
In good and perfect English, ye die for it:
And that was the cause so many strangers
Did die in Smithfield. Let us hear
You say bread and cheese.
FLEM. *Broed*[1] *and keyse.* [*Exeunt both.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter KING, LORD MAYOR, SIR JOHN NEWTON, *Two Sergeants, with Guard and Gentlemen.*

K. Sir Newton and Lord Mayor,
This wrong that I am offered,
This open and unnatural injury,
A king to be thus hardly handled
Of his own people, and no other foes,
But such as have been brought up and bred in his
Own bosom: nourished with his tender care.
To be thus robbed of honour and of friends;
Thus daunted with continual frights and fears;
Haled on to what mishap I cannot tell;
More hard mishap than had of like been mine.
Had I not marked been to be a king.
L. MAYOR. It shall become your grace, most gracious lord,

[1] [Old copy, *Brocke.*]

To bear the mind in this afflicted time,
As other kings and lords hath done before,
Armed with sufferance and magnanimity:
The one to make you resolute for chance,
The other forward in your resolution.
The greatest wrong this rout hath done your grace,
Amongst a many other wicked parts,
Is in frighting your worthy lady mother,
Making foul slaughter of your noblemen,
Burning up books and matters of records,
Defacing houses of hostelity:[1]
Saint John's in Smithfield, the Savoy, and such like,
And beating down, like wolves, the better sort.
The greatest wrong in my opinion is,
That in honour doth your person touch,
I mean they call your majesty to parley,
And overbear you with a multitude,
As if you were a vassal, not a king.
O wretched minds of vile and barbarous men,
For whom the heavens have secret wreak in store.
But, my lord (with reverence and with pardon too),
Why comes your grace into Smithfield near the crew,
Unarm'd and guarded with so small a train?

K. If clemency may win their raging minds
To civil order, I'll approve it first.
They shall perceive I come in quiet wise,
Accompanied with the Lord Mayor here alone,
Besides our guard that doth attend on us.

L. MAYOR. May it please your grace
That I shall raise the streets, to guard your majesty
Through Smithfield as you walk?

[1] [Old copy, *hostillitie.*]

KING. No, Lord Mayor, 'twill make them more outrageous,
And be a mean to shed a world of blood:
I more account the blood of Englishmen than so.
But this is the place I have appointed them
To hear them speak, and have adventured
To come among this foul, unruly crew.
And lo, my lord, see where the people comes!

Enter JACK STRAW, WAT TYLER, TOM MILLER, PARSON BALL, *and* HOB CARTER.

J. S. My masters, this is the king, come away,
'Tis he that we would speak withal.
KING. Newton, desire that one may speak for all,
To tell the sum of their demand at full.
NEW. My masters, you that are th' especial men,
His majesty requires you all by me,
That one may speak and tell him your demand;
And gently here he lets you know by me,
He is resolved to hear him all at large.
KING. Ay, good my friends, I pray you heartily,
Tell us your minds as mildly as you can;
And we will answer you so well to all,
As you shall not mislike in anything.
J. S. We come to revenge your officer's ill-demeanour,
And though we have killed him for his knavery,
Now we be gotten together, we will have wealth and liberty. [*Cry all: Wealth and liberty!*
KING. It is enough; believe me, if you will;
For as I am your true-succeeding prince,
I swear by all the honour of my crown,
You shall have liberty and pardon all,
As God hath given it and your lawful king.

W. T. Ere we'll be pinch'd with poverty,
To dig our meat and victuals from the ground,
That are as worthy of good maintenance,
As any gentleman your grace doth keep,
We will be kings and lords within ourselves,
And not abide the pride of tyranny.

KING. I pray thee, fellow, what countryman art thou?

W. T. It skills not much; I am an Englishman.

BALL. Marry, sir, he is a Kentishman, and hath been my scholar ere now.

MAYOR. Little good manners hath the villain learned,
To use his lord and king so barbarously. [*Aside.*

KING. Well, people, ask you any more,
Than to be free and have your liberty?

[*Cry all: Wealth and liberty!*

KING. Then take my word, I promise it to you all,
And eke my general pardon now forthwith,
Under seal and letters patents to perform the same.
Let every man betake him to his home,
And with what speed our clerks can make dispatch,
Your pardons and your letters patents
Shall be forthwith sent down in every shire.

H. C. Marry, I thank your grace.
Hob Carter and the Essex men will home
Again; and we take your word.

KING. We believe you all, and thank you all;
And presently we will commandment give,
That all this business may be quickly ready.

[*Exeunt* KING *and his Train.*

J. S. I tell thee, Wat, this is not that that I would have;
I come for more than to be answered thus;
And if the Essex men will needs be gone,
Content: let them go suck their mams at home.

I came for spoil, and spoil I'll have.

W. T. Do what thou wilt, Jack, I will follow thee.

NOBS. How, and if it be to the gallows? [*Aside.*

W. T. Why, that is the worst.

NOBS. And, i' faith, that is, sure; but, if you will be ruled by me,

Trust not to his pardon, for you die, every mother's son,

But (captains) [we] go forward as we have begun.

BALL. My masters, the boy speaks wisely.

I have read this in Cato, *Ad consilium antiquum voceris:*

Take good counsel, while it is given.'

J. S. Content, boy, we will be ruled by thee.

[*Exeunt omnes except* NOBS.

Enter TOM MILLER *to burn papers.*

NOBS. Why, how now, Captain Miller, I perceive
You take no care which way the world goes?

T. M. I' faith, Nobs, I have made a bonfire here
Of a great many of bonds and indentures,
And obligations; faith, I have been amongst
The ends of the court, and among the records;
And all that I saw either in the Guild-Hall
Or in any other place, I have set fire on them.
But where hast thou been?

NOBS. I have been
With our captains, Straw and Tyler, at Saint John's
In Smithfield; but, sirrah, I can tell you news!
Captain Carter is gone home, and all our Essex-men,
And I fear we shall all be hanged. Therefore,
Look you to yourself, for I will look to myself.

[*Exit.*

T. M. Well, if we shall be hanged, it is but a folly to be sorry,
But go to it with a good stomach.
Riddle me a riddle, what's this,
I shall be hanged, I shall not be hanged.
[*Here he tries it with a staff.*[1]

Enter LADY-MOTHER *and* GENTLEMAN USHER, *unseen by* MILLER.

QUEEN. What doth that fellow?
USHER. It seemeth, madam, he disputeth with himself
Whether he shall be hanged or no.
QUEEN. Alas, poor soul! simple enough, God wot!
And yet not so simple as a great many of his company.
USHER. If it be, as we are let to understand,
My lord the king hath given them general pardon.
QUEEN. So he hath, and they, like honest men, are gone homeward, or at least the most part of them, but worst[2] in mine opinion is their haps, that tarry longest.
T. M. (*seeing them*). But peace, here is the king's mother; she can do much with the king. I'll treat her to beg my pardon of the king wisely. I'll go to her. Humbly unto your worships, a poor captain, Thomas Miller, requesting your favourable bequest, touching the permission of destray, towards the said Captain Miller, which in blunt and flat terms is nominated, *Sursum cordum, alias dictus hangum meum*, from which place of torment God

[1] [The divining rod. See "Popular Antiquities of Gr. Britain," iii. 286.]
[2] [Old copy, *worse*.]

us all deliver, and grant us to be merciful while we live here together. Now, sir, understanding your worship is the king's mother, lamentably in the behalf before spoken, to stand between me and the gallows, or to beg my pardon, in which you shall not only save a proper, handsome, tall fellow and a stout captain, but also you shall purchase the prayers of all the ale-wives in the town for saving a malt-worm and a customer to help away their strong ale.

QUEEN. What means the fellow by all this eloquence?

USHER. It seems he fears he shall be hanged,
And therefore craves your grace's favour
In his behalf.

QUEEN. Alas, poor fellow!
He seemeth to be a starken idiot. Good fellow,
If thou wilt go beg thy pardon of the king,
I will speak for thee.

T. M. Will you, in faith, and I will give you a tawdry[1] love.

USHER. Madam, here comes an unruly crew; let's be gone.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN-MOTHER *and* USHER.
Manet T. MILLER.

Enter JACK STRAW, WAT TYLER, PARSON BALL, NOBS.

J. S. The king and his nobles think they may sleep in quiet,
Now they have given us a little holy water at the court.
But there's no such matter; we be no such fools,

[1] [Query, a blunder (of course intended) for *towardly*.]

To be babbled out with words, and after come to
hanging.
Wat, do the thing thou com'st for;
If thou wilt be ruled by me, we'll not leave it so.
W. T. *Rantara!* have at all, my boys!
T. M. Sayest thou so, my heart, then farewell
my pardon:
For I'll do as ye do; hang together for company.
BALL. Neighbours and friends, never yield,
But fight it lustily in the field:
For God will give you strength and might,
And put your enemies to flight:
To stand against them day and night,
For, of my honesty, your quarrel's right.
T. M. O Parson Ball, before you all,
If all fall out not well,
By following thy counsel;
And that by listening to thy talk,
To the gallows we do walk:
Parson Ball, I will tell thee,
And swear it of mine honesty,
Thou shalt be hanged as well as we.
J. S. Peace! here comes the king, I trow.

Enter the KING, MAYOR, *and* NEWTON,
bearing a sword.

KING. What company be those, Newton, we do
see?
Be they[1] of those that promised us to part?
NEW. Even part of those, my good and gracious
lord,
That promised your highness to depart.
KING. Why, then, I see they stand not to their
words,

[1] [Old copy, *them.*]

And sure they should not break it so with me,
That have so carefully remembered them:
This is a part of great ingratitude.
MAYOR. And it like your majesty, the Essex men
With far more better minds have parted company,
And every man beta'en him to his home.
The chiefest of these rebels be of Kent,
Of base degree and worse conditions all,
And vowed, as I am given to understand,
To nothing but to havoc and to spoil.
KING. Lord Mayor, if it be so, I wot
It is a dangerous and unnatural resolution.
I pray thee, Newton, go and speak with them;
Ask them what more it is that they require.
[NEWTON *goes to the rebels.*
NEW. My masters, you that be the chiefest of the rout,
The king entreats you kindly here by me
To come and speak with him a word or two.
J. S. Sirrah, if the king would anything with us,
Tell him the way is indifferent[1] to meet us.
NEW. You are too many to be talked withal;
Besides you owe a duty to your prince.
J. S. Sirrah, give me the sword thou wearest there;
Becomes it thee to be armed in my presence?
NEW. Sir, I wear my weapon for mine own defence,
And by your leave will wear it yet a while.
J. S. What, wilt thou, villain? give it me, I say.
KING. Newton, give it him, if that be all the matter;

[1] [*i.e.*, The fair and impartial way is.]

Here take it, and much good do it thee.

[*The King gives him the sword.*

J. S. Villain, I say, give me the sword thou bearest up,
For that's the thing I tell thee I affect.

NEW. This sword belongs unto my lord the king.
Tis none of mine, nor shalt thou have the same.
Proud rebel, wert but thou and I alone,
Thou durst not ask it thus boldly at my hand,
For all the wealth this Smithfield doth contain.

J. S. By him that died for me, I will not dine,
Till I have seen thee hanged or made away.

KING. Alas, Lord Mayor! Newton is in great danger,
And force cannot prevail amongst the rout.

MAYOR. Old Rome, I can remember I have read,
When thou didst flourish for virtue and for arms,
What magnanimity did abide in thee!
Then, Walworth, as it may become thee well,
Deserve some honour at thy prince's hand,
And beautify this dignity of thine
With some or other act of consequence!

[*Aside. Advances.*

Villain, I say, whence comes this rage of thine?
How darest thou, a dunghill bastard born,
To brave thy sovereign and his nobles thus?
Villain, I do arrest thee in my prince's name!
Proud rebel as thou art, take that withal;

[*Here he stabs him.*

Learn thou, and all posterity after thee,
What 'tis, a servile slave to brave a king!
Pardon, my gracious lord; for this my act
Is service done to God and to yourself.

KING. Lord Mayor, for thy valiant act in this,
And noble courage in the king's behalf,
Thou shalt perceive us not to be ungrateful.

ALL THE REBELS. Our captain is slain, our captain is slain!

KING. Fear you not, people, for I am your king,
And I will be your captain and your friend.

NEW. Pleaseth your grace for to withdraw yourself;
These rebels then will soon be put to foil.

[*Exeunt all but the* MAYOR *and two Sergeants.*

MAYOR. Soldiers, take heart to you, and follow me;
It is our God that gives the victory.
Drag this accursed villain through the streets,
To strike a terror to the rebels' hearts.
London will give you power and arms,
And God will strengthen you, and daunt your foes:
Fill Smithfield full of noise and joyful cries,
And say aloud, *God save our noble prince!*

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS ACTUS TERTIUS.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter KING, LORD MAYOR, MORTON, NEWTON, *and Noblemen.*

KING. Lord Mayor and well-beloved friends,
Whose readiness in aid of us and ours
Hath given just trial of your loyalty
And love you bear to us and to our land:
Sith by the help and mighty hand of God
These foul, unnatural broils are quieted,
And this unhappy tumult well appeased:

Having, as law and duty binds us to,
Given both due praise and sacrifice of thanks
Unto our God, from whom this goodness comes:
Let me now to your counsel recommend,
And to your sad [1] opinions generally,
The end of all these great and high affairs,
This mighty business that we have in hand.
And that I may in brief unfold my mind,
My lords, I would not yet—but mercy should—
Against the law in this hard case prevail;
And as I gave my word unto you all
That, if they then had left their mutiny,
Or rather had let fall their wrongful arms,
Their pardon then should have been general,
So will I not; yet God forbid I should
(Though law, I know, exact it at my hands)
Behold so many of my countrymen
All done to death and strangled in one day,
The end is this: that of that careless rout,
That hath so far unnaturally rebelled,
The chief offenders may be punished:
And thus you know my mind, and so, my lords,
Proceed, I pray you, and no otherwise.

NEW. Sith mercy in a prince resembleth right
The gladsome sunshine in a winter's day,
Pleaseth your grace to pardon me to speak:
When all the hope of life and breathing here
Be ta'en from all this rout in general,
If then at instant of the dying hour,
Your grace's honourable pardon come,
To men half-dead, who lie killed in conceit: [2]
Then, think I, it will be more gracious,
Than if it offered were so hastily:

[1] [Serious.]

[2] [Who give up themselves for killed. Old copy has, *killed who lie in conceit.*]

When thread of life is almost fret in twain,
To give it strength breeds thanks and wonder too.
MAYOR. So many as are ta'en within the city
Are fast in hold, to know your grace's will.
KING. There is but one or two in all the rout,
Whom we would have to die for this offence,
Especially that by name are noted men.
One is a naughty and seditious priest;
They call him Ball, as we are let to know,
A person more notorious than the rest.
But this I do refer to your dispose.
N. Pleaseth your grace, they have been rid[1] apace,
Such special men as we could possibly find,
And many of the common rout among;
And yet survives this Ball, that cursed priest,
And one Wat Tyler, leader of the rest;
Whose villanies and outrageous cruelties
Have been so barbarously executed:
The one with malice of his traitorous taunts,
The other with the violence of his hands,
That gentle ruth nor mercy hath no ears
To hear them speak, much less to pardon them.
KING. It is enough; I understand your minds;
And well I wot, in causes such as these,
Kings may be found too full of clemency.
But who are those that enter in this place?

Enter some of the Rebels, led to execution.

NEW. Pleaseth it your grace, these be the men
Whom law hath worthily condemn'd to die,
Going to the place of execution.
The foremost is that Ball, and next to him
Wat Tyler, obstinate rebels both;

[1] [Pursued.]

For all the rest are of a better mould,
Whose minds are softer than the foremost twain:
For, being common soldiers in the camp,
Were rather led with counsel of the rest,
Deserving better to be pitied.

KING. Morton, to those condemned men we see
Deliver this, a pardon to them all,
Excepting namely those two foremost men,
I mean the priest and him they call Wat Tyler.
To all the rest free pardon we do send,
And give the same to understand from us.

The King's Pardon delivered by SIR JOHN MORTON *to the Rebels.*

My friends and unhappy countrymen, whom the laws of England have worthily condemned unto death for your open and unnatural rebellion against your lawful sovereign and anointed prince, I am sent unto you from the king's most excellent majesty, to give you to understand that, notwithstanding this violence which you have offered to yourselves, in running furiously into the danger of the law, as mad and frantic men upon an edged sword: yet, notwithstanding, I say, that you have gathered rods to scourge your own selves, following desperately your lewd and misgoverned heads, which have haled you on to this wretched and shameful end, which is now imminent over you all, that must in strangling cords die like dogs, and finish your lives in this miserable reproachful sort, because ye would not live like men: but far unlike yourselves, unlike Englishmen, degenerate from your natural obedience and nature of your country, that by kind bringeth forth none such, or at least brooketh none such, but spits them out for bastards and recreants: notwithstanding, I say, this torment wherein ye now live, looking every hour to suffer

such a shameful and most detestable death, as doth commonly belong to such horrible offenders, yet it hath pleased the king of his accustomed goodness to give you your lives, and freely to forgive you your faults, sending by me general pardon to you all, excepting one only accursed and seditious priest, that so far swerved from the truth and his allegiance to his prince, and one Wat Tyler, whose outrage hath been noted so outrageous in all his actions as, for ensample to all Englishmen hereafter, his majesty hath thought good to account him and this parson (first stirrers in this tumult and unnatural rebelling) the greatest offenders that now live to grieve his majesty; and thus I have delivered the message of the king, which is in effect general pardon to you all, and a sentence of death unto the two arch rebels, John Ball and Wat Tyler. For which great grace, if you think yourselves anything bound to his highness (as infinitely you are), let it appear as far forth hereafter as you may, either by outward signs of duty, or inward loyalty of hearts expressed: and to begin the same, in sign of your thankfulness, say all, God save the king!

CRY ALL. *God save the king!*

W. T. Well, then, we know the worst;
He can but hang us, and that is all.
Were Jack Straw alive again,
And I in as good possibility as ever I was,
I would lay a surer trump
Ere I would lose so fair a trick.

BALL. And what I said in time
Of our business, I repent not;
And if it were to speak again,
Every word should be a whole sermon,
So much I repent me!

MORT. Away with the rebels; suffer them not to speak.
His words are poison in the ears of the people.
Away, villain, stain to thy country and thy calling!
W. T. Why, Morton, are you so lusty, with a pox?
I pulled you out of Rochester Castle by the poll!
MORT. And in recompense I will help to set your head on a pole.
W. T. Pray you, let's be poll'd first!
MORT. Away with the rebels.
[*Exeunt* REBELS.
MORT. [*returning to the king*]. As gave your grace in charge, I have delivered
Your highness' pleasure amongst the prisoners,
And have proclaimed your grace's pardon 'mongst them all,
Save only those two unnatural Englishmen—
O, might I say no English nor men!—
That Ball and Tyler, cursed rebels both,
Whom I commanded to be executed;
And in your highness' name have freed all the rest,
Whose thankful hearts I find as full replete
With signs of joy and duty to your grace,
As those unnatural rebels' hateful mouths
Are full of foul speeches and unhonourable.
KING. It is no matter, Morton; let them bark.
I trow they cannot bite, when they be dead.
And, Lord Mayor, for your valiant act
And dangerous attempt in our behalf,
To free your country and your king from ill:
In our behalf and in our commonweal,
We will accept it as the deed deserves,
And thank you for this honourable attempt.
MAYOR. What subjects' hearts could brook the rage of theirs,

To vaunt in presence of their sovereign Lord,
To brave him to his face before his peers,
But would by policy or force attempt
To quell the raging of such furious foes?
My sovereign lord, 'twas but my duty done,
First unto God, next to my lawful king,
Proceeding from a true and loyal heart,
And so I hope your grace esteems thereof.

KING. To the end this deed shall rest in memory,
Which shall continue for ever to the end,
Lord Mayor, I will adjoin to thy degree
Another title of a lasting fame.
Kneel down, William Walworth, and receive,
By mine own hand the Order of Knighthood:
Stand up, Sir William, first knight of thy degree,
But henceforth all, which shall succeed thy place,
Shall have like honour for thy noble deed.
Besides that time shall ne'er abridge thy fame,
The City arms shall bear for memory
The bloody dagger the more for Walworth's honour.
Call for your herald, and receive your due.

MAYOR. My gracious lord, this honourable grace,
So far above desert (sith what I did,
My duty and allegiance bad me do),
Binds me and my successors evermore
With sweet encouragement to th' like attempt.
Your majesty and all your royal peers
Shall find your London such a storehouse still,
As not alone you shall command our wealth,
But loyal hearts, the treasure of a prince,
Shall grow like grains sown in a fertile soil,
And God I praise, that with his holy hand
Hath given me heart to free my prince and land.

KING. Then sith these dangerous broils are overpass'd
With shedding of so little English blood.

'Tis for the fame and honour of a prince
Well to reward the actors of the same.
So many of thy brethren as accompanied thee,
In Smithfield here about this bold attempt,
When time shall serve, I'll knight them as thou art.
And so Lord Mayor, Newton, Morton, and the rest,
Accompany us to guard us to the tower,
Where we'll repose, and rest ourselves all night.

FINIS.


GretagMacbeth™ ColorChecker Color Rendition Chart